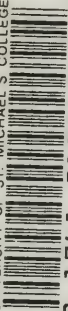


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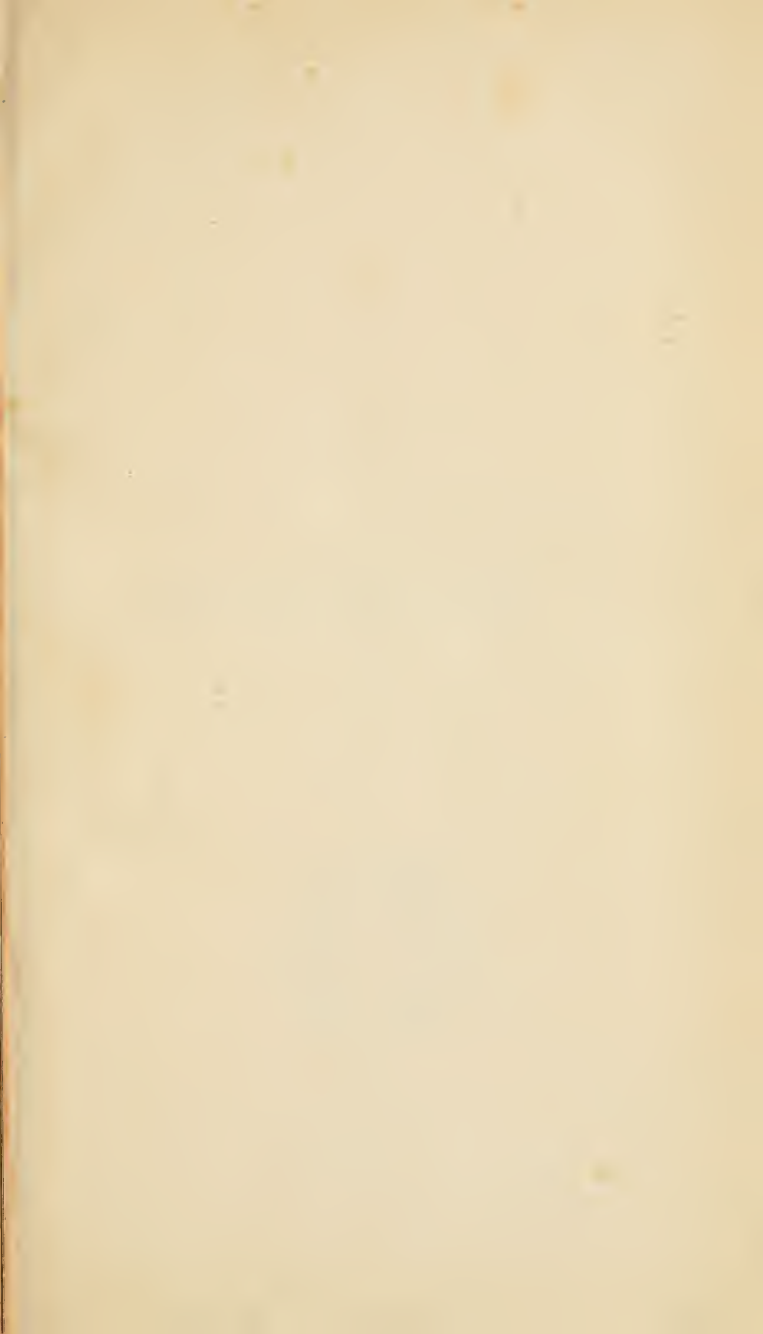
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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY.





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THE  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF A  
WESLEYAN METHODIST  
MISSIONARY,

(FORMERLY A ROMAN CATHOLIC,)

CONTAINING AN

ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION FROM ROMANISM, AND HIS RE-  
CEPTION INTO THE WESLEYAN MINISTRY; ALSO,  
REMINISCENCES OF NEARLY TWENTY-FIVE  
YEARS' ITINERANCY IN THE NORTH  
AMERICAN PROVINCES, &c.

~~~~~  
"After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my  
Fathers."—*St. Paul*.  
~~~~~

Third Thousand.

~~~~~  
MONTREAL :  
E. PICKUP, 69 SAINT FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET  
1856.



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OWLDR & STEVENSON. PRINTERS, ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

## DEDICATION.

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My deliverance from error—the blessings of pardon, acceptance with God, and adoption into His family—my position and standing in the Christian ministry—and a prospect of an abundant entrance into glory everlasting—all these, through the grace of God, do I owe to reading **THE BIBLE**, and to the preaching of Wesleyan ministers. Therefore, to express my reverence for the one, and to record my obligations to the other, I inscribe this volume to the Ministers and Preachers of the British North American Conferences, praying that the Great Head of the Church may render them increasingly successful in their endeavours to propagate Biblical Truth, and to spread Scriptural Holiness throughout the land.

THE AUTHOR.

December, 1855.





## PREFACE.

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ALL the statements contained in the following pages are substantially correct. There are among the reminiscences one or two slight discrepancies, arising chiefly from a blending of different occurrences, and from a mere anachronism. The information which would have corrected these mistakes, arrived too late to be available ; but as no interest is affected, nor any principle compromised, neither explanation nor apology is necessary. I have not spoken unkindly or reproachfully of any one ; for while I have conscientiously denounced systems and doctrines, which in my opinion are contrary to the Word of God, I have abstained from every thing personal, and have endeavoured to speak "the truth in love," remembering that "urbanity will often lend a grace to actions that are of themselves ungracious."

December, 1855.



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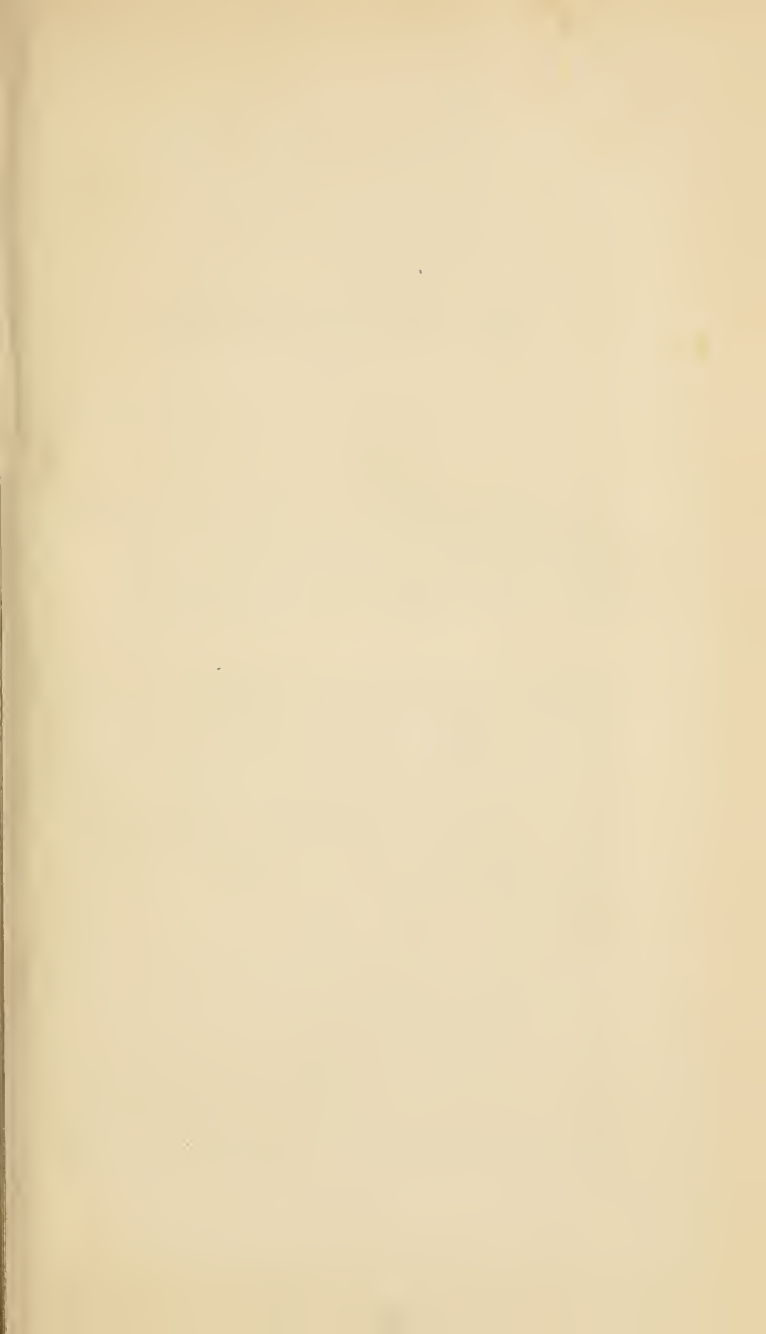
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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY, &C.

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REASONS FOR COMPILING THESE MEMOIRS—BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND OTHER FAMILY MATTERS—TOWNSEND STREET CHAPEL—THE PECULIARITIES OF CERTAIN PRIESTS NOTICED—FILIAL REMINISCENCES—STRICTURES ON POPERY.

ONE would suppose, from the flood of biographies and memoirs with which the world is now inundated, that the compilation of these works resulted from a longing after notoriety, or from the power of some morbid influence, that could not be either propitiated or resisted. I am not, I assure you, dear reader, in the least degree affected by either of these agencies; nor am I able, at present, to conjecture what may be the fate of my own unpretending effort, simply to record the leading incidents of my life and history. I cannot exhibit any very striking or salient points of character; and I am equally unable to furnish any display of remarkable vicissitudes, or exciting events. My expectations, there-

fore, are very limited ; and should they not be realized, the disappointment will be easily borne, and cheerfully endured.

The renowned Dean of Saint Patrick's beheld a battle of the books in his day ; and enjoyed the feats of literary pugilism that his own fertile brain created. I see a similar contest—similar in its aspirations and motives, but different in the character of the combatants, and in the nature of their tactics. Here I behold robust and ATHLETIC QUARTOS—IMPERIAL LOOKING OCTAVOS—DECIMOS—DUODECIMOS, “*cum multis aliis*,” engaged in fierce and deadly strife ; and as the battle waxes hot and furious, we see hundreds trampled to death ; vast multitudes fearfully gashed and wounded ; and others flying for their lives, their splendid uniforms of gilded morocco, embossed calf, and embellished roan, rent and torn, and defiled with mire and blood. “You certainly will not,” whispers a friend, “enter upon such an arena as this.” Yes, I will ; and take my word for it, the issue will prove that I am not as rash as you suppose ; and that what you regard as presumption, is in reality self-reliance. “But won't you assign any reason for so unusual an enterprise ? That, at least, you are bound to do.” Well, you may be of that opinion, but I assure you I am not ; nevertheless, I will give you the only reason I am able to furnish.

I was sitting one evening in my study, holding communion with myself; and before I was aware of it, I became so fully absorbed in reflections on the past, and conjectures touching the future, that every other consideration was excluded. My history, especially the itinerant portion of it, passed before me in a very orderly and precise manner. Indeed, it seemed to me as if the various occurrences thereof had arranged themselves into a regular series, and were doing all they could to attract attention, and acquire importance. They passed by, as I have said, at a steady pace; regularly following each other; but at the same time changing their forms, and altering their aspects, like dissolving views, or shifting scenes. These circumstances affected me a good deal,—they impressed their variegated image upon my mind, and prompted me to trace the effect of their operation in these familiar sketches.

I was born in the parish of Saint Mark, in the ancient city of Dublin, on the 24th of June, in the memorable year of Our Lord, 18—. Here, then, at the very dawning of the narrative—almost as soon as it commences to breathe, it acquires distinction from the fact, that I was born in troublous times; and that I am “a citizen of no mean city.” My parents were Roman Catholics, and in that commu-



nion, myself and all the rest of their children were strictly educated. My father was a native of the Barony of Forth, in the county of Wexford, and was, in the conventional language of the world, well to do, and very respectably connected. His relations were distributed through various parts of the counties of Wexford and Waterford, and consisted chiefly of mercantile men, opulent graziers, and thriving farmers. This, as far as social position is involved, was well enough : and to make up, as it were, for the want of heraldic honours, the family connexion was dignified by the incorporation of no less than two veritable Priests, and one Titular Bishop. One of the former was quite an original in his way ; and as Lord Byron prided himself more upon his prowess as a swimmer, than upon his genius as a Poet, so Father Roche thought more of his physical performances, than he did of his theological attainments. He was, according to tradition, very much distinguished, not for his intellectuality, but for his agility, not for his acquaintance with canons and councils, but for his consummate ability in leaping, vaulting, wrestling, and other gymnastic exploits. The other was a good deal of the Churchman—one that stood by his order, and enjoyed considerable reputation as a preacher. The prelate—the Right Rev. Dr. Sterne Brock, was, I have

heard, a very exemplary and talented man—simple in his habits, and unobtrusive in his manners: but noted withal for quietly maintaining his position by driving a gig painted green, with a mitre duly emblazoned on its pannels.

My mother's maiden name was Haughton; and her parents, as well as herself, were natives of "THE IRISH METROPOLIS." Mr. and Mrs. Haughton, were descended, I believe, from a family in Lancashire, England; but at what period their ancestors came to Ireland, or whether they came in the miscellaneous train of STRONGBOW, or among the followers of CROMWELL, are subjects that admit of discussion, but concerning which I can afford no satisfactory information.

My maternal grandfather and grandmother were of "the High Church party"—disciples of the old school: genuine tories, and strenuous supporters of CHURCH and STATE. They had several children, two of whom were sons; and as the career of these sons, though very opposite to each other, present features worthy of delineation, I shall bestow on them a somewhat extended notice. The elder of the two, named Edward, was educated at King Charles's Free School, Oxmantown-green, Dublin; a seminary which has had the honor to supply the City Corporation with some of its most talented and

opulent members, and the Orange Society with some of the most vehement admirers of the glorious, pious and immortal memory of William of Nassau. During his stay at this institution, my uncle appears to have conducted himself with great propriety; and hence, when the requisite time for remaining there was accomplished, he was duly artieled to Alderman Darragh, a wealthy merchant, equally respected in the municipality, and "on change."

But my worthy relative, like many of his compatriots, seems to have had a greater regard for war than for commerce. He was a worshipper not of Mercury but of Mars. He longed to be a soldier, and so fiercely did the martial flame burn within him, that it never let him rest, until, in the words of an old and popular ballad—

"He mounted the white cockade,"

and sought renown at "the cannon's mouth." But his aspirations were not of the low and vulgar kind. He had no notion to be a mere man at arms—the retainer of some Sir John Ramorney—a follower of some doughty mail clad chief. Oh, no; his soul despised such servility; his heart was set upon being a slashing, dashing light dragoon. Nor was it long until his desires were fully gratified, for about this time, Lord Drogheda, then a Lieutenant General in the

army, was organising a regiment of cavalry, into which young Haughton contrived to procure admission. It was a very select corps, and was called LORD DROGHEDA'S LIGHT HORSE, and as such acquired considerable eminence. This regiment was afterward styled, according to numerical usage, "the Eighteenth Light Dragoons," under which designation it attained great celebrity in India, in Egypt, in the Peninsula, and on many a hard fought field where it rendered "the state some service."

The young volunteer rose rapidly—passed with *eclat* through the various non-commission grades; and in a short time, owing to the recommendations of a fine person, and the interest of friends, became what the illustrious Chatham once was—

"A cornet of horse."

From this regiment Mr. Haughton exchanged into "the Mid-Lothian Cavalry," a Scotch Regiment, then stationed in Ireland, where he served during the insurrectionary years of 1798, and 1799. From this corps he passed into the Fifth Dragoon Guards, or "*Old Green Horse*;" served with them during the Wellington campaigns—married in Portugal—was promoted to the command of a troop after the battle of BUSACO—obtained his majority

two years subsequently, and retired at the close of the war.

The fortunes of my other maternal uncle, John, so called after his father, were neither so equable nor so prosperous. He also, like his brother, eschewed the civil and pacific walks of life. He was designed, I believe, for the legal profession; but after considerable expense had been incurred in a suitable education, and in other preliminaries, he manifested such a decided aversion to the project, that it had to be totally abandoned. Left to his own choice, he selected the naval department for the object of his affections and the scene of his exploits; his pursuit of fame was very unsuccessful, and all his hopes ended in bitter disappointment. He became a midshipman in the Royal Navy; but owing to a delicate constitution, and social irregularities, he was obliged to relinquish his profession, and seek employment in some other enterprise. Through family influence he obtained a good situation in the excise department. The emoluments were very handsome; but the duties were onerous, and in his endeavours to perform them, he fell into a decline, and died while he was yet young. Concerning my other relatives, I know but very little; I have been separated from them for many years, more than a quarter of a century having elapsed

since I emigrated; and during that time DEATH has been so busy, and has made so many inroads upon them, that but few of them now survive.

I stated in the commencement of this narrative, that my grandfather and grandmother belonged to "the Established Church." My mother, previous to her marriage, was of the same persuasion; but if she ever was a member of that body, her membership must have been only nominal, for shortly after her marriage, she conformed to the doctrine and worship of the Romish Church. I shall not of course, undertake her defence--an attempt to justify so flagrant a dereliction, would be almost as criminal as the apostacy itself. I shall therefore barely offer a few remarks, intended to give the transaction as favourable an appearance as it is capable of bearing.

At the period to which we are now adverting, the Establishment was in a very low condition, in both England and Ireland. Experimental religion was scarcely either known or enjoyed. Practical Christianity was denounced in high places, and declared to be fanaticism. The Clergy were little else than Ecclesiastical Commissaries; Mammon was enthroned upon the altar; the Church, which should be a spiritual institution, was nothing better than a mere element of the state; and the duties and symbols of genuine piety were discarded to

make room for selfish policy, and priestly arrogance.

My mother was very young and very inexperienced when she became a wife. She knew nothing of experimental religion—had no fixed principles; and was of a highly imaginative temperament; and coming in this state, within the impetuous current of Romish influence, without either ability or inclination to resist its force, no marvel that she was borne along into the stagnant cesspool of superstition and error. The means generally employed to induce Protestants to abjure their religion, was, no doubt, resorted to in this case; and as these means are very plausible—well adapted, and employed with great prudence and dexterity, there is no reason to wonder at their success, though there is much reason to deplore it.

We resided for several years in Townsend Street, directly opposite to “the Parish Chapel,” an old and unpretending edifice in the form of a cross; and which was attended by a very large and rather miscellaneous congregation. Among the notabilities that attended this popular place of worship, I have often observed the Earl of Fingal; Lord French; Sir Thomas Esmond; Daniel O’Connell; Sir Patrick Bellew, and others of less note. They inspired me, I must say, with a favourable opinion of their devo-



tion and zeal ; and the total absence of everything like distinctions of caste and position, made them great favourites with the people. I am inclined to think that this condescension was sincere, and that if it was not the fruit of religion, it was the effect of good breeding. In one case it is spiritual, and of great price in the sight of God—in the other, it is to say the least, amiable, and greatly esteemed among men.

There were generally seven or eight priests connected with this chapel : and all of them were regular and frequent visitors at our house. My father was very hospitable, and those whom he regarded as his spiritual guides and directors, were always sure of being received as welcome and cherished guests. Some of these gentlemen I remember very distinctly ; and the peculiar features, which have served to be a memorial of them, are as vividly presented to my mind now, as when they made their first impression. The first and most prominent in the groupe was, the Rev. Morgan D'Arcy, a ripe scholar, and a finished gentleman ; he was possessed of a fine rich voice, and was celebrated for the manner in which he executed the popular naval song of

“ Lashed to the helm when seas o'erwhelm.”

Then there was the Rev. Mr. Wall, distinguished

chiefly for his aristocratic figure and manner—Father Coleman, revered for the devout manner in which he celebrated mass—Mr. Smith, noted for the total absence of this quality: and Father Quigley, who went through it so rapidly, that his was called “the hunting mass.” There was also the Rev. Pierce Walsh, a great favourite, and very popular as a preacher; and Mr. McDonough, a very neat ecclesiastical looking person, of rather Italian manners and appearance. They were generally affable and courteous; and with one exception, *omitted in this enumeration*, I revered and loved them all. This one I both disliked and dreaded; and the cause of my apprehension and aversion lay in the following circumstances. He was a frequent visitor, and seemed to be a great favourite; he was, moreover, in good repute, as an amateur surgeon; and from either the promptings of humanity, or the aspirations of genius, this clerical admirer of Esculapius was in the habit of carrying lancets, and such like surgical instruments about his person. On two or three occasions he took out his lancet case, and made preparations, as if he intended to bleed me. This injudicious feint, the first time it was tried, terrified me; but the repetition of it so annoyed and disgusted me, that I could not endure my tormentor, nor could any thing induce me to enter the room where he was.

About this time, my dear father sustained heavy losses, the result of his own confiding and generous disposition. The pecuniary obligations that devolved upon him from these casualties, must have been very serious. He often alluded to them; and that too, in a very feeling manner, so that we became acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. Some one has said, "if ignorance be bliss, it is folly to be wise," and less knowledge of this untoward event, would have been an advantage to us, for we had the mortification to know that the parties with whom the evil originated, eventually grew rich, but *never* did any thing towards the removal, or the mitigation of it.

In many respects my father was a strong minded man—well acquainted with business, especially the corn trade; and was for many years, the confidential clerk of the eminent and wealthy corn merchants, Codd, Brennan & Co. But notwithstanding this, he was a very superstitious Romanist—a strict observer of Lent; and during that penitential season, more than usually devout. He was accustomed to repeat one or other of "*The Rosaries*" daily—to use holy water more freely; and to cherish increased veneration for images and pictures. His favourite preachers were the Rev. Dr. Betagh, a celebrated controversialist, attached to Rosemary Lane Chapel

→ the Rev. Nicholas Molloy, an Augustinian Friar, and the Rev. Barnaby Murphy, a very popular advocate of charitable institutions. He was a very upright man; kind and affectionate too, in the various relations of life, and highly respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was thoroughly IRISH in all his feelings—full of genuine “*Amor Patriæ*”; and judging from his recollections of “THE IRISH PARLIAMENT”; his opinions touching “The Union”—and his admiration of Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby, Flood, &c., I conclude that he was liberal in politics, and not over friendly to British supremacy.

The honoured subject of these remarks died in Dublin, after a brief, but severe illness; and while I was comparatively young. This was a heavy stroke indeed—a sore,—very sore bereavement. A dark and cloudy day came upon us; but the extreme verge of this gloomy horizon was already gilded with light, and that light soon broke forth in all its strength, and dispelled the darkness. The Lord was with us; and never did the widow, or her five fatherless children, want bread to eat, or raiment to put on.

“When all thy mercies, O my God,

“My rising soul surveys;

“Transported with the view, I’m lost,

“In wonder, love, and praise;”

My mother embodied all that is comprehended in that dear familiar word. The maternal virtues, so conspicuous in her conduct, and the allusion to which awakens so many recollections, were inherited; and this inheritance, in its abundance and variety, was impartially distributed among all her children. She was a woman of strong understanding, and of a highly cultivated mind; and by her were we all taught our letters; also to spell and read; nor did her domestic tuition cease even here, for in my own case at least, she it was that initiated me in the hieroglyphic mysteries of writing, and in the rudiments of arithmetic. One trait of her character I distinctly remember—she was a studious and devout reader of “THE DOUAY BIBLE,” AND OF ALBAN BUTLER’S, LIVES OF THE SAINTS. She thought very highly too of the writings of Thomas A’Kempis—of Bossuet—of Chalmers, and of other Roman Catholic authors; and was very conversant with their sentiments and principles. The numerous and grave errors that disfigure the above version of the Sacred Scriptures—the objectionable character of the notes and comments appended to it—the apocryphal and legendary tenor of Butler’s canonical biographies—and the elaborate sophistries of the Bishop of Meaux—these like powerful auxiliaries strengthened her erroneous views and opinions—acting as pabulum, they nour-

ished her misconceptions and prejudices, and rendered her very assiduous in her endeavours to train up her children, in what she ignorantly termed "The Faith once delivered to the Saints."

I have already said that the virtues which constitute a mother's character, and that render her name and her memory sacred, were very conspicuous in my beloved parent. She discharged the duties of her station with unwearied diligence and zeal; and the burdens which it imposed upon her, she sustained with a cheerful and contented spirit. I was ever an object of special solicitude, though not of favouritism; and often, when we have been together, have I seen her eyes fill with tears while they have been rivetted upon me; and at times, abruptly suspending her gaze, she would say, "I hope I may live to see you a Priest—O if I could only see you ordained," and sometimes, during these interviews, she would be powerfully affected; and in after years, when it became highly probable that her hopes would be realized, her letters breathed the most ardent prayers to God, that she might see me celebrate "one Mass at least," before she would die. Let all these circumstances be duly considered, and they will, I think, supply a sufficient reason why we were all *inflexible Roman Catholics*. But at the same time, I am also of opinion, that these

desires, so often, and so fervently expressed, and the theological instruction which my poor mother imparted—these, in my judgment, contributed largely to the formation and developement of my character, and to produce in me a respect for the sacerdotal office, and a desire to enter therein. They also inspired me with a taste for history, general biography—religious memoirs, &c ; and also with a reverence for the Holy Scriptures. I cannot in the elegiac and posthumous devotion of Rome, either recite the “*De profundis*” for her, or say “*Requiescat in Pace*”; but I can say, and that in all good conscience too, that I loved her when living, and now that she is dead, I revere her memory.

## CHAPTER II.

FAMILY REMINISCENCES CONTINUED—REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE PAPACY—EARLY HISTORY CONTINUED—ROMAN CATHOLIC CONFRATERNITIES,—FRIAR HAYES—CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION—RESOLVES TO EMIGRATE TO AMERICA—SAILS FROM DUBLIN ON BOARD THE “EARL OF ABERDEEN,” AND ARRIVES IN MIRAMICHI, PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

MY dear mother's life was a very chequered one ; strongly marked by many and painful vicissitudes. It pleased the Lord to show her many and sore troubles. His chastening hand was often and heavily laid upon her ; stroke after stroke fell in rapid succession ; and frequently, since I experienced his pardoning mercy, have I thought that this was the way in which God signified his displeasure for the course she adopted ; and that it was the medium through which he vindicated “*the truth*” that had been so grossly dishonoured, when she “turned unto fables.” Popery is the grand apostacy : one of the worst phases of the carnal mind—one of the most repulsive and pernicious developments of our depraved nature. It is the same now as it ever was—as dark and as gloomy as it was in the middle ages—as fierce and as ferocious as it was during the



reign of the haughty Hildebrand—or in the times of Ximenes and Richelieu. It ever has been an enemy to God and to man; to liberty and to truth. It revoked “the edict of Nantz,” and organized “the Dragonades”—It built “the Bastile” in Paris, and “the inquisition” at Madrid. It perpetrated the horrible massacres of “Bartholomew’s day,” and “the Sicilian vespers”—It equipped “the Spanish Armada,” and kindled the fires of Smith-field; the wretched condition of Spain, of Italy, Portugal, and the kingdom of Naples, or the two Sicilies, are evidences of its baneful and deadly influence in Europe; and if we turn from these European monarchies; to the Republics in “*the New world*,” we see the print of its cloven hoof legibly stamped upon them all, from the Atlantic cities of “the United States”, to the extreme verge of Mexico and Peru. In the Old World, and in the New—in Empires—in Kingdoms, and in Commonwealths it is still the same. Time, like an ever-flowing stream, rolls on, but Popery is still the same. Nations rise and fall; thrones and dynasties pass away; but Popery abideth still the same—it still is “The mystery of iniquity” and “The mother of abominations.”

When the light of God’s reconciled countenance first beamed upon my soul, the scales fell from mine eyes, and the veil dropt from my heart. I had

found Him "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth"; and could rejoice "in the gladness of them that believe." But in the midst of this rejoicing, and while my soul exulted in "*The liberty wherewith Christ had made me free,*" I thought on my poor enslaved mother, and wept. The superstitions, falsehoods, lying wonders, and all the enormities of Romanism appeared to me, as very high and thick walls, encompassing her round about as in a huge fortress and prison. She seemed to me as one excluded from the reception of the light, and the knowledge of the truth; and shut up in darkness and condemnation. This picture of her deplorable and perilous condition fairly haunted me; so that I had no rest until I communicated all my thoughts and feelings to her, which I endeavoured to do in a letter, written a short time after my conversion to God.

I remember with what conflicting feelings I wrote that letter. I called to mind how often I had accompanied her, whom I was now addressing, to mass; and how much I had revered her for her piety, and loved her for her affection. But the thought of her spiritual state outweighed all other considerations. The guilt involved in her "Recantation;" and the fearful consequences to which that guilt exposed her, rushed upon me, and alarmed

me on account of her soul. I longed to see her snatched “as a brand from the burning”—I longed—yea my soul panted to see “the grace of God,” and “the truth as it in Jesus,” *magnified in her salvation*. On this absorbing topic we corresponded for a long time. Our correspondence was full and unreserved; and of such a character, as leads me to hope that the Lord opened her eyes; and that she sought and obtained mercy; and that she is now numbered with the saints in glory everlasting. She died in the autumn of 1838, while I was stationed in Odelltown, Canada East; and a short time before the battles, which were fought in that place, between the insurgents, and the Loyal Volunteers.

Very few, I think, of those who will favour these pages with a perusal, will consider what I have said touching Romanism, as unnecessary, or unkind. I denounce the system; but I pity its dupes. I not only here solemnly protest against it; but take this opportunity to record my abhorrence and detestation of it. O that God would fight against it with the spirit of his mouth, and the brightness of his appearing. SELAH.

The present age is, I am sorry to say, marked by a good deal of false liberalism, and under the guise, and in the name of charity, the errors of

Popery are treated with great indulgence. Luke-warm and half-hearted Protestants affect to disbelieve a great deal of what is said concerning its mendacious legends—its unwarrantable assumptions; and its malignant and persecuting spirit; and are in the habit of affirming, that in all these respects, it is much better now, than it was wont to be. Let us see. On the feast of Saint Anthony, it is still declared that he sailed to Saint Petersburg on a millstone to convert the Russians—it is still proclaimed of Saint Dunstan, that he led Satan about with a pair of red hot pincers. The Gallican branch of this Holy-Apostolic Church, persists in declaring that Saint Denis carried his head under his arm after it was separated from his body; and that he walked in this state for more than six miles. It is gravely asserted of Saint Dominic, that he turned the Devil into a monkey, and made him do penance; and that even a *mule*, belonging to Saint Anthony, of Padua, was so abstemious, and withal so devout, and so good a Catholic, that after fasting for three days, he left his provender to worship the host.

Let the reader turn away from these absurdities, and look at this mammoth imposition, as it now is. Let him think of the intolerance of Tuscany—of the ferocity of Naples—the perfidy of Austria—the gloomy bigotry of Spain. Let him look at these

governments as they now exist—let it be remembered that they are under the dictation and influence of the Papacy—that Popery is the breath of their nostrils—that they reflect its political and executive image : and then, if he can, let him talk of concessions. I need not allude to the pretended miracles of Prince Hohenloe, of Bamberg ; to the puerilities of Benedict Joseph Labry ; to the pious frauds practised by “ the Holy Coat of Treves ;” to the “ *Fete Dieu*” of Canada ; and last, though not the smallest in the catalogue, to the assembling now—December, 1854—of Bishops and Dignitaries from all *parts of Christendom*, at “ *the Eternal City*,” to decide upon “ the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary.”

It is patent to every one, at all cognizant of such matters, that “ The metropolis of the Christian world,” so called, has lost its ancient *prestige*. The sceptred and triple-crowned Priest of the Tiber is well nigh shorn of his beams. The hand writing that announces his doom is on the walls of “ The Vatican,” and may be easily read and interpreted. His feet, that so often pressed the necks of princes, are now prepared for flight ; and his throne is so frail and tottering, that it is kept together by state intrigues, and propped up by French bayonets. Councils may be held, and Bulls may be issued ; accounts

of miracles, as fabulous as heathen myths, may be published ; and relies multiplied “ad infinitum”—but all will be of no avail. The word of the Lord has gone forth, and it will not return unto him void ; and as sure as Dagon fell before the Ark of the Covenant, so sure will this foul and accursed system fall before the preaching of “the glorious gospel of the blessed God.”

At eight years of age I was sent to a public school, where I remained until I attained my fourteenth year. During that time, I made perhaps, more than ordinary progress in the various branches of learning taught in preparatory schools ; and was fortunate enough to obtain some small prizes for my proficiency in English composition, and in the mathematics. The average number of boys in the Institution, during my time, was about two hundred ; and every one conversant with such establishments, are aware, that under the best code of regulations, and with the best administration, there is much that is unpleasant and irksome—a great deal that must be endured without murmuring, or complaining. The younger lads experience a large measure of injustice and oppression at the hands of those who are older and stronger. I had my share ; sometimes perhaps, more than my share—at least so *I* imagined ; but who can say that even this rough discipline

has not been an advantage. The inspired mourner of Anathoth says, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth"—and if the application of this truth be admissible in the present case, the arguments usually employed in favor of Public Schools, will be greatly strengthened.

Very little worth relating occurred from this time until I reached my eighteenth year. At this juncture my father died. This was a heavy—heavy stroke; and it fell upon my poor mother with a weight that almost crushed her to the earth. But the Lord supported her, and sent her help in the time of need. She did her part bravely; but the death of my dear father seriously affected our whole domestic economy; and my hopes of becoming a Priest fell to the ground. The "*Res Augusta Domi*"—our straitened circumstances, forbade the indulgence of such ambitious hopes. My studies were suspended; and the knowledge I acquired by them, was employed for our maintenance and support. These circumstances formed a remarkable period in our domestic annals; we were now cast upon our own resources, or rather, more directly, and more obviously than heretofore, upon the providence and goodness of God. His kind and gracious interposition was seasonable and effectual. We saw it in many ways; but more particularly in



raising up friends, through whose influence, we all obtained employment in departments corresponding with our tastes and habits; and which yielded us an income adequate to our wants, and as ample as our wishes.

We lived together in the greatest harmony; and walked in strict and cheerful obedience to the laws and precepts of "*the Church of Rome.*" My mother was a weekly communicant—that is, she confessed her sins, and received absolution, and the blessed Eucharist once a week. Her confessor was the Rev. Patrick Coleman, and her time of communing, was at the pontifical mass, celebrated by the diocesan, at 8 o'clock every Sunday morning. I observed these rules and performed these duties, on the first Sunday in every month; the usual time for granting plenary indulgences in the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin. We both endeavoured to walk uprightly in the sight of God—our great aim was to please God, in all we did; and in all we said. We were ignorant of the righteousness of God; and we sought to establish our own righteousness. Of the great doctrine of salvation by faith, we knew nothing; we foolishly imagined we were to be saved by our own works; and we helped each other on, as we supposed, in all good conscience, and unto all well pleasing. LENT, ADVENT, THE EMBER DAYS,



AND ROGATION DAYS, were all strictly kept. Undeviating attendance at Mass, on all Sundays, and holidays of obligation; and a scrupulous performance of the devotions prescribed by our spiritual directors, were leading features in our conversation and practice. In short, we were considered, and very justly too, as very devout and exemplary Roman Catholics. In our own immediate circle, we occupied a very high position, and were looked up to with great deference. My mother's devotional habits, and her zeal as a *Sodalitist*, reached even the ears of Dr. Murray, then coadjutor to the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, and subsequently Archbishop of DUBLIN. I was also myself a member of the famous Sodality, called "THE ORDER OF THE SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL." The branch of "The Institute" to which I belonged, was called "*The Discalceated Carmelites*," "*The Barefooted Carmelites*," and were established in French Street. I was invested according to the usual forms, by the Rev. John Spratt, now (December, 1854,) the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, well known in Dublin for his zeal in the temperance cause. I was also a member of "The Society of the Catholic Faith," a religious association formed "*Permissio Superiorum*," by the Rev. Richard Hayes, a Franciscan Friar of great learning and eloquence. I admired this gentleman very much

indeed. As a preacher, he was very popular—especially as a *panegyrist* and a *controversialist*. He was said to be very charitable, and devout; was “a lover of good men” of every persuasion—and deeply attached to his native country. A few remarks, of rather a biographical character, will at once express *my* views, and delineate *his* portrait.

This gifted priest was born in the ancient and historic town of Wexford, in the year 1787. In 1802, he went to Rome, and after studying for the priesthood, in the College of Saint Isidore, was duly ordained; and afterwards admitted to the order of Saint Francis of Assissium; the largest section of the regular clergy, and the most distinguished of all the mendicant orders. At the expiration of nine years, he returned to his native town, where he officiated for nearly three years, at the conclusion of which period, he removed to Dublin. The question of Catholic emancipation was then agitating the public mind, and engaging the attention of Parliament. The ministry proposed carrying the measure through both houses, but on this express condition, namely, that “THE CROWN” should have the power, *in all cases*, of vetoing, or forbidding, the nomination of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops. This proposition was submitted to the consideration of the Romish court; and Lord William Bentinck,

a member of the ducal house of Portland, and who was then our ambassador at the Papal Court, used all his influence to secure its adoption. In due time a rescript on the subject, from Cardinal Quarantotti, was received in Ireland. This roused all classes—meetings were held all over the country, and Mr. Hayes was despatched to “the Eternal City,” as the delegate of the Irish Catholics, with full powers to do every thing he could to resist the accomplishment of this object. He succeeded in preventing the vetoists from effecting, what was looked upon as an artful attempt to impose upon THE POPE—to make the priests ecclesiastical commissaries, and to destroy the independence of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Mr. Hayes died at Paris, on the 24th of January, 1824. Consumption, “like a worm in the bud,” had been for some time slowly but effectively undermining his constitution; and to stay its hand, he fled to France, hoping to find in that sunny climate, health and length of days; but it was only a flight through “the valley of the shadow of death,” for in France, he found not health—not length of days—but a death-bed and a tomb. His mortal remains lie interred in the cemetery of PERE LA CHAISE, not far from the grave of Abelard and Heloise, but far from his own kindred, and the country that he loved.

This determined opposition to the government measure deferred the emancipation of the Roman Catholics until the year 1829, when it was carried by the Wellington-Peel Administration. These statesmen were not in their hearts favourable to the removal of Catholic disabilities—all their antecedents declared the contrary ; but Mr. O'CONNELL's return for Clare, over a ministerial candidate, compelled them to change their policy, and to substitute expediency for principle, so that this great political and social change was brought about by the very men who afterwards endowed Maynooth, and repealed "the corn laws." *Par nobile fratrum*. The Parliamentary majorities in favour of "the bill" were very large—the Royal sanction was given with great cheerfulness—"TE DEUMS" were chaunted, and solemn High Masses celebrated in all the Romish chapels throughout the Empire ; and all Ireland seemed to be convulsed with joy. Peace, prosperity, and happiness, in the language of Catholic journalism, were now restored to us, and were to abide with us for ever. All creeds and parties were now one ; and were embarked together in "THE ARK" of "a free and glorious constitution ;" and had entered upon a voyage, destined to be more advantageous in its results, than that of DEUCALION, or the ARGONAUTS.

Quarter of a century has passed away since this act became part and parcel of "the statute law" of the United Kingdom ; but how much, or how many social, or other advantages, have resulted from it, are still to be ascertained. Ireland, I am afraid, is not much the better of it : this much every one knows, —it has been agitated ever since. Cadmus sowed dragons' teeth, and from them sprung an host of armed men ; and from the settlement of "*the Catholic claims*," have sprung up "REPEAL ASSOCIATIONS," "MONSTER MEETINGS," "LEAGUES," "CLUBS," "STATE TRIALS," "insurrectionary tumults," and "TRANSPORTATIONS." These have never ceased to make this ill-starred country the object of their violence ; and like waves and storms they are still beating upon it. It was confidently predicted that "CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION" would allay all the murmurs, and heal all the maladies that prevail in Ireland. This would be the infallible remedy for every evil. Politicians spoke as if they were imbued with the spirit of the ancient seers ; and philanthropists indulged in dreams and visions of millennial unity, concord, and love. But what has been the result—instead of the grapes of Eschcol we have sour grapes. Let the criminal calendar—let the opposition to "the Queen's Colleges"—let the convict hulks, and the penal colonies—the agrarian

outrages—and the arms' bill—let these answer the question in the sister Kingdom, and let the Wiseman agitation—its origin and its design—its principal and its adjuncts, answer it in *England*. Puseyism, with its absurdity and wickedness—the papal assumption involved in the recent erection of Romish bishoprics in England,—the insidious, but steady progress of JESUITISM—and the increase of monastic Institutions, both at home, and in the colonies:—these may all be traced to that tortuous and time serving policy, which has been pursued of late years; and to which, with some honourable exceptions, both WHIGS and TORIES seem to be heartily pledged. BUT THE LORD GOD OMMIPOTENT REIGNETH—HIS KINGDOM RULETH OVER ALL—HE WILL COME, AND WILL NOT TARRY. HE WILL DEFEND THE RIGHT.

A remarkable period of my life was now approaching---a crisis was about to arrive, which became a turning point in my history; and exercised upon the whole of my career, a most powerful and gracious influence. All my ancestors had lived and died in "The British Islands"—their migrations, like those of the Vicar of Wakefield's family, were very limited. For my own part, I was never fond of adventure, or enamoured of either new countries, or new faces. And although I am now, and have been, in the Wesleyan Itinerancy, for nearly twenty-five

years, I am nevertheless, to a great extent, "a home body." The thought of leaving Ireland had never entered into my head; my habits and feelings were at variance with such an enterprise. Besides, I was greatly attached to my mother and sisters. Our remaining together and intact, seemed to be necessary to our happiness; but the ways of Providence, even with humble individuals, are often "unsearchable, and past finding out." I have found them to be so; but they have always tended to such issues, and led to such results, that I can say of a truth, God has done all things well; and that his goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

The idea of emigrating to America, was first suggested to me by a gentleman who felt a deep interest in our welfare. It was first broached in a desultory conversation, and without any previous reflection or arrangement; and was forgotten almost as soon as it was mentioned. After some time, however, the subject was resumed, and viewed under the different aspects in which it presented itself to us. While this important movement was under discussion, the gentleman already mentioned, made a direct proposal that I should try life in "The New World, and commence the effort in THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK." At that time, nearly 30 years ago, the tide of emigration did not flow so



copiously either to the Canadas, or to the United States, as it now does. It was directed with considerable impetus towards this colony; and had proper legislative encouragement been afforded to it, the settlement of the country might have been greatly facilitated.

The project of leaving "HOME," and probably forever, appeared to be one of great magnitude. It induced very serious reflections. We pondered it well; looked at the probable contingencies, and weighed the results. As an indispensable preparation, I attended in my place, at the monthly procession of my Sodality, in the Carmelite Friary already mentioned. With the same views, I confessed and obtained absolution, and received the sacrament; and that I might be as fully equipped as possible, I obtained the habit and surplice of the order, and also a blest missal. WHAT A PANOPLY—a few yards of coarse serge and a little figured muslin—how different from "*the Armour of Light!*" but such was the way in which my poor benighted soul tried to know the will of God; and sought to put itself under his divine protection and guidance. O! ROME, ROME! of a truth thou art "the house of bondage," and "the region of the shadow of death." O how shall I sufficiently praise my heavenly Father, who brought me out of this bondage into



“the glorious liberty of the gospel”—out of this darkness into his “marvellous light.” “Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits.”

I sailed from Dublin for Miramichi, on the 24th of August, 1824, on board of “the Earl of Aberdeen,” of Aberdeen, commanded by Captain George Washington Ligertwood. This gentleman was a native of Aberdeen, and had received a very good education at Marischal College, in that city. I cannot say why these remarkable baptismal names were conferred upon him; but I know he did not admire them. He had no republican tendencies; and during the voyage he often expressed his decided preference for monarchical institutions. He had two brothers—Andrew, who was the eldest of the family, and was a retired army surgeon, enjoying a lucrative practice in Aberdeen; and John, who was also a surgeon, and belonged to one of the infantry regiments serving in Ireland, but was attached to the Medical Staff in Dublin. The nomenclature I suppose, must be attributed to his father; indeed, I have heard him say as much; but whether it was to express his regard for the great revolutionist, or his predilection for the name itself, I am not able to decide. Well, it is no great matter after all—that is,

in this case ; but really there is a great deal in a name ; and for a proof of this, we need only point to the present ruler of France—once a needy adventurer—a mere “ man about town ;” but now the imperialised occupant of the throne of Charlemagne, and the zealous ally of her Britannic Majesty, Queen Victoria—and all this because his name is NAPOLEON. *Instar Omnium*. This one example will suffice.

We had only two cabin passengers, a young gentleman named Arnold, and myself. In the steerage there were nearly forty. They were all apparently in comfortable circumstances, and dwelt together in peace. The voyage was undistinguished by any thing out of the usual way. The weather was mild, and the wind generally favourable ; and we all arrived safely at Miramichi, on the 5th of October ; making in all forty two days since our departure from Dublin.

Miramichi is not the name of a town, or village, but that by which a large and beautiful river is designated. “ THE MIRAMICHI ” then, or “ HAPPY RETREAT,” is one of the largest rivers in “ the Province of New Brunswick.” In the Micmac language, the diminutive noun is formed by the addition of “ SIS,” and hence this river was formerly called RESTIGOUCHESIS, in contradistinction to “ the Restigouche,” a somewhat larger river, that flows

into the Baie des Chaleurs, at its head. The Miramichi rises in a lake, a short distance from the Tobique, a river bathing the un-improved, and almost unknown lands of the county of York. Its computed length is about 230 miles—flowing pretty equably, but with considerable force, over a shingly and rocky bed, and describing an Easterly course until it rolls into the gulf of Saint Lawrence, through a large and beautiful bay, in Latitude  $47^{\circ} 5'$  N. and Longitude  $64^{\circ} 53'$  W.

There are several small towns, and villages on this river, but the largest and most thriving ones, are Chatham, Newcastle, and Douglastown. The first is the largest, and is situate on the left bank of the river; the other two, are on the right bank; and all three are located within the tide-way which extends for more than 30 miles, and is met by the descending waters above Beaubair's Island. All the settlements on this river, and on some of its tributaries, underwent a dreadful visitation in the beginning of October, 1825—just one year after my arrival in the country; but as this sad event forms a remarkable period in the history of this Province, and a no less remarkable episode in my own memoirs, I shall defer my notice of it until another chapter.

## CHAPTER III.

FIRE IN MIRAMICHI—CONTESTED ELECTION FOR THE  
COUNTY OF NORTHUMBERLAND—DECEIT ON THE  
PART OF ECCLESIASTICAL SUPERIORS—DECLINES  
ENTERING THE MINISTRY OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
—BIBLE EXPEDITION—REV. MR. DOLLARD, &c.

THE summer of 1825, was unusually warm in both hemispheres, particularly in America, where its effects were fatally visible in the prevalence of epidemical diseases. During July and August, extensive fires raged in different parts of Nova Scotia, especially in the Eastern division of the peninsula ; but the country being generally cleared for a considerable distance round the settlements and villages, very little injury was sustained. In MIRAMICHI, and throughout the northern parts of New Brunswick, the season had been unusually dry. Scarcely any rain had fallen, and considerable apprehensions had been entertained for the crops. Very extensive fires were observed in a north-westerly direction. Also along the south side of "Le Baie des Chaleurs"—in several parts of "the district of Gaspé"—on the Richibucto ; and thence in a southerly direction towards Westmoreland.

From the first to the fifth of October, a season generally cool, an extraordinary and an unnatural heat prevailed. The protracted drought of the summer acting up on the aridity of the forests, had rendered them more than naturally combustible. Land clearing had been carried on extensively all the spring; and as this operation includes burning the trees and roots, the circumstances mentioned above, facilitated both the progress and dispersion of these fires, and produced the unusual heat. On the 6th and 7th, the condition of the people living along the valley of the Miramichi, became very alarming. In the rear of Newcastle—in the vicinity of Douglastown and Moorfields—and along the banks of the Bartibog, the fires were evidently approaching the line of settlements on the north side of the main river. On the south side of the river from below Nappan, thence upward in the rear of Nelson Town, up Cain's river—and along the whole of the southwest, the same menacing process was going on. Indeed, the whole country appeared to be encircled by a flaming zone, which, gradually contracting itself by the devastation it made, seemed as if it would converge into a point, as soon as nothing remained to be destroyed.

On Friday the 7th inst., about 9 o'clock, in the evening, and for some time previous, lengthened

and sullen roars—repeated crashing noises—and sounds like unto thunder, filled every one with terror. The people seemed to be perfectly stupified. Every body seemed to be alive to their danger; but no one seemed capable of warding it off. And about the time stated above, and suddenly, as it struck me, “HUNDREDS OF FLAMES OF FIRE” simultaneously burst from the forests, and rushed out upon the settlements: and then NEWCASTLE, DOUGLASTOWN, and the whole northern side of the river, extending from “the BARTIBOG,” to “THE NAASHWAAK,” a distance of more than one hundred miles in length, became enveloped in one immense sheet of flame, that eventually spread over some thousands of square miles.

I was at the time this “GREAT FIRE” occurred, residing within a mile of Newcastle; and my candid opinion is, that a greater calamity never befel any forest country; and that very few places in any country, of the same population, and of the same available resources, ever experienced a greater loss.

The following statement of lives lost, and property consumed, was exhibited by a local committee, organized for the management of all matters connected with this disaster.

|                            |   |   |   |     |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| Persons burnt and drowned, | . | . | . | 160 |
| Buildings destroyed,       | . | . | . | 595 |
| Head of Cattle destroyed,  | . | . | . | 875 |

|                               |          |   |   |
|-------------------------------|----------|---|---|
| Loss of Property estimated, . | £204,323 | 0 | 0 |
| Less this sum insured, . .    | 12,050   | 0 | 0 |
|                               | <hr/>    |   |   |
| Net Loss, . .                 | £192,273 | 0 | 0 |

That the stranger may form a faint idea of the desolation and misery no pen can describe, he must picture to himself a large and rapid river, thickly settled for one hundred miles, or more, on both sides of it. He must also fancy four thriving towns, two on each side of this river; and then reflect, that these towns and settlements were all composed of wooden houses, stores, stables, and barns; and that the arrival of the fall importations had stocked the warehouses and stores, with spirits, powder, and a variety of combustible articles, as well as with the necessary supplies for the approaching winter. He must then remember, that the cultivated, or settled part of the river, is but a long narrow strip, about a quarter of a mile wide, and lying between the river, and almost interminable forests, stretching along the very edge of its precincts; and all round it. Extending his conception, he will see these forests thickly expanding over more than 6,000 square miles, and absolutely parched into tinder by the protracted heat of a long summer, and by the large fires that had streamed through almost every part of them. Let him then animate the picture

by scattering countless tribes of wild animals; hundreds of domestic ones; and even thousands of men through the interior. Having done all this, he will have before him, a feeble description of the extent, features, and general circumstances of the country, which, on the night I have mentioned, was suddenly buried in fire.

Resting on the indulgence of those who have been kind enough to patronize this work, it may not be improper to state, that I was, at the time of the "GREAT FIRE," residing within a mile of Newcastle. If my opinion be entitled to any consideration, this is its candid expression.—A greater calamity, than the Fire, which happened in Miramichi, never befel any forest country, and has been rarely excelled in the annals of any other: and the general character of the scene was such, that all it required, to complete a picture of the GENERAL JUDGMENT, was the blast of a TRUMPET, the voice of the ARCHANGEL, and the resurrection of the DEAD.

During my first three years residence in MIRAMICHI—that is from October, 1824, to October, 1827, I filled the office of chief clerk in a very respectable mercantile house. The business consisted chiefly in importing British, and West India goods and provisions, which were sold to the lumberers, from whom timber, deals, lathwood, &c., were received



in return, and shipped to different ports in Great Britain and Ireland. The house also manufactured timber rather extensively, on its own account; and employed a considerable capital besides, in ship building.

At the expiration of my agreement with this firm, I assumed a similar position in the office of an eminent barrister, who afterwards became Queen's Counsel, and a distinguished member of the Legislative Assembly. This gentleman had very few, if any superiors, either at "THE BAR," or in "THE SENATE." He was eloquent, well educated, and liberally endowed with personal and social qualifications. He possessed, one would suppose, every thing that could be desired in order to insure success: but he failed—failed notwithstanding all his advantages: and was obliged, after many years of professional and public life, to remove to the United States.

While I was with this gentleman, a circumstance occurred, which seemed once more to open my way to the sacred office—to the Priesthood. The opportunity looked very favourable—success almost certain. I resigned my situation in favour of one who was afterwards called to "THE BAR," and recommenced my studies under the most favourable circumstances. For a year or so, every thing went

on smoothly and prosperously ; and the position to which I sincerely and ardently aspired, became proportionally near. But my Heavenly Father destined me to fill an office very different from that of a ROMISH ECCLESIASTIC. The Lord purposed in his mercy, to give me other work to do ; and henceforth, “ the *breviary*,” and the *missal* ; the *cope* and the *stole*, were no longer to exercise their charms over me. But O, when I think on the kind and gracious manner in which the Lord led me ; and of the ways, unknown and unforeseen, by which he conducted me, step by step, “ from darkness into his marvellous light”—when I think on these things, and on his gracious and merciful dealings ever since, I cannot find words to express my gratitude or surprise. These reflections overwhelm me, and constrain me to cry out

“ What am I, O thou glorious God ;”  
And what my father’s house to thee,  
That thou such mercies hast bestowed,  
On me, the vilest reptile, me ;  
I take the blessing from above,  
“ And wonder at thy boundless love.”—WESLEY.

The causes that turned me from these fond pursuits, and the ulterior and remote effects, which, under God, followed in their train—these I think deserve to be noticed in a full and circumstantial manner. This I owe to myself—I owe it to God.

The following is a minute and detailed account of the whole matter ; and to every enquiring and enlightened mind it will supply an illustration of the inspired maxim, so fervently cited by the apostle :  
*“ O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God ; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.”*

A vacancy occurred by the death of Richard Simonds, Esq., in the representation of the county of Northumberland ; and as the valley of “ THE MIRAMICHI” formed the principal part of the electoral district, a great deal of the excitement attending a contested election prevailed there. Two gentlemen, both very popular, became aspirants for the vacant seat. They were both, of course, Protestants, the Roman Catholics being at that time [1828] excluded by “ THE PENAL LAWS” from both the Imperial and Colonial Parliaments. One of the candidates, James D. Fraser, Esq., was of the “ High Church party ;” the other, Joseph Cunard, Esq., avowed liberal principles, and was well known to be kind hearted and generous, and sincerely opposed to political disqualifications and religious tests. The former died a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature, in which, for many years, he efficiently represented the township of Windsor. In the present instance, Mr. Cunard succeeded, and for several years represented

his constituency with great zeal and fidelity. He was afterwards promoted to "The Legislative Council;" and in this higher sphere, he justified the choice of "the Executive," and proved himself to be worthy of a place in the Colonial Peerage. A short time ago he relinquished all his honours, and went to Liverpool, in Great Britain, where he now resides, and carries on an extensive business as a ship agent, and commission merchant.

My countrymen and co-religionists regarded me with considerable reverence. Many circumstances contributed to render me very popular with them. They and the Acadian French formed a large section of the freeholders; and this fact rendered my support very desirable. The contest was fierce and protracted. Both parties maintained their ground with equal firmness, and with nearly equal success. Victory alternately hovered over the standard of each party; and as the struggle drew towards a close, each became more anxious for the triumph. Mr. C's friends solicited my influence—I complied; but not until entreaties, arguments, and appeals to religion and patriotism were repeatedly used. I exerted myself *legitimately*—yea *conscientiously*, and we prevailed. The battle was gained; but the defeated party was exasperated. Many of these were Scotch Romanists—the Bishop, Dr. McEach-

rin, was also a Scotchman, and the defeated candidate was the son of a Scotchman. His Lordship was highly displeased with my interference, and condemned it in no very measured terms. I could not endure this. He was himself a great partisan, and had often done the very same thing he rebuked in me. I knew this; and the Jesuitism he displayed, incensed and disgusted me. I have seen priests on the hustings in Ireland—I have heard them haranguing the electors, in a manner which no mere lay demagogue could approach. I have known them to compel the tenants to vote against their landlords, and to denounce any that would presume to exercise their elective franchise in opposition to their wishes. This active and improper interference in Ireland, is notorious; it is extensively employed in Canada East; and in this province, the general election held in 1850, was materially, and injuriously affected by it. In proof of this assertion I need only refer to the elections in Kent, Gloucester, and Victoria, in all of which the returned members were the nominees of the priests.

But my Ecclesiastical superiors forsooth, disclaimed all politics, although they were secretly working themselves, nay more, when they granted me permission to espouse the cause of the candidate that eventually succeeded. The fault consisted not in

my doing it ; but in the way that I did it, I did it openly and above board, and that constituted " the head and front of my offending." The duplicity exhibited on this occasion induced a new train of thought and reflections ; or rather aided the developement of sentiments and feelings, that had already begun to exercise my mind. Previous to this, I had endured a good deal of anxiety ;—I had begun to entertain doubts concerning the principles in which I had been educated. These often and sorely perplexed me ; sometimes I thought they were temptations ; and that the enemy was thus permitted to buffet me for my faults. These painful surmises occasioned me great distress, I prayed—wept—fasted ; but all in vain. I found no relief ; at other times, these suggestions seemed to come from another source, which I could neither understand, nor designate. It was, however, evident to myself, that my religious views, from some cause or other, had undergone a great change ; and hence without a pang, or even a regret, I abjured the clerical office, at once, and for ever : and in a short time after, I withdrew myself from the Romish church altogether.

I look back upon these things with feelings I cannot describe. Twenty-five years have rolled into eternity since then. I have experienced many vi-

cissitudes, and have had many trials, but my strength has been always proportioned to my day. I can say of a truth, I have been "in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren," but the Lord delivered me out of them all.

"Still hide me in thy secret place,  
Thy tabernacle spread;  
Shelter me with preserving grace;  
And screen my naked head."

All this time I had no right views of religion; I knew nothing of the plan of salvation as it is revealed in the Bible. I certainly was not a Romanist: from my heart I renounced the whole system; and from the day that I left the mission station at Bartibog, to this hour, I never entered a Romish place of worship, except a couple of times, while I was stationed in Montreal, when I went into the French Cathedral, after service hours, and merely to examine the interior of that mammoth edifice. I was in my heart a Protestant; but I had no religion. I was dead in trespasses and in sins, but I knew it not. The scales had not yet fallen from my eyes. The veil was still upon my heart. I often, indeed, felt great uneasiness; and at intervals I experienced something like a vague sense of my lost condition as a sinner, and a consequent apprehension of "the wrath of God." These emotions,



however, were but slight in their operation, and infrequent in their recurrence. I knew nothing of the source whence they proceeded, or of the agent that produced them. Regarding the influence of the Holy Spirit, and a work of grace in the heart, I was as ignorant as a Bedouin or an Arab.

I attended regularly every Sunday at either the Episcopal Church, or the Presbyterian. These were the only Protestant places of worship accessible to me. I cannot say that I received any benefit, owing, probably, to my own indisposition of mind, and to a want of suitability in the services. The Rev. Mr. Bacon, the Rector, was exceedingly anxious that I should seek for orders in the Church of England ; and had so far opened my way before I was aware of it, in a correspondence with the Right Rev. Dr. Stewart, then Bishop of Quebec, that his Lordship directed him to forward me to Archdeacon Mountain, with a view to my preparation for deacon's orders. I was grateful for this kindness ; but being wholly averse to such a course, I respectfully declined his well-meant assistance and patronage. The truth is, I felt an aversion to any further studies or preparations, with a view to the ministry, in any branch of the Reformed Church, and had made up my mind to be a layman, but to acquire all the knowledge I could of the various systems of Protestant theology.



I now applied myself, for the first time in my life, to the close perusal of the Sacred Scriptures. After a while, this became a truly delightful exercise. My heart began to feel its sacred influence. Light seemed to break in upon my mind. The truth as it is in Jesus obtained an entrance into my soul. I became thoughtful—even devout. I wanted to be right before God; and I earnestly prayed to him to lead me into the right way—to make me acquainted with myself, and to show me what I must do to be saved.

I have often thought since, that if I had any one that would have explained to me the doctrine of original sin—the nature of evangelical repentance, and of justifying faith, and the necessity of being born again, that I would have earnestly sought—yea, sought until I had obtained, the salvation of God.

There were some Wesleyans in the neighborhood, who would have kindly and effectively done this; but I did not communicate with them. I kept all these matters to myself. They were as fire in my bones: they burned within me, so that I suffered greatly for my reserve. My only guide at this period was “the Lord the Spirit,” and my only counsellor was His true and lively Word. I felt in my inmost soul that “all scripture is given by inspiration of God”—that the BIBLE is to every sincere

enquirer—the only infallible oracle—that all who are trying to come unto God, find it to be “a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path”—and that whosoever lacks wisdom, and asks of God, will find that he giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not.

When I reflect on the goodness and mercy, the wisdom and love displayed in “THE BIBLE”; and see multitudes, not only of Roman Catholics, but of nominal Protestants, such as Puseyites, and *sui generis*, turning their backs upon this true light, “in which there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning;” and running after the flickering and false lights that glimmer through Canons, Traditions, Decretals, and Legends; when I see this, my soul cries out in the language of holy indignation and resolution:

“Should all the forms that men devise,  
Assault my faith with treacherous art;  
I’d call them vanity and lies,  
And bind thy gospel to my heart.”

While on this subject, I am forcibly reminded of a circumstance of rather a singular character—a melodramatic sort of occurrence, in which I was a passive sort of actor, and which materially influenced my religious views and feelings. And as it illustrates one of the ways, in which “the wrath of

man" praises God, I shall here relate it *in extenso*. The Rev. Mr. Dollard, the missionary priest residing in Miramichi, having heard that the agents of "the Bible Society," had been lately distributing a great many copies of the Sacred Scriptures among his people, resolved to counteract their efforts. He was a meek and an unassuming man—better—much better than his creed—better than most of his confreres; but he was a Priest, and as such, was opposed to the circulation of "the word of God." When the proper time arrived, he and I set out upon our crusade, the only one of the kind in which I ever was engaged. We followed the trail of the distributors, and succeeded in obtaining possession of nearly all the copies they had circulated. This expedition was performed in the winter, and the spoils thereof, which nearly filled our sleigh, were brought safely home.

The late Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, commended a peasant of his diocese, for being so fastidious, as to take up with a pair of tongs, a BIBLE, left with him in a similar way, and bury it in his garden. We were entitled to similar respect, for we put the Bibles by very carefully into a large box stove that had fallen into disuse. Mr. Dollard would not, could not destroy them. I respected him while living, and now that he is dead

it is pleasing to reflect upon the way, in which his conduct in this particular instance, contrasts with that of some BIBLE burning priests in Canada, and elsewhere. Mr. Dollard was consecrated Bishop "*in partibus*," in the year 1840; and exercised Episcopal jurisdiction in New Brunswick, until he died. He bore his prelatic honours in a very becoming manner; and was the same plain and unostentatious man, with his mitre and pectoral cross, that he was before he received them.

I often reflected on this strange pursuit and capture of the Bibles; and the reflection always produced a great deal of mental disquietude, and from a desire to allay this recurring conscience-fever, and to gratify my curiosity, I used to visit "the stove very frequently; and in a hurried and stealthy manner, read portions of the Scripture. This expedient was of very little service; the disease could not be reached by such superficial means—indeed, I often felt worse after it; and sometimes after a few minutes' perusal, my mind would be so distressed, that I would run out of the house into the adjoining chapel, and there kneel for a long time before "the Host," as an atonement for my indiscretion and vacillation.

But God delivered me from the snare: He rescued me from this state of fear and thralldom, and

brought me from being a timid and cursory reader of his revealed will, to be a thoughtful and habitual student of it. I have been endeavouring for many years to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and to make all men see, what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God;" and I am disposed to regard the incidents to which I have alluded, as precious and important links in the mysterious chain, by which he was pleased to conduct me to this high and honourable position. May I have grace to make full proof of my ministry—power to "do the work of an Evangelist." O may I be faithful to "feed the flock of God, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind." *Amen.* Even so Lord Jesus.

## CHAPTER IV.

CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS—REMARKABLE CHARACTERS—  
JOINS THE METHODIST CHURCH—VISITS HALIFAX,  
NOVA SCOTIA—ALLUSION TO HON. JOSEPH HOWE—  
CONVINCED OF SIN—EXPERIENCES RELIGION--PASSES  
THE NOVA SCOTIA DISTRICT MEETING—APPOINTED  
TO MURRAY HARBOUR—REV. WILLIAM DOWSON—  
REMARKABLE PRESERVATION.

THE matters and events recorded in the preceding chapter extended from the autumn of 1825 to that of 1829. Towards the close of that year, I entered into an arrangement with the proprietor and publisher of "the Northumberland Gleaner," a very respectable and well conducted paper. This sheet was issued weekly, and advocated liberal principles in a moderate and consistent manner. It has been rendered a great benefit to the country, inasmuch as it has diffused general information; and promoted several important measures in social and municipal reform.

I furnished articles in connexion with the current literature of the day; and as a correspondent supplied information upon all local and provincial subjects generally. I worked hard in this department, and amongst other labours, produced a good many

essays under the head of "ALIQVIS"; "CIVIS"—"NEMO"; and a few after the manner of BLACKWOOD'S "NOC'TES AMBROSIANÆ," and distinguished by the same expressive title.

My connexion with journalism led to my intimate acquaintance with the principal merchants and the professional classes, and through them to a general knowledge of the entire community. This formed a most heterogeneous mass, comprising a great deal of the eccentric and the grotesque—a good deal of worldly wisdom and selfishness—a large amount of assumption—and a considerable portion of refinement and intellectual worth—of commercial enterprise and sterling principles. From this diversified multitude a few may be easily selected, and from the material which their characters afford for such a purpose, a few plain sketches may be easily executed. The first whom I shall notice is C. M., as strange a compound as you would meet with in any place. His person and his mind perfectly agreed; and both were as gnarled and as tough as an old oak. His arms and legs were uncommonly long; and his hands and feet the largest I ever saw. His usual dress was black, faded, and much worn: his motion consisted of long and rapid strides—he always reminded me of DOMINIE SAMPSON, only that he had neither the simplicity nor the benevolence

of that worthy pedagogue. Meet C. M. when you would he was always in a hurry—and looking furtively over his shoulder, as if he was afraid of being pursued. His coat pockets were very capacious, and generally contained biscuits, which he used very freely. He was moreover, an old bachelor, and was possessed of considerable property. He was shrewd, but honest; and was often annoyed by the boys and others who honoured him with the soubriquet of “Long Pockets.”

A. S. was a gentlemanly man of good parts, and of liberal education. He had been an army surgeon, and had seen some service. He enjoyed a lucrative practice, and was deservedly a great favourite. A career at once useful and honourable lay before him; but he became intemperate; the writer of these pages often remonstrated with him, and elicited promises of amendment; and he observed them at intervals, but would as often relapse again. At length he became a confirmed drunkard; fell into the most degrading habits, and into a state of the most abject poverty; and was found one morning lying dead at the public slip. Such was the end of a very talented and popular surgeon, an end too, brought on by himself, in the prime of life, and when eminence and affluence were within his reach.

R. M. This individual was a weaver from the



North of Ireland ; but commenced life in New Brunswick in a very humble department. He began as a lumberer's cook ; but in despite of this, and his illiteracy, he became rich and influential. He carried on lumbering more extensively than any one else ; and was able to regulate and control the market. Unfortunately he went too far ; lost all that he had acquired ; and sunk, rather advanced in life, into hopeless and irremediable poverty. When I last saw him he was begging ; and so sadly was he changed, that I could hardly recognize in the wretched and ragged man before me, the once dashing and popular R. M., who was so intimate with the heads of departments, and often entertained Lieutenant Governors themselves. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

K. A. was quite an original, and very clever in many respects. He also was a member of the medical profession, and was in great repute. He had two hobbies nearly akin, and he almost rode the poor creatures to death—duelling was one—pugilism the other. I never heard that he ever engaged in either of these amiable and fashionable pursuits ; but he was constantly talking of pistols—hair triggers—paces—boxing-gloves, &c., and being a small and very good natured looking man, he was obliged, when discussing these topics, to look fero-

cious and stretch himself in order to make a suitable impression. He contrived, however, to live in peace and good will with every one. His valour was never tested, nor his wrath provoked; exemptions, which he ascribed to a formidable array of fighting weapons that he kept hung up in his surgery.

This redoubtable disciple of Esculapius, had an intimate acquaintance whom we shall call S. He was a native of the Land of Cakes; and seemed to live upon the hereditary honour derivable from some illustrious ancestor who fell at the battle of Sheriffmuir. In his estimation this hero was equal to either Marlborough or Wellington. S. was a Presbyterian, and a strenuous defender of the solemn league and covenant. He looked upon Prelacy as the mystery of iniquity; and regarded Liturgies with as little reverence as he did "Old wives' fables."

L. was an attorney, an excellent scholar too, having taken the highest honours in Marischal College, Aberdeen. He was a singular compound, formed, one would judge, of the most conflicting materials. He was in fact a bundle of absurdities tied up in contradictions; and as he prided himself very much on his knowledge of mathematics, and was constantly using mathematical terms, some wags honoured him with the surname of PARALLELOGRAM.

He bore the honour meekly, and affected to look upon it as a distinction to which he was most justly entitled.

This series might be extended to a great length : but the addition of one or two more portraits will be enough for our purpose. B. was a canny Scotchman ; one who knew how to take care of himself. He was a stone cutter by trade, and did a good deal in the epitaph line. He would not admit that his was a mechanical calling, but insisted that it was artistic. In his eyes " Old Mortality " was the Prince of Sculptors ; and his efforts to perpetuate the memory of " the Covenanters," a good and gracious work. This worthy generally wore a tartan jacket, and contended that Joseph's coat of many colours was of the same material.

There is one more whom we shall represent by W—an Irishman—a genuine and gifted Irishman. He was a native of Bandon, and an Orangeman. His principles were well known, and the maintenance of them, often involved him in trouble. He was a thorough and determined partisan, adored the memory of Schomberg, and would never weary singing " the Boyne water." Pope and Popery he condemned in the most unqualified manner ; and regarded every concession on the part of government or the legislature, as a betrayal of the trust reposed

in them. He is still living—and is as anti-catholic as ever ; and as able, and as willing as he ever was to celebrate the 12th of July, and as “a son of temperance,” honour “the Charter Toast” with a drink-offering of good, clear, pure cold water !!

What with editing, corresponding, and so forth, my hands were pretty full, and my mind pretty heavily taxed : but in addition to these engagements I travelled through the Northern and Eastern parts of the Province, then almost in a wilderness state, so that I may say I explored it. I was enabled to prosecute my researches with very little expense ; every facility was afforded me that the circumstances of the country, such as the state of the roads, modes and means of conveyance supplied. And, although I had sometimes to “camp out,” I suffered very little inconvenience from this nomadic way of spending the night. I availed myself of many opportunities to converse with the Indians in their wigwams—with the lumberers in their camps—and with the Acadian habitans, and with the old settlers. These enquiries occupied some months, and resulted in the publication of a small octavo volume, entitled “A compendious history of the Northern and Eastern parts of the Province of New Brunswick.”

This was my first and last effort as an historian,

for while it was going through the press, God was pleased to bless me with that wonderful, that marvellous visit of his pardoning and renewing grace, which in a short time, withdrew me from all secular pursuits, and conducted me into the WESLEYAN MINISTRY, in which I have sustained an humble position for nearly twenty-five years. When I reflect on my antecedents—the plans formed for me—the preliminaries arranged, and partially carried out, in order that I might become a priest; when I reflect on all this, I am really filled with astonishment, and can only say;—what hath not God wrought?

The effort to which I have alluded was, if I am not mistaken, the first attempt of the kind made in New Brunswick. It was a kind of pioneer clearing the way for others, and into which, Mr. Perley, Dr. Gesner, and other eminent Provincialists have since entered. From these gentlemen, and from Richard Montgomery Martin, Esq., author of a splendid and comprehensive work on the colonies, the writer of the New Brunswick sketches received very favourable notices.

I shall now in God's name, and by his help, lay before the reader a full account of my connexion with the Methodist church—my conversion to God—and my call to the Christian ministry.

I joined the Methodist society in Miramichi, in

the year 1831, and received my first ticket from the Rev. Enoch Wood, then superintendent of that circuit, and now president of the Canada Conference. From this esteemed minister, and from his no less esteemed and worthy colleague, the Rev. Arthur McNutt, I received every attention which the peculiarity of my case required. They both treated me' with great delicacy and consideration: I profited very much by their public ministrations, and also by repeated personal interviews, to which they very kindly admitted me. The Rev. Mr. Pickles, who preceded these gentlemen, regarded me with great interest, and always evinced a disposition to afford me all the spiritual help he could; and to the commencement of my acquaintance with him my mind often reverts with pleasing and grateful emotions. These honoured brethren are all living, and zealously endeavouring to win souls to Christ. The two latter are, at present, like myself, members of the New Brunswick District.\*

On the grounds above stated I am very much indebted to Mr. Joseph Spratt, of Chatham. He was the first man that ever spoke to me of Methodism, and of the state of my soul. From him also I received the first invitation to meet in class. This

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\* Now a part of the Eastern Conference of British America.

kind hearted man cared for my soul. He often set the plan of salvation before me in the plainest manner possible ; and generally followed his instructive efforts by fervent prayer to God for my conversion. This worthy man is a native of Chester, England ; and previous to his emigration, filled the offices of local preacher and class leader, in his native city ; and upon the introduction of Methodism into Miramichi, he was duly appointed to these important trusts. He is still living, and though old and stricken in years, he is running with alacrity and patience the race set before him, looking unto Jesus.

When I had been but a few months in society, and was still a seeker, the work to which I have already adverted was ready for the press. This obliged me to go to Halifax, to superintend its publication, by Mr. Joseph Howe, then proprietor and editor of "the Novascotian." This gentleman is a son of the late John Howe, Esq., who was for many years King's Printer in Nova Scotia, and Custos of the county of Halifax. He commenced public life as a journalist, at a period when great political and official corruption prevailed in all the colonies, especially in the North American ones. These fine possessions of "the Crown," had not at that time, even the theory of the constitution. True, the representative form of government prevailed ; but then



the local legislatures were only like Grand Juries ; and all their measures were subject to the revision and control of a secret council appointed by the Governor. The country was ruled, not by " Heads of Departments," not by a responsible executive, chosen by the people—but by cliques and family compacts. Mr. Howe became the popular advocate of reform—in due time he obtained a seat in the Legislature, and the office of provincial secretary, which he now fills.\* He is supposed to be the leading man of the Nova Scotia Cabinet ; and is at present very actively employed in promoting the construction of provincial railways. He has many fierce, but, I daresay, conscientious opponents ; he has also a great many sincere and ardent friends. But to return. While I was residing in Halifax, the Lord was pleased to pour out his Holy Spirit upon the Wesleyan Society and Congregation. Great awakenings and searchings of heart immediately ensued. The place of worship, Zoar Chapel, became too small for the congregation, and after the revival had continued for a short time, it became indispensably necessary to hold simultaneous services in the adjoining school room. Both places

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\* Recently appointed Chief Commissioner of Railways for the Province of Nova Scotia.



continued to be literally crowded ; and this circumstance, with others of a similar character, led to the erection of a second chapel in Brunswick Street. The results of this divine effusion were great and marvellous in our eyes. Many backsliders were reclaimed, believers were quickened and sanctified, and upwards of two hundred made a profession of religion, and were received into the Church. During the progress of these " Revival Meetings," I became deeply convinced of sin ; for several days I groaned under the terrible burden of a guilty conscience ; and a terrifying sense of my exposure to the wrath of God. I wept ; I prayed ; I tried to believe—but I could not. I sought the Lord, but found him not. On a Tuesday evening, I met in class. I went thither with a heavy heart. When it came to my turn to speak, I thought my heart would break. I wept aloud, nay I roared by reason of the disquietude of my soul ; it seemed as if the sorrows of death encompassed me. All that night and the following day, my convictions of sin were very deep and powerful. I cried unto God with all my heart. O how often, and how fervently did I pray in the language of the blind man of Jericho, " Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."

On Wednesday evening I went to the prayer meeting in the school-room, determined to wrestle

with God, and never to give up until my soul should be set at liberty by his victorious love. The meeting was a most gracious one. The presence of God seemed to pervade the whole assembly; a solemn awe rested upon every soul—it appeared to me as if the Lord was there for the express purpose of saving souls. I felt that we would witness signs and wonders; and behold remarkable displays of his pardoning mercy, and saving grace. Hope began to spring up in my soul; and light began to beam upon my understanding: I felt a hungering and thirsting after salvation—a most vehement desire—a yearning to obtain the conscious forgiveness of my sins, and to feel and know that I was truly converted, and made a child of God.

At length the time arrived that I so much longed for. The minister conducting the service, invited any who were penitent to come forward. Many instantly complied with the invitation, I was one of them. The Lord the spirit enabled me to go forward. I remember it well. I fell on my knees before God, and poured out my soul in prayer. For two hours or so, I prayed, and wept, and wrestled with God; and by his grace, I was enabled to cast my soul upon his mercy; and to believe in Jesus Christ, with my whole heart. The burden was removed—my troubled and guilty conscience was set

at rest. I obtained redemption through the blood of sprinkling: my sins were all pardoned. I felt it—I knew it. I was justified freely by the grace of God, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. I rose up from my knees—the room was crowded; my heart was full; the sacred fire that fell from Heaven, burned within me; then spake I with my tongue; I proclaimed what God had done for me; and while I was endeavouring, with a stammering tongue, to magnify “the grace of God,” and glorify his son Jesus, the whole congregation lifted up their voices, and sung this expressive and beautiful stanza:

“My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.”

I went home rejoicing in the love of God; my earthen vessel was full. I was happy—truly happy. Old things had indeed passed away; and all things had become new. My previous life seemed like a dream; I now saw that I had all my life been walking in a vain show. I remember that Popery appeared unto me as it never did before. The whole system presented itself to my mind as a religious harlequin; but at the same time, a harlequin whose

gambols and exploits are disgraced by fraud, cruelty, and bloodshed.

In an unusually short time I passed "the March Quarterly Meeting" and was recommended to "the District." I was presented to this body at their annual meeting in Halifax, in the May following. I was treated with the greatest tenderness. I felt myself to be at once among Christian ministers, and brethren in the Lord. I underwent a long and searching examination touching doctrines; my conversion to God; and my call to the ministry. The whole District expressed themselves highly gratified with the result; and unanimously recommended me to "the Conference," to be taken out as a missionary. This recommendation was received, and adopted; and in pursuance thereof, I was appointed to Murray Harbour, Prince Edward Island.

This station was then connected with Charlotte Town, the capital of the Island; both places forming one circuit, under the superintendence of the late Rev. William Dowson. I became acquainted with Mr. D. on my arrival in Halifax, where he was then stationed; and under his auspices I was brought into the work. He treated me with great kindness, and did everything in his power to promote my spiritual welfare. And in order to express my regard for his memory, and my gratitude for his kind-

ness, I shall here transcribe his obituary from the minutes of 1846. In answer to the usual question, "what Preachers have died during the year," it was stated:—

"William Dowson, who died on Friday, the 29th of May, 1846, at the residence of his son-in-law, W. D. Albury, Esq., in the sixtieth year of his age, and the thirty-sixth of his ministry. He was the third in the succession of British Wesleyan Missionaries who have laboured in the Bahamas. For some time he had been a supernumerary. In his parental, pastoral, and ministerial relations, he was esteemed and loved. A few days before his decease, he was joined by several branches of his family, in partaking of the Lord's Supper; after which he commended them to God in the most solemn and impressive manner. He then spoke of the sure foundation of his faith and hope, and of his earnest longing to depart and be with the Lord. Calmly reposing in the merits of his Saviour, and experiencing the benefits of his all-prevalent intercession, and the fellowship of His Holy Spirit, he waited for his Master's coming till Friday night, when he quietly entered into rest."

Murray Harbour was settled chiefly by emigrants from the Norman Isles. Their language was a sort of *Lingua Franca*, or French Patois; but they all

knew English tolerably well. With very few exceptions, they were all Wesleyans. Great simplicity distinguished their habits; and in their houses, wearing apparel, &c., they were exceedingly neat and primitive. This station was first supplied with a regular preacher at the request of the late renowned Dr. Adam Clarke; and during one of the periods that he occupied the chair of the Conference. This great and good man was held in the highest estimation by this little community. They often adverted, and with deep feeling to the time that he laboured in their native Islands, dwelling particularly upon his privations, trials, and persecutions.

The membership included several eminently pious souls, especially among the females. These were, indeed, women of chaste conversation, coupled with fear. They were precious in the sight of God, and laboured to be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless. Among these devout women and mothers in Israel, Madame de Jersey, and Madame Machon, were very distinguished. These two venerable saints were very kind to me; and although many years have fled away since I saw either of them, I still cherish for their memory and their character unabated and profound respect. I

have not heard of the death of these Godly matrons, but in all probability they have long ago—

“ Escaped to the mansions of light,  
And are lodged in the Eden of love.”

In so limited a sphere, as that which now engages our attention, very little of an extraordinary character, or of great importance would be likely to happen. The people were very kind. The Lord gave me favour in their eyes. He was pleased also to own my labours, and to bless the preaching of his word to many precious souls. Several died, too, while I laboured on the circuit ; but all of them died in the Lord. I enjoyed very favourable opportunities for reading and studying, and availed myself of them. During the two years that God permitted me to occupy this retired post, I studied Methodism very closely. Its history was carefully, and I think impartially reviewed ; its ecclesiastical organization and polity were investigated, and its doctrines, morals, and religious usages were tested by the Word of God. These researches, by the divine blessing, issued in fully convincing me of the validity of our ordination ; the evangelistic character of our tenets ; and that Methodism as a whole, is not only a very Scriptural form of Christianity, but also a peculiar developement of it : and that it is better



adapted than any other form or system, for carrying on, and accomplishing that spiritual warfare, by which Messiah will obtain "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for his possession." These convictions, nearly twenty-five years experience, have only deepened and consolidated.

One remarkable circumstance occurred during the time I was stationed in Murray Harbour; and as it immediately concerns myself, in connexion with the special interposition of divine providence, I shall make a grateful and devout commemoration of it, form the conclusion of this chapter.

I resided at Madame Machon's, on the right side of the harbour, and nearly opposite to what are called "the Narrows." On the other side, but some distance farther down, a young man and his wife lay in the last stage of a consumption. I was in the habit of visiting them every second day. The spring was now far advanced; the harbour, as usual, had been frozen over all the winter, and the ice was still considered perfectly safe. Yesterday it was travelled by sleighs in every direction. To-day, I had to visit the sufferers above mentioned; and as I was wont to do, I went. I crossed the harbour on the ice. The day was very fine—indeed balmy and warm for the season. I remember well



—I was walking along, my hands behind my back, and my heart lifted up to God, beseeching him to make my visit profitable ;—and just at the moment while I was repeating some passages in THE PSALMS, which I intended to apply—just then, and while crossing “the Narrows,” the ice gave way under my feet, and I was suddenly precipitated into the channel. I made a violent effort to re-ascend, and succeeded in getting my arms out over the ice ; but it broke again, even under that slight pressure : and I fell back into more than two fathoms of water, and where there was a very rapid current. I succeeded, but cannot tell how, in getting out upon the ice again, and was providentially rescued by two of Mrs. Machon’s sons. They conducted me home, benumbed with cold, and almost exhausted. I saw the hand of God in this occurrence very plainly. I had some notion, when setting out, to put on my surtout, a very heavy one, but did not. Had that been on me, I could never have escaped, but would have sunk almost immediately. Again—had my deliverers been *four* or *five* minutes later, all would have been over. The water was very cold ; and I was so exhausted when they took me out, that I was unable to stand. The Lord was my help and my salvation ; but for his preserving care the waves would have gone over my soul. He was a present

help in this time of trouble, a deliverer in the hour of peril and danger.

"In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more."

## CHAPTER V.

STATIONED IN LIVERPOOL, N. S.—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE  
WESLEYAN CHURCH THERE—APPOINTED TO HALIFAX,  
N.S.--ORDAINED AT NEWPORT—MARRIED--APPOINT-  
ED TO GUYSBOROUGH—HON. JUDGE DES BARRES—RE-  
SPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT--APPOINTED TO QUEBEC--THE  
SAINT LAWRENCE—SEAT OF GOVERNMENT—ODELL  
TOWN—CANADIAN REBELLION, &c., &c.

MY next station was Livrepool, in Nova Scotia ; a beautiful and flourishing sea port, on the western shore ; an air of comfort approaching even to affluence, pervades every part of it. The inhabitants are proverbial for kindness and intelligence ; nor are there many places in which a Wesleyan Minister would enjoy more comfort in his domestic circle, or be more happy in his work. The district meeting was held here in May 1834, and the Rev. William McDonald, the preacher in charge during the preceding year, having died in the March previous to our assembling, I was appointed to supply his place. He was a very promising man, and had it pleased the Lord to spare him, he would, no doubt, have become an able minister of " the New Testament." He died of consumption, superinduced, I think, by close application and repeated exposures

to the inclemency of the climate. This dear brother fell asleep in Jesus, in the sixth year of his ministry, greatly and deservedly lamented.

The Methodist church in Liverpool, at this time, included many precious souls, who were indeed "the salt of the earth." Among these the following brethren were very prominent:—Joshua Newton, Esq., custos and port collector; Robert Barry, Esq., an upright and intelligent magistrate; Mr. Selton, the keeper of the light house; Mr. West, a highly respectable mechanic; Mr. Thomas Freeman, and James Barrss, Esq., an efficient member of the Colonial Legislature. They all have, except the last, crossed the flood, and entered into the promised inheritance; and he is following them, and has nearly to the margin come. My labours, though performed in weakness and trembling, were owned of God. He gave us "seed time and harvest," and "fruitful seasons." The preaching of the word, through the divine blessing, was rendered very effectual, in increasing the congregations, and in awakening and restoring some who had turned aside from the holy commandment given unto them. I was succeeded the following year, by the Rev. Mathew Cranswick, a man distinguished for his zeal and devotedness to the work of the ministry; and hence his entrance upon the circuit, was fol-

lowed by an extensive revival of religion, during which, many were brought from darkness into marvellous light, and many perfected in love.

In 1835, I was associated with the Rev. Richard Knight, in Halifax, and prospectively appointed to the same place for the following year, in conjunction with the Rev. John F. Hetherington. I am now for the second time the colleague of Brother Knight; and we are drawing to the close of our third year, in this, the Saint John south circuit. God has blessed our labours in a most signal manner; and owing to copious and repeated effusions of the Holy Spirit, the societies and congregations are in a highly prosperous condition. Brother Hetherington is now stationed in Glasgow, Scotland, still labouring on at God's command, and offering all his works to him. I am indebted to these two excellent brethren for a great deal of kindness and love unfeigned; and I avail myself of this opportunity to acknowledge and record it.

My probation being now closed, I was according to the usages of our body, solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry, by imposition of hands. For a long time the only form of ordination observed among us was a formal recognition by the Conference, and which was termed being "received into full connexion." This is one of the peculiarities which

render Methodism perfectly unique, and it resulted from its being looked upon not as a distinct church but a Christian society, or reformed and purified section of the Church of England. The more scriptural and apostolic mode, namely the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, was first introduced in the ordination of missionaries, in order to give them a suitable position—qualify them more fully for their arduous labour—and clothe them with that amount of ministerial authority, necessary to counteract the insolence and prejudice that often prevailed in the Colonial governments. But things are now greatly altered. High Churchism has lowered its crest—the policy of Downing Street has experienced a thorough change—and the Provincial satraps and red tapists have been rebuked. Our Missionary committee stands deservedly high in the esteem of the Imperial Government; and any Colonial administrator, that would unjustly, or in an arbitrary manner, interrupt our missionary operations, would subject himself to serious inconveniences. What hath not God wrought.

But to return, the ordination services in my case, were performed in a very impressive and solemn manner. I was deeply affected by them; and felt myself to be totally undeserving of such an honour. And now, after the lapse of so many years, my

short comings and imperfections array themselves against me; but blessed be God, I feel that my iniquity is purged, that my sin is taken away, and that I stand accepted through the beloved. The event which elicits these observations, took place on the 28th of May, 1837, in the Wesleyan chapel, Oaklands, in the Newport Circuit.

I have now to notice another event, also a very important one; and one too, that almost invariably follows the ordination of a Wesleyan minister. I derived the greatest advantages from it, and imbibe exquisite pleasure from commemorating it. I allude to my marriage—happy marriage, with Mrs. —, a woman (I prefer the term to every other) every way adapted to be a missionary's wife, and who has been for a period of eighteen years, this very day June 20, 1855, a blessing to myself, and to the various societies and congregations among whom we have lived and laboured. I do of a truth, include my invaluable wife among the choicest blessings, "the giver of every good and perfect gift" has bestowed upon me. Her maiden name was —; her honoured father has long since entered into rest; but her mother is still living, a widow of three score and fifteen years of age—a mother in Israel—patiently waiting the coming of her Lord, and able to say,

“ Let this feeble body fail,  
And let it droop and die ;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high. ”

My beloved S. and I were married at Halifax, her native city, on the 20th of June, 1837, by the Rev. J<sup>no</sup>. P. Hetherington, then Superintendent of that circuit ; and on the following morning, we embarked for Guysborough, our first station.

Guysborough is a small town, situate at the head of Chebucto Bay, and about 30 miles from Canso. We found the society in a good state, all trying to walk by the same rule, and to mind the same thing. They bade us welcome in the name of the Lord and we soon found, that our lot was cast among a kind hearted and affectionate people. And in other spheres of labour, often have we reverted to Guysborough, and wished that the amiable qualities for which it had become proverbial, were more generally diffused. We became greatly attached to this circuit ; and hence our unexpected removal from it, at the expiration of our first year, was a trial of our submission. The district meeting was held in Charlotte Town, and on my arrival there, I learned that the missionary committee had appointed me to Canada. Our Guysborough friends and people felt the separation very keenly ; and when the time for taking our departure arrived, several of them



accompanied us to the vessel that was to convey us to Halifax. We were most liberally furnished with every thing necessary to make our short voyage a comfortable one ; and one kind sister, Miss Charlotte Newton, not satisfied with taking leave on board, went round by the shore a considerable distance, and ascending a rocky eminence that projected from the main land, she sat down, and there remained waving a white handkerchief, until distance intervening rendered us mutually invisible. This parting scene imprinted itself upon my mind ; the picture it embodied has often risen up before me ; its poetry has often touched my heart, and even now while I am writing, the remembrance of the whole is so vivid, that all becomes as it were distinct and palpable, and past occurrences are revived by the force of present reflections. We behold the jutting cliff—we see our dear friend and sister seated upon it—we see the white handkerchief fluttering to and fro in the wind—and in our hearts we say—

“ In flesh we part a while,  
But still in spirit joined ;  
To embrace the happy toil,  
Thou hast to each assigned ;  
And while we do thy blessed will,  
We bear our Heaven about us still.”

The kindness we experienced in Guysborough

was not confined to the Methodists—the Episcopalians also shewed us great favour. Uninterrupted harmony had subsisted between us during the whole year. We had, during that period, received many tokens of regard from Mr. Hartshorne and family—from Mr. Cutler and family—and Mr. DesBarres and family—and others. Mr. D. was then in the legislature, as representative for the town of Guysborough, and was in good practice as a barrister. He joined the liberal party—and arraigned himself under Mr. Howe's banners. He continued always to act with that gentleman, rendering him and his party that assistance, which a consistent maintenance of liberal measures could not fail to afford. In due time he received the reward of his fidelity, being appointed to a judgeship in the Court of Queen's Bench. In this new and elevated station, he has evinced the same moderation and firmness; and in most cases, his decisions and other judicial acts have afforded general satisfaction. We met with him lately at Parsborough, on our way from Saint John to Windsor; looking older of course, but he soon recognized us in a manner which shewed that neither his memory nor his kindness, had suffered any diminution. Guysborough has the honour just now, to be represented by the Speaker, Mr. Stewart Campbell, but how long it may enjoy

that distinction is quite uncertain. The tenure of office under responsible government, is very frail, and subject to many and strange vicissitudes, a gentleman who is now one of the in's, may at the next election be an outsider. All depends upon the popular voice—the constituencies rule. The party that has the majority has the power, hence the power is with the people. The working of responsible government shews that the people, under the representative form, are in reality the source of legitimate power. They create the ministry—supply the crown with advisers and councillors; and so completely carry on the administration by their representatives and proxies, that “the hustings” are intimately connected with “the throne,” and are the very foundations upon which “the constitution rests.” The right of suffrage—or the elective franchise as it now exists in Great Britain, and in her trans-atlantic colonies, is at once, one of the fruits, and one of the safe guards of a free constitution; and under such a system, a revolution is almost as impracticable as progress and improvement are certain and inevitable. England may experience reverses both by sea and land—her commerce may pass through many vicissitudes; but while she upholds her constitution, and adheres to the principles of “the Reformation,” taking “THE BIBLE” for her

charter and the rule of her faith, God will never leave her, nor forsake her; but will be with her by his presence and guardian care, and make her an hundred fold greater than she is.

To return to Guysborough;—We embarked on board the *Mermaid*, a schooner belonging to the port; and after a short and pleasant passage, arrived safely in Halifax, intending to leave by the very first opportunity for Quebec. This we did when the first opportunity arrived, which was not until a month after our landing in Halifax. At length after some delay, and not a little disappointment, we sailed for the ancient capital of Canada, on board a Brigantine called “the Dove.” We were twenty days performing the passage, the greater part of the time being spent in ascending the Saint Lawrence. Our craft was a tolerably good sea boat; but her sailing qualities were of little use. We were nearly all the time either becalmed, or retarded by head-winds.

The Saint Lawrence is, indeed, a noble river—the great artery through which the life’s blood of Canada flows. By it a vast commerce is carried on with Europe; and through it the industry of the west finds its way to the most desirable markets. It commences, properly speaking, at *Cape Chat*, for below this point it may be called *the Gulf of St. Law-*

*rence*. From the Cape up to Quebec, and, indeed, thence to Montreal—the head of the ship navigation—the river is very picturesque and beautiful. The land on both sides presents that agreeable variety which is comprised in an equal proportion of hill and dale—unreclaimed forests and cultivated lands. Mountains in many places form a very imposing back ground; while the foreground is filled up with villages, churches, and other features of rural beauty. There are several beautiful islands studding different portions of the river, and these contribute very much to its embellishment and attraction.

We arrived in Quebec about 10 o'clock on as fine a night as could possibly be: the moon was full, and the water as bright and unruffled as the surface of a mirror. We came to anchor at a short distance from the "Malabar," seventy-four, the leading ship of the squadron that accompanied the Earl of Durham to Canada, in his capacity of Governor General and Lord High Commissioner, to which important offices the Whig Ministry had recently appointed him.

His Lordship was a Whig of the old stamp, and as John George Lambton, Esq., he rendered his party great service in the House of Commons. Being very rich and of an ancient family, he was raised to

the Peerage, and having, as Russian Ambassador, very efficiently represented the British Crown, and maintained British interests, he was selected to allay the troubled waters in Canada. How he succeeded will be noticed elsewhere.

Quebec is a city of considerable eminence in both a political and commercial point of view. It wears quite a venerable appearance,—presents a great many points of attraction, and is surrounded by magnificent scenery. Point Levi, the St. Charles, Cape Diamond, the Cul de Sac, Wolfe's Cove, and Orleans Island, form a noble panorama, and add to the importance of the place. Quebec is now the seat of Government, but how long it will enjoy that honour, no one can determine. Canada has railroads, suspension bridges, canals, and other public works worthy of an Empire, but it has no Government house—no permanent seat of Government—no legislative halls. Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, and Quebec, have all in their turn rejoiced in the honours of metropolitanship; and have been the resting places of our wandering Executive, and peripatetic statesmen. Why this migratory system is pursued I know not. Retrenchment is not the reason; philanthropy cannot be the motive; ostentation is not the cause: in fact, for such a ludicrous proceeding only one reason can be assigned—viz.,

the concentration of so much *wisdom*, and so much *patriotism* in *one* place for a *long time*, is more than any *one* place could endure.

Hence charity lies at the bottom of all this absurdity; or rather, our rulers and legislators have so high an opinion of themselves, and such tender concerns for us, that they are willing to appear beside themselves for our sake. We are a people highly favoured, but we are *not aware of it*. We are objects of the most tender solicitude, but we *don't know it*. The public monies are squandered for our benefit, and we *are not conscious of it*. Every thing is done, in every possible way, for the good of the country, and still the unreasonable people exclaim, "*we want retrenchment and reform.*"

After remaining some time in Quebec, where we experienced a great deal of Christian kindness and hospitality, we proceeded to Montreal, and in accordance with an affectionate invitation, took up our abode while we remained in that city, in Mr. John Matthewson's beautiful suburban cottage near "the Priests' farm," Mr. M. is proverbially the friend of Methodist preachers—his heart—his house are always open to receive and entertain them. From him and his excellent wife and family, we received that attention which is so gratifying to strangers in every place.

Our conference appointment was Quebec, but owing to the detention we met with in Halifax, already noticed, that station had to be supplied, and we were obliged to assume the charge of Odell Town. This lies in the seignory of La Colle, and in the midst of a French population. It also forms the boundary line between that part of Canada East, and the state of New York. In the previous year, 1837, a rebellion of a very alarming character, had broken out in Canada. *The habitants*, or French Canadians had long been in a state bordering on insurrection, owing principally, to long and serious misunderstanding between the Executive and the popular branch of the Legislature. The manner in which this fine colony was governed, previous to the establishment of the responsible system, was any thing but constitutional. *Cliques, family compacts*, and similar close and selfish organizations, directed public affairs as their own interests suggested. Addresses to the throne, remonstrances, and other legislative expedients, usually adopted in such cases, were totally disregarded. Things went on growing worse and worse — recriminations — heart burnings — parliamentary dissolutions, and occasional *ex officio* prosecutions followed. For a while these and other inflammatory proceedings, burned like subterranean fires, invisibly but fiercely ; and



at length, they broke out into a flame that spread through the whole country, and involved it in rebellion. The inhabitants generally, took up arms against the government; and although the attempt was promptly suppressed, and the leaders either dispersed, or sent to Bermuda, the insurrection broke out again in the fall of 1838, and raged with great violence in the above seigniory, and in De Lery, and Napierville, and L'Acadie; and indeed through the whole country, extending from the left bank of the Saint Lawrence, to the American Lines.

In Odell Town, we soon found ourselves in the very midst of the insurgents; the whole population, lying outside of the precincts thereof, being made up of Canadians. All the fighting that occurred in this second outbreak, consisted of two battles, both fought in Odell Town and its immediate vicinity, and in the course of the same week—the first on Wednesday Nov. 7, the second on the following Saturday. About the same time a very sanguinary engagement took place at Prescott, in Upper Canada; but in every instance the rebels were defeated. The remembrance of these distressing events brings them all up before me, and suggests the propriety of doing something more than merely alluding to them.

Several causes conspired to produce this second revolt; but the two principal ones were, the gross

ignorance of the people, misconstruing the conduct of the Government, and ascribing to fear, that which proceeded from clemency; and the abrupt departure of the Earl of Durham, and the consequent delegation of his authority, to the commander of the forces, Sir John Colborne. His Excellency had scarcely got out of the Saint Lawrence, before symptoms of disaffection appeared; and these were speedily followed by occasional overt acts and deeds of violence. The Executive consisted of crude materials hastily put together, and destitute of compactness and vigour. The loyal inhabitants were obliged to take the initiative—nay such was the supineness and the imbecility of the then ruling power in Canada, that it was not until after the second battle had been fought in Odell Town, that they became aware of their danger, or adopted any suitable measures for the defence of the country.

This unaccountable lethargy infected the military as well as the civil authorities, so that the two affairs in Odell Town were settled between the insurgents and loyal inhabitants themselves; the latter self-organized, and hastily formed into volunteer companies. No assistance whatever could be obtained from the regular troops, although repeated applications were made, and a whole regiment of infantry, the 24th, was lying quietly ensconced at Isle aux Noix.

The moral effect, however, was better. The suppression of the rebellion by mere volunteers, or rural soldiery, opened the eyes of the Canadians, and convinced them that there was enough of loyalty in the country to preserve its integrity. The Chartist in England were taught the same practical lesson a few years ago, when a demonstration was intended, and the arrangements for it all concluded. Their plan was to go through the streets of London in solemn procession. The Government wisely resolved to prevent it—a measure which they accomplished, not by squadrons of cavalry, and battalions of infantry; but by a corps of special constables, among whom was the present Emperor of France, Napoleon III. This circumstance exhibited, in a striking manner, the power of conservatism, and how deeply rooted that principle is in the English mind. At this period the whole continent was convulsed—sceptres were broken to pieces, and thrones were pulled down—Kings and Queens were flying before their indignant and exasperated subjects—and institutions, forms of government, and dynasties paralysed and degraded by their own corruptions, had fallen before the popular will, and lay in shapeless masses at the feet of the sovereign people. But in England, order prevailed; the loyalty of the people maintained the public tranquillity, and the flexibility of the constitution saved the Empire.

## CHAPTER VI.

REBELLION—BATTLES OF LA COLLE AND ODELL TOWN—  
SUBSEQUENT DEATH OF SOME WHO TOOK PART IN  
THESE ENGAGEMENTS—APPOINTED TO STANSTEAD—  
MILLERISM, &c.—CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

THE writer does not intend to open wounds that are healed, or to disinter remembrances that are buried. He does not allude to the battles of La Colle and Odell Town, from any pleasure the retrospection affords; but because he feels it to be a bounden, though painful duty. The memory of the brave men who fell on these occasions—the patience and constancy—fealty and courage of others—the bodily sufferings of those who were maimed and wounded—and above all, the irreparable loss of those who were bereaved of husbands and fathers, call loudly for such a tribute.

On the 7th of November, early in the forenoon, sympathizers and rebels, amounting to more than four hundred, entered the Province from Rouse's Point, State of New York. They were well provided with arms and assorted ammunition, and were supported by a field piece. After a short time, they took up a good position between Mr. Mussen's farm and the high road leading to Champlain; but

they had scarcely executed this manœuvre, when the Hemmingford volunteers, two hundred strong, and commanded by Major Scriver arrived in Odelltown, thus augmenting the force in that place to 350 equipped and effective men. A party not included in this number, under Major Stott, of Saint Valentine, attacked the advanced post of the insurgents, and forced it to retire upon the main body, while Colonel Odell, supported by Majors Scriver and March, fell upon the remainder, and rendered the action general. The arrangement on this occasion evinced a good deal of judgment, and tended to secure the result that followed. Major March and Captain Straker occupied the right, the men under Major Scriver, composed the centre and the left, and to Captains Fisher, Weldon, and Hays was assigned the hazardous duty of flanking.

The numerical force on both sides was nearly equal, but the insurrectionists had certainly the best position, and this important circumstance, together with their piece of ordnance, gave them a decided advantage.

The action continued for nearly an hour, when the rebels fled in the utmost confusion, leaving eighteen of their party dead on the field, besides nine wounded, two of whom died soon after. Among the fruits of this victory were the cannon,

a large quantity of ammunition, nearly three hundred stand of arms, and several prisoners.

Napierville, at this time, was the head quarters of the revolutionary army, and also the seat of the Provisional Government. When the news of this signal defeat reached here, a force of more than six hundred strong was hastily collected together, in order to renew the attack upon Odell Town, and avenge the loss they had sustained. To meet this formidable onset, some of the volunteers entrenched themselves in the Wesleyan Church, a large stone edifice, while others selected the best positions in the immediate vicinity. Their whole number did not exceed two hundred ; but notwithstanding this fearful odds against them, they resisted the enemy for more than two hours, and eventually compelled them to retreat, broken and discomfited.

In these disastrous affairs several of the volunteers were killed and eleven wounded ; none severely however, except Lieutenant Hiram Odell, and private James Kidd. Many were saved as by the skin of their teeth, as the following instances will abundantly prove. A rifle ball tore open Major March's cap, and was found in the lining. A musket ball entered the cartouche box worn by Ensign Van Vleit, and dropped down among the rest of the ammunition. A bullet struck the breast plate of

Private Armstrong, of Captain Straker's company, with such force, that it was indented, and his breast discoloured. The captured gun was effectively served by Lieutenant Curran, of the Hemmingford militia, assisted by Sergeant Beatty, of the first Royals; and all cheerfully and efficiently performed the duty which as loyal British subjects devolved upon them.

Upwards of forty of the insurgents were killed, chiefly Canadians, many were wounded and taken prisoners—the latter were forwarded to Montreal, and tried by Court Martial. Some were discharged, but the greater number were transported to different penal Colonies, and five were executed, among whom was a Captain Hindenlang, a native of France, and who on the scaffold, and when he was about to be turned off, shouted "*Vive la Liberté.*" "*Bas les Bureaucrats.*" "Liberty for ever"—"Down with the government."

In these constitutional endeavours to preserve Canada to the British Crown, the Wesleyans bore an honourable and distinguished part. They comprised nearly all the Protestants in the seignior; and were all on the side of law and order; and although many of them were in both of the engagements, to which we have alluded, not one of them was killed. The Lord was on their side of a truth.



He was their shield and buckler; their stronghold  
and their deliverer. He enabled them to do valiantly  
—and to tread down their enemies, and to say,

“Thine arm hath safely brought us  
A way no more expected,  
Than when Thy sheep pass’d through the deep.  
By crystal walls protected,  
Thy glory was our rear-ward,  
Thine hands our lives did eover,  
And we, even we, have pass’d the sea,  
And march’d triumphant over.”

Many who were actively engaged on these occasions, have gone to the house appointed for all living. Their journey is ended, and their warfare is past. We trust they are in that happy abode, where peace and harmony reign with uninterrupted ascendancy and power, so that there is

“No rude alarm of raging foes,  
No care to break the long repose.”

Among these are Lieutenant Colonel Odell, Captain Douglass, Mr. Hiram Odell, Mr. Cornelius Masten, Mr. Miller, Mr. John Macallum, Mr. Macallister, Mr. Flowers, and others. Colonel Taylor, of the Staff, who was Commandant of the District, has also fallen. This gentleman, and several other field officers, had been sent out from the Horse Guards to organise and discipline volunteers, and when the rebellion was over, and order fully re-



stored, they were recalled. Colonel Taylor was appointed to the 29th Foot, then serving in India, and fell while acting as a Brigadier in the memorable battle of Aliwal, fought between the British troops and the Sikhs. His father was a distinguished Cavalry officer, and was a Colonel at the battle of Salamanca, where he was killed, while charging at the head of his regiment and endeavoring to break the French lines.

We remained in Odell Town two years; but the demoralizing effects of the rebellion, militated very much against us, and prevented the Word of God from having free course. The whole country was transformed into a camp. The greater part of the young men was metamorphosed into a species of rural soldiery, or local militia, and every house was a species of cantonment. All the means of grace in use among us, were regularly administered; but although they were tolerably well attended, it was easy to perceive that iniquity abounded, and that the love of many waxed cold.

Through all these untoward events, and the difficulties connected with them, I was cordially and efficiently assisted by my esteemed brother and colleague, the REV. MALCOLM McDONALD. He was always ready with his sympathy and counsel, which I frequently found to be of great service. He is now

a respectable member of the Canada Conference, and is "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" one that rightly divideth the word of truth. His ministerial labours have, I am rejoiced to hear, been abundantly owned of God; and should his eye ever fall on these observations, I wish him to regard them as a token of respect and affection, and a remembrancer of former intimacy and former times, when we were fellow-laborers in the vineyard of Christ, and strove together to make it rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Our next station was Stanstead, the principal circuit in the Eastern Townships; and upon which we entered early in June, 1840. This town is situated in a beautiful country, and is growing in wealth and importance. Methodism was never properly established here, owing probably to the character and religious views of the original settlers, the greater part of whom came from the New England States. In doctrine they are sufficiently Wesleyan, but in many instances our peculiar institutions are not particularly admired. The people generally, are very exemplary in their morals, and steady in all their habits. Sobriety, industry, and a reverence for the Sabbath, and the Word of God are very prominent traits in their character. They are warmly attached to the Wesleyan ministers, and

are as generous in their efforts to sustain them, as any of our people similarly circumstanced are in other places. We had many kind friends here; among whom we feel a pleasure in mentioning Colonel Chamberlain and his excellent family; Mr. and Mrs. Ichabod Smith; Mr. Wilder Pierce and family; Mr. and Mrs. Child; Mr. Field and family; Mr. Erastus Lee; Mr. Witcher and family; and many others whom we equally respect.

We laboured here for three consecutive years, contending against many disadvantages, but not without some encouragement. For the first two years the chief hindrance to our success consisted of political dissensions and family feuds, dregs of the late rebellion; and during nearly the whole of the third year, the public mind was agitated, and the interests of religion deeply and grievously injured by the spread of an extravagant and pernicious system, called after its founder, *Millerism*.

The head of the Stanstead Circuit extended in a southerly direction, to the lines which separate Canada from the State of Vermont. Owing to this local circumstance, there is always a great influx of preachers of different *sects*, and preachers of *no sect* at all. A great many came at the time to which we are now alluding, who held Mr. Miller's views, and laboured hard to propagate them. The burthen of

their preaching was, that the world would positively come to an end in March, 1843. The basis of this opinion, as they affirmed, were the prophetic visions of Daniel, and some of our Lord's discourses with his disciples; and by a gross and erroneous interpretation of these and other portions of the Sacred Scriptures, they arrived at the above conclusion. These guides and teachers were very dogmatic—took great liberty with astronomy and mathematics; and proved from these sources, greatly to the edification and satisfaction of their wretched dupes, that this material system would be entirely destroyed at the period above mentioned. And some, whose vision was clearer, and who had a deeper insight of the future, went so far as to determine the very day, and the precise hour too, when this awful event would take place.

We have heard of the extravagances of the fifth monarchy men—of the absurd opinions and vicious practices of the followers of James Naylor. We have heard and read of the wild and dangerous tenets of various sects in Germany, and in other places, and we are old enough to remember the monstrous delusion palmed upon the English public by Johanna Southcote; and our opinion is, that in absurdity, grossness, and impiety, *Millerism* was equal to any of them.

I have witnessed scenes myself that would disgrace dancing Dervises, and make Harlequins blush with shame. Kicking, jumping, pounding each other; shrieking, and so forth, were among their common rites and ceremonies. They evinced their renunciation of the world, and attested the truth of their creed by selling every thing at the highest price. Their charity consisted in getting for themselves all they could; and their meekness and gentleness were forcibly displayed in the manner in which they abused and denounced all who differed from them. Ministers were "dumb dogs, that would not bark;" "lying prophets;" "wolves in sheep's clothing;" "Hirelings, Robbers;" &c. A few of the many that were carried away by this fatal delusion, "returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls;" but by far the greater number remain in their fallen and lapsed condition, exhibiting in their alienation from God, the dreadful consequences that ensue from believing cunningly devised fables instead of the truth; and from walking according to the desires and devices of their own hearts, instead of walking by faith, and according to godliness.

"Be it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude;  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good."

While I was stationed in Stanstead, I derived great advantage from having associated with me two most excellent and devoted colleagues—the Rev. Henry Lanton, and the Rev. Robert Graham ; both of whom are members of the Canada Conference, and are zealously and faithfully prosecuting the important and glorious work to which God has called them.

It has often been asserted that an established church is calculated to prevent these indecent and irreligious developements. The advocates of this opinion maintain that a national church established by law, and liberally sustained from the public revenue, is best adapted to supply the spiritual necessities, and meet the spiritual views of the people. They add, however, that the Episcopal form of government and ordination, is not only the best for this purpose, but that it is the only Scriptural form ; and some have been rash enough to declare, that all the irregularities and absurdities which have, in the name of religion, made “the Reformation” a proverb of reproach, are the legitimate consequences—the inevitable results of dissent.

Now let us examine this—let us subject these “High Church” opinions to cool and dispassionate investigation. The Church of England was established, say three centuries ago. It was then made a

part of the state—of the constitution—in fact, the great religious element of the nation. It was, according to human policy, set up under the most favourable circumstances: and exhibited the most perfect ecclesiastical organization, and the best constructed instrumentality for the attainment of its own ends, that could be conceived or desired. What is the result: what has this great religio-political apparatus effected? Has it prevented the rise and progress of dissent? No. Has it restrained the growth, or modified either the letter, or the spirit of Popery? No. What has it done for the diffusion of popular education, or for the advancement of morality and religion? How has it succeeded in Ireland: where are its trophies—where shall we find the record of its victories? It has been established there for more than two hundred and fifty years; during all that time it has had the only University in the kingdom under its exclusive control, and the revenues of the kingdom for its treasury. During all that time it has been fostered by the government; protected by the army; favoured by the court; honoured and dignified by patronage, and what has it achieved? It has not been able to prevent the growth and power of dissent, and for its inability in this respect, we are unfeignedly thankful to God—it has not been able to restrict the right of private inter-



pretation, or the exercise of civil and religious liberty, and for its inability in these respects, we are unfeignedly thankful to God. But it has originated *Puseyism*—*Tractarianism*, and other semi-popish elements and principles, and this we sincerely and deeply deplore. Nearly two hundred of its ministers, and a great multitude of its people, have within the last twenty years, conformed to the church of Rome, and for this “the harlot” rejoices, and “the saints” mourn. The church of England may increase the number of her dioceses—she may multiply Bishops—she may create and endow universities and Colleges—she may do all this; but so long as she clings to the Popish fiction of “Apostolical succession,” all her efforts will be but a magnificent proselytism, and the only preventative of error, and the only safeguard of religion pure and undefiled, will be found in the doctrines—practices—and ecclesiastical polity of the dissenters.



## CHAPTER VII.

APPOINTED TO MONTREAL—REV. W. SQUIRE—REV. MESSRS.  
BROWNELL AND BOTTERELL—REMARKS ON THE  
GROWTH AND IMPROVEMENT OF MONTREAL—ADVEN-  
TURES IN VERMONT—STATE OF METHODISM IN MON-  
TREAL, UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE REV. MR.  
LANG, &C. &C.

A short time after the half of our third year in Stanstead had expired, we were removed thence to Montreal, to supply the place of Mr. Borland, the second preacher in that city. Mr. B. had become very ill, some thought dangerously ill, of bronchitis. The physicians advised him by all means to proceed to England, alleging that a sea voyage would, in all probability, work an effectual cure. He went, and I entered into his labours. He remained but a few months in England, and then returned to Canada a new man, resumed his place in the vineyard of the Lord, in which he is still labouring with fidelity and success.

The first six months, or thereabouts, I laboured as co-pastor with the Rev. Wm. Squire, a faithful and devoted minister, who has since ceased from his labours, and entered into rest. He was a native of Bruton, a small town in Somersetshire, in the

West of England. His parents were members of the Methodist church, and were distinguished for the harmony observable in their profession and practice. The honored subject of this notice was brought to God at a very early age—he had scarcely completed his fourteenth year, when he was enabled to rejoice in the pardoning mercy of God; and on the 11th of January, 1821, and while he was in his twenty-sixth year, he was solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry by prayers and imposition of hands. This ceremony was performed in the City Road Chapel, London, and the certificate of ordination was signed by “Jabez Bunting, C. Atmore, George Marsden.” This eminent soldier of Christ fell at his post, and with his armour on—the battle fought—the victory won—and the prize in view. Or in other words, he fell asleep in Jesus, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and in the thirty-second year of his faithful and laborious ministry. And now, from the place of rest and recompense to which the saving grace of God hath raised him, our departed brother looks down upon us, and holding aloft the glorious banner under which he served and conquered, he exclaims:

“The bloody banner see,  
And, in your Captain’s sight,  
Fight the good fight of faith with me,  
My fellow-soldiers, fight;

In mighty phalanx joined,  
To battle all proceed ;  
Arm'd with the unconquerable mind,  
Which was in Christ your head."

At the ensuing district meeting I was regularly appointed to Montreal, as an associate pastor with the Rev. Matthew Lang and the Rev. John B. Brownell. The former has finished his course with joy, and is now in glory everlasting ; but the latter is still in the field, fighting the battles of the Lord manfully, and endeavoring by every means in his power to multiply and extend the victories of the Cross. He is at present stationed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where I lately saw him, and his excellent wife and daughter. Many years had elapsed since our last interview, and our meeting on this occasion was a source of mutual gratification and joy. We had also an opportunity while in the above city, to renew with another beloved brother and his family, an intimate and affectionate acquaintance, which the operations of our itinerancy had interrupted. I allude to the Rev. Edmund Botterell and family. We were rejoiced to see this esteemed brother minister, and his kind, warm-hearted wife. Time, it is true, has left its mark upon all these beloved friends, as well as upon myself. The wear and tear inseparable from the work of a Methodist preacher has produced its external effects ; but though our out-

ward man perish, our inner man is renewed day by day. This is our rejoicing. "We know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

But we must retrace our steps, and revisit Montreal, from which the force of these reminiscences has led us. During our stay here the work of God advanced very steadily; the various means of grace were very well attended; and both the societies and congregations were considerably enlarged. Two new chapels were also built,—one in Great St. James Street, the other in Lagauchetiere Street, Quebec Suburbs. The former is a very splendid edifice, of the florid Gothic style, or high pointed Gothic, such as prevailed in England in Henry the VII.'s time. It is well adapted for the purposes contemplated in its erection, and is capable of accommodating upwards of two thousand hearers. The other is also a very fine building of the Corinthian order, without any external decoration except a portico and corresponding pediment. This building is also very spacious, and well adapted, and is large enough to seat nearly fifteen hundred persons.

The Lord gave us favor in the sight of the people generally; through his goodness and mercy we were enabled to walk before them in love, and to

all well pleasing. We had many kind friends, but delicacy forbids us to be more particular. It will not allow us to extend this allusion any farther than to request that they will consider it as an expression of our undiminished respect and esteem.

Montreal, in every thing that constitutes a metropolitan city, takes the lead in British America. Indeed, in *some respects*, it excels any city in the United States. I have been in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., and for wharfs, or quays, and public buildings, especially places of worship, none of them can be compared to Montreal. Boston exults in the possession of her Common and her Bunker Hill monument. The Empire city may boast of her Broadway, though it is very *narrow* in some places, and of her squares, though they are all of unequal dimensions, and tending to the *triangular* form. The city of brotherly love, and the monumental city, has each its distinguishing features, but parade them as they will, Montreal, according to its population and resources, surpasses *them*, as much as it does the other *two* cities.

It derived great advantages formerly, owing to its being at the head of ship navigation. This rendered it a great commercial entrepot for Upper Canada. In short, it made the Montreal merchants both importers and forwarders, and conferred upon

them all the benefits accruing from the control of all the trade and commerce of the west.

The privileges in this respect are less now than they formerly were, but notwithstanding, Montreal has in *wealth*, in *population*, in *extent*, and in *general improvement*, increased as rapidly during the last ten years, as it has done during any *decade* of its former history. Among the evidences of its growth and improvement in a business and architectural point of view, the New Post Office, the Commercial Exchange, the Montreal Bank, the City Bank, the three Wesleyan Chapels, the Scotch Church at Beaver Hall Terrace, the Bishop's Palace, the Mechanics' Institute, and a magnificent Town Hall and Market House; among the evidences, we say, of the growth and improvement of this Queen City of the mighty Saint Lawrence, all these buildings, erected within the above period, occupy a distinguished place, and supply the most abundant proofs in support of our assertion.

While the bounds of our habitation were fixed in Montreal, I had an opportunity of travelling through a considerable part of the state of Vermont, including in our route Burlington, Saint Alban's, and other places. We observed in the manners and bearing of the people, a good deal of what is generally ascribed to the natives of the Green Mountain

State. We travelled privately, and had to stop frequently at inns and other resting places ; and on all such occasions, we were the observed of all observers. All eyes were fixed on us, saying too, as plainly as such organs could say it, " we want to know who you are, and all about you. Guess you are Britishers, sloped off perhaps, who knows ; at any rate the air of liberty will do you some good."

In most places they selected me to endure their questioning and cross questioning. Why I was preferred I cannot imagine ; my travelling companion, a brother minister, was a more communicative looking man. Nevertheless I had to stand in the breach, and do the best I could. His turn came at last, and he acquitted himself, as he always does, with great credit. We were driven I think, during a heavy shower, to seek refuge in a wayside tavern or place of entertainment. Brother —— had a nice portable travelling case, and a trunk of corresponding appearance. These were carried in with us ; and after a little while, the whole family honored us with a special scrutiny, enlivened by a mixture of commonplace remarks, and rather irrelevant questions. We bore it all with the patience and heroism of martyrs, and at last the siege was raised, and as we supposed given up as hopeless, but in this we were mistaken ; hostilities were only suspended



to be renewed in another form. A lad, an indescribable specimen, stalked into the room and eyed the aforesaid packages with a peculiar leer; and then with a knowing expression looked at Brother —— and said, “Pedlar I guess?” “No,” was the reply. Scratched his head for an instant, and as if he had found the information there, added “*Doctor, I guess?*” “No,” again. This evidently bothered him a little, but nothing loath he tried it again, and hit the mark by saying “*Methodist preacher, then, I reckon.*” I predicted a remarkable career for this lad; and would not be surprised, if he is living, to hear that he has turned out to be an energetic and a prosperous man.

Our labours in Montreal were brought to a conclusion under the most encouraging circumstances. The last year was the most prosperous. We were able, through the blessing of God, to report an increase in the circuit income—in the missionary contributions—and in the membership. I am not able to speak positively; but from all that I can learn, *Methodism* never was, either financially, or spiritually in a much better state than it was under Mr. Lang’s administration. His successors may have been, in some particulars, more talented; but in no instance, has any of them been more devoted, or more faithful. His work is done, and his record



is on high. The labourers sicken and die, but the work goes on ; the soldiers fall, but the campaign is continued, and the war sustained. Since I entered upon the work, many have died, both at home, and on the foreign stations ; and some have gone out from us and entered into other churches. In the parent connexion there have been fightings without and fears within, our fathers and brethren have been often cast down, but not destroyed—often perplexed, but never in despair. They have had to contend with the horsemen, and the footmen ; and with the swelling of Jordan ; but through all, the Lord has been with them ; and he has caused the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath has he restrained.

Almighty God has ever exercised a peculiar care over the Evangelical churches in Montreal. This is apparent in many ways, and under many aspects ; but in none more so, than in the gracious manner in which he has supplied them with devoted and talented ministers ; and in furnishing these ministers with zealous coadjutors from their own respective congregations. Popery continues to be as active and as virulent as ever ; indeed, it has latterly manifested an increase of both these properties. It appears to make more use now than heretofore, of *processions, bells, nunneries, monastic institutions,*

and similar agencies. This wretched system, as it exhibits itself here, and as it is seen in its rites and mummeries, is a kind of *Fetichism*, in which the grosser features are either embellished, or concealed by incantation and pantomime. But through God's mercy, "the true light" shines out from the Protestant churches, with shadeless effulgence, and increasing strength. The candle-stick still retains its position, in spite of all that has been done to displace and remove it. From their midst the law goes forth as it did from Zion in the days of old ; and out of their pulpits proceed the still small voice, more potent than either the storm, the earthquake, or the fire, and which proclaims the truth as it is in Jesus. "Look upon Zion the city of our solemnities ; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down ; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams ; wherein shall no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our judge—the Lord is our law-giver—the Lord is our king. He will save us."—*Isaiah xxxiii. 20-22.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

APPOINTED TO TORONTO—REV. WILLIAM M. HARVARD—  
UNION OF THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN CONFERENCES  
—EXTINCTION OF THE CANADA WEST DISTRICT—  
APPOINTED TO ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK—STATE  
AND PROSPECTS OF METHODISM THERE, &c. &c.

AT the expiration of the usual period, we were transferred from Montreal to Toronto, Canada West. This city was at that time the head of another foreign district, and our translation was effected by a petition from the Toronto Quarterly Meeting to the Missionary Committee in London.

I had the pleasure, during five or six weeks of the winter 1844, to perform a missionary tour through Canada West, in company with the esteemed chairman of the District, the Rev. Dr. Richey. We visited all the principal stations, preaching missionary sermons, and holding missionary meetings, and succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. Our heavenly Father abundantly blessed us with a continuation of delightful weather; with uninterrupted health and strength, and with a complete exemption from all accidents and contingencies.

This was the first time I had visited the western

or upper section of the Province ; and all the favourable impressions I had imbibed concerning it, were fully confirmed. Since then, although little more than ten years have elapsed, the country has advanced more rapidly than any part of the United States. Three new cities, namely, Hamilton, London, and Ottawa, have been incorporated within that period. The Grand Trunk, and Great Western Railway, have been built during the same time—contemporary with this, is the erection of a magnificent suspension bridge near the Falls of Niagara ; besides other public works of great utility and vast magnitude. In a word, the whole country has, in wealth, in population, and in intelligence, advanced with great rapidity ; and this progress is of such a healthy and general character, that we may rest assured of its continuation and diffusion.

This perhaps is the place to insert a copy of a resolution, which the ministers of the Canada Eastern District passed unanimously, and which was duly recorded in their minutes. The time that has elapsed since I received the copy, now transferred to these pages—the brotherly kindness it breathes—the sentiments it expresses—and the lamented minister by whom it is officially signed—all these circumstances greatly enhance its value, and entitle it to more than ordinary consideration.

Montreal, May, 1845.

“REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,

“We, the members of the Canada Eastern District, cannot permit the removal from our District of our venerated and highly esteemed Chairman, the Rev. W. M. Harvard, and as well that of our beloved brethren, the Rev. ————, and the Rev. Ed. Botterell, without such an expression of our feelings towards them, as the painful occasion of their departure from our District so strongly elicits.

“We beg to assure the Chairman, and the Brethren with him, that we have ever felt, and shall not fail yet to cultivate, towards them, sentiments of great respect and deference for their many and varied talents; and as well those of confidence and affection for their high Christian bearing; and unbending adherence to principles which we, in common with themselves, recognize as the essentials of our faith and practice.

“We beg to assure them of our affectionate desire for their future usefulness and happiness, and pray that when we shall, each one of us, have finished our course according to the will of God, we may appear to receive from the Great Head of the Church the award of glory, honour, and immortality—Eternal Life.

“Signed by order, and in behalf of, the Canada Eastern District Meeting,

MATTHEW LANG,

Secretary.”

The Rev. ————.

We arrived in Toronto early in June, 1845, and was associated with the Rev. William M. Harvard, who also took charge of the district. Mr. John Bredin, a very promising young man, (now Au-

gust, 1855,) a highly respectable member of the Canada Conference, laboured with us as third preacher. Time, and vicissitudes incident to a Methodist Preacher's life and labours, have produced their deep and varied impressions on both of us; but I rejoice to know that he is very successful in the ministry which he received of the Lord Jesus, to testify of the Gospel of the grace of god.

Mr. Harvard is, in the Wesleyan world, quite an historical man, owing chiefly to his connexion with the Ceylon Mission, being one of the young men that accompanied Dr. Coke to that island. He had charge of the Mission Press; acted as Treasurer and Secretary to the party during the voyage; and performed the melancholy duty of reading the funeral service over the remains of the venerable Doctor, previous to their being committed to the deep. He spent several years in this beautiful island, "the gem of the Indian ocean," and labored faithfully, and not without success, among the Singalese, Hindoos, Moors, and Vedahs; the four distinct nations into which the population is divided.

After some years, failing health compelled him to return to England, where he published an interesting narrative of the mission, including a large amount of historical and statistical information relative to Ceylon, and some of the adjacent parts of con-

tinental India. I found this excellent minister of Christ to be a most considerate and affectionate superintendent; while, in Mrs. Harvard, none could fail to recognise an exemplary Christian, one who cheerfully fulfilled all the relations of life, and abounded in every good word and work. They are now travelling in England, whither they were removed when the union was effected between the British and Canadian Conferences, in June, 1847.

Our cause, as it was familiarly termed, was very influential and flourishing in Toronto. We had three good substantial brick chapels, with suitable basement stories, used for week night services and Sabbath School purposes. One of these chapels, Richmond Street, was opened at our entrance upon the circuit. It is a plain, but substantial and well-finished edifice of the Corinthian order, and is capable of seating about fifteen hundred persons. We were very happy among this warm hearted and affectionate people. Our congregations were very good. The Lord was with us and blest our labours, He gave us seals to our ministry and souls for our hire; and at each District meeting, we had the happiness to report an increase of membership; an improvement in every branch of the fiscal department; and to exhibit other evidences, also, of general spiritual prosperity.

In 1846, the Canada Conference held its annual session in Kingston; and the divided state of Methodism, among other matters of a kindred character and bearing, were patiently and gravely discussed. After much and serious deliberation it was deemed advisable to send two of their body to negotiate with the British Conference, and lay before them certain proposals as the basis of a federal union, or amalgamation of the two great sections of the Wesleyan family. To accomplish this desirable object, two very suitable persons, namely, the Rev. Messrs. John Ryerson, and Anson Green, were chosen delegates, and sent home with proper credentials and instructions. The venerable body with whom they sought fraternity, received them courteously, and in the spirit of brotherly kindness. Their propositions were favourably entertained, and referred to a committee on Canadian affairs.

This committee met in the September following, and decided upon sending out the Rev. Dr. Alder for the accomplishment of this desirable end, and authorised him, in case he should succeed, to preside over the United Conference; all of which was duly carried out to a legitimate and prosperous issue, at Toronto, in June, 1847, as already stated.

This union, in its principal features, resembles that which has so long, and so happily subsisted be-



tween the English and Irish Conferences. The constitution upon which it is founded is susceptible of amendment in several particulars, especially in the appointment and functions of chairmen. It has so far worked very well; and there is no doubt but it will continue to do so if it be administered in "the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

The following extracts from the minutes of the British Conference, held at Liverpool, in July, 1847, Rev. Samuel Jackson, President, express the feelings produced in the minds of our fathers and brethren, upon the receipt of the official documents which informed them of the compact, that has since contributed so largely to the consolidation and extension of Methodism in Western Canada.

#### RE-UNION OF THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CHURCH IN WESTERN CANADA WITH THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

THE Address from the Conference of "the Wesleyan-Methodist Church in Canada, in connexion with the English Conference," signed on their behalf by "James Musgrove, Secretary," and dated Toronto, June 15th, 1847, having been read;—and also an Address from the last District-Meeting of Western Canada, held at Toronto in the same month, signed on behalf of that Meeting by "William M. Harvard, Chairman, William Scott, Journal Secretary," it was unanimously resolved,—

1. That this Conference learns with high satisfaction, that the arrangements made in London, in September last, between our Committee on Canadian affairs, appointed, with full powers, to

act in this matter on our behalf, and the Rev. Messrs. John Ryerson and Anson Green, who were deputed on behalf of the Brethren in Western Canada formerly connected with this Conference, for the purpose of effecting a Re-Union, have been generally and cordially approved by all the parties concerned; and that the Re-Union of the two great branches of the Wesleyan-Methodist family, in one of the most important provinces of the British colonial empire, has been auspiciously commenced in a United Conference held at Toronto, under the able Presidency of the Rev. Dr. Alder. This Conference earnestly trusts, that the arrangements thus agreed upon will be carried into full operation, in the same spirit of Christian love and brotherhood in which they have been proposed and hitherto conducted, and that this happy Re-Union will be lasting and complete. And the Conference hopefully and prayerfully anticipates, from this event, great spiritual blessing and benefit to the growing population of that interesting country, and especially to the Indian tribes, among whom our Missions have been or may be established.

2. The Rev. Dr. Alder was heard concerning the important results of his mission to Canada, and in particular, as to the Re-Union of the Conference in Upper Canada, with the British Conference, now happily effected; and it was resolved unanimously, That the Conference, has received with great satisfaction the important and gratifying information which Dr. Alder has now given; and desires to express its thankfulness to God for the restoration of Dr. Alder's health, and for his safe return from his important mission.

3. That the further adjustment of such matters as may still require more complete settlement, be referred to the former Canada Committee, which shall be convened by the President of the Conference when he shall judge it necessary.

This amicable adjustment, of course, broke up our District; all missionary operations of a distinctive character were now abolished. The Canada West District was annihilated. Mr. Harvard was called home to England, and appointed to Maidstone, a quaint old city in Kent; I was removed to Saint John, New Brunswick; and others were dispersed in various directions. We were put to death *quietly*, but in a very summary manner; and buried, too, in the same noiseless, but expeditious way.

This sudden and violent disruption was very distressing to both preachers and people, between whom there always subsisted a mutual and hallowed friendship. There never was a District in which the ministry and the membership were more cordially united. We saw eye to eye; we walked by the same rule, and minded the same thing.

“We all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.”

This dispersion of a whole district was a most painful event. We separated from one another with the most poignant grief; and myself and Mrs. — felt, when leaving our beloved people in Toronto, as if we were leaving home and kindred, and all that were near and dear to us; and that during our future itinerancy, the lines would never again

fall to us in such a pleasant place. But we are very short sighted, and cannot see afar off. We know not what is before us, or what a day may bring forth. We were mistaken ; for in St. John, "down East," and foggy though it be, we met with a host of as kind friends as our hearts could desire—Methodists in deed, and in truth—in profession, and in practice. Brothers and sisters beloved in the Lord, and among whom we had the privilege to labour and to dwell for five consecutive years. Happy—happy years. Seasons of peace and prosperity, and "years of the right hand of the most High."

We entered upon our new sphere of labour, namely, Saint John West, in July, 1847, and spent two years, humbly endeavouring to cultivate that portion of our connexional *demesne*. This circuit, as its name implies, lies on the western side of the harbour, and forms the western part of the city. It is also the oldest part of it, and was originally called *Carleton*, after Sir Guy Carleton, a very popular Governor of New Brunswick, and who was afterwards created Lord Dorchester. Here, as in Toronto, Mrs. — met two classes; one on Monday, another on Wednesday; she also taught a class in the Sabbath school.

The church in this place, includes some of the excellent of the earth. They are proverbial for self-

reliance—an unwavering attachment to our doctrine and discipline—and a liberal support of all our connexional institutions and funds. The Lord gave us favour in the eyes of the people; but at the end of two years, we were obliged to leave them. They were anxious to retain us; but it could not be. Saint John south was our Conference appointment, and thither we went, exhibiting once more the union and obedience, so well expressed in these lines of our inimitable Psalter—

“Joined in one spirit to our head,  
Where he appoints we go;  
And still in Jesu’s footsteps tread,  
And shew his praise below.”

In this removal we had only to cross the harbour—about half a mile—in the steam ferry boat, so that for three years longer we enjoyed intercourse with our Carleton friends, and had the pleasure to see them prospering as a church, and as a part of the community. I do not wish to enumerate names, lest it should appear invidious; and were I to mention all that I respect and love, the catalogue would occupy a larger space than could be spared. I cannot, however, refrain from saying, that so far as the membership has contributed to the advancement of Methodism in Saint John West, Mr. Robert Salter has been both prominent and efficient. His example,

his time, his means, have been largely consecrated to this object; and in him, and Mrs. Salter, the Wesleyan ministers have invariably found kind and affectionate friends. I pray that upon them, and upon the church in Carleton, the dew of Hermon may constantly rest, and the light of the divine countenance perpetually shine.

This part of Saint John, will probably, be soon erected into a separate and independent city—the increase of population, of property, and of intelligence, all tend towards such a change; and we venture to predict, that whenever this municipal alteration will take place, the growth of Methodist influence, and the extension of the Methodist church will be prominent features of the general progress. Moncton, formerly called "*Petit codiac*," or the *Little Elbow*, has been recently elevated to this civic dignity; and the people proved themselves to be worthy of the honour, by introducing *the ballot box*, and by unanimously choosing Mr. Joseph Salter to be their first mayor. They have since established a bank, and commenced a weekly newspaper; and both institutions bid fair to be of great public utility, and to remunerate those who are more immediately interested in their success. The bank is under the management of Mr. James Johnson, a very talented Local Preacher, and to us par-

ticularly, a brother greatly beloved. The Journal, too, derives, I am informed, a very liberal support from the Methodists, not only as *paying* subscribers, but also as literary contributors.

Reasoning from these premises, and from the well known justice and good sense of the Carleton people, the natural conclusion is, that when the opportunity arrives, our friend will be the man whom they will delight to honour. His long residence among them—his unblemished reputation—his devotion to the temperance cause—his qualifications for the office—all these invest him with claims which his modesty would prevent him from urging ; but to which, no doubt, his fellow citizens would cheerfully respond. Robert Salter should be the first mayor.

In Saint John South, we spent three very happy years ; as happy and as useful as we expect to enjoy while the Lord permits us to labour in his name. I was associated in colleagueship all the time with the Rev. Richard Knight, the chairman of the District. We laboured harmoniously and successfully. These three years were the most prosperous, both in spirituals and temporals, that this station, the most important in the Eastern Provinces, ever enjoyed. To the glory of God we record it. Both the congregations and the societies were increased ; the chapel debts were liquidated, and large sums ex-

pended upon painting and repairing the chapels. The first year we brought to the District a surplus of more than eighty pounds ; the second year, nearly one hundred pounds ; and the third year, if I mistake not, about one hundred and fifty pounds. Surely the hand of the Lord was on us for good. The missionary contributions were also greatly augmented during that period, and all was achieved under God, without any *special effort*, or extraordinary appeal, or any other expedient than a steady and systematic administration of our excellent financial economy, in which we were cordially and efficiently supported by our excellent and numerous staff of leaders and stewards. Among these honoured brethren, and indeed among the societies and congregations generally, we had many personal friends, for whose character we entertain the highest regard, and of whose numerous acts of kindness we shall ever cherish a lively and grateful recollection.

I never felt more sensibly, than on this important station, how great a matter it is for a Methodist preacher to have a suitable wife. Mrs. ——— was rendered a great blessing to the church in Saint John, and much of the influence I possessed was derived, under God, from her zeal, her prudence and piety. All the time we were in this circuit, she met a very large and flourishing class, gathered up



from the congregation by herself; she also taught the female Bible-class in the Sabbath-school; and served, to the utmost of her ability, in sustaining and extending the operations of the Dorcas society.

Our parting from these dear people was a sore trial to us; and, take them all in all, perhaps we will never meet their like again.

It has been our lot, through the operation of the itinerant principle, to be stationed in several of the principal circuits of British North America; we have had ample opportunities of making observation and of acquiring information, and of comparing and judging for ourselves, and our opinion is, that in none of them is Methodism in a more healthy, or prosperous state than in "the city of *Saint John*." Its influence is dispersed like a gracious dew throughout the whole community; a spirit of unity pervades the whole membership; the congregations are permanently and steadily large; the Sabbath-schools are extensive, efficient, and strictly connexional. The principles and doctrines of our body are well understood, and heartily adopted; and the circuit income, derived purely from Wesleyan sources, is very large, and constantly increasing; and as the city itself is likely to become one of the largest on the Eastern coast of this vast continent, Methodism in *Saint John* seems to have before it a most important mission,

and a glorious destiny. *Esto perpetua.* "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces; for my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say peace be within thee." May thy works praise thee in the gates, and may great grace rest upon thee, and make thee in the hand of the Lord, a royal diadem, and a crown of glory. Amen.

## CHAPTER IX.

METHODISM IN SAINT JOHN, N.B.—EASTERN CONFERENCE  
FORMED AT HALIFAX, N.S.—STATISTICS OF THIS  
CONFERENCE—WESLEYAN ACADEMY, SACKVILLE—  
REMOVES FROM SAINT JOHN TO MILL TOWN—  
METHODISM IN MILL TOWN, &c. &c.

THE reader has, no doubt, perceived that I regard Methodism in Saint John, as superior to what it is in many places. This arises chiefly, from the paucity of wealthy persons in the society; this is the opinion of some, and I have heard it repeatedly expressed. I am not, myself, altogether satisfied with this reason. I admit that the Church is, in a great measure free from the distinctions of *caste*, consequent upon the inclusion of a considerable number of opulent members. I would not set up for a reformer; I don't desire that sumptuary laws should be enacted and enforced; but I would like to see our *rules* observed, and that for conscience sake. The form of the coat, the shape of the hat, the mode of adjusting the cravat, these do not constitute religion; they are no doubt, with many, the form of godliness; but after all, they are very often merely conventional. I am not an advocate for tithing "*mint*, and *cummin*, and *anise*," and leaving the weightier matters of the law neglected. By no means; but I

would like to see our primitive simplicity retained, and the dress, the habits, the manners, and the whole social life of our people exhibiting a greater conformity to the Word of God.

Wesleyans, of all others, should evince in every branch of their conduct, deadness to the world. Our disinterestedness, purity, spirituality, self-denial, and zeal for the glory of God, should be such, that it would enable us always to say, we live not unto ourselves, but unto him who died for us and rose again. "They that are Christ's," says the apostle, "have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." But all this fails to account for the peculiar excellency, and influence of Methodism in Saint John. My opinion is, that it cannot be ascribed to any one cause; but that it is the result of several combined causes, among which are the following:—The truly Wesleyan manner in which it was introduced and set in operation; a very general equality of social position and temporal circumstances; the fact that a great proportion of the church consists of the *united heads* of families; and of *entire families*; an exemption for many years, from all dissensions and schisms; an adequate supply of practical, working preachers; and last, though not least, repeated and copious effusions of the Lord the Spirit, followed by repeated and gracious revivals.

The Wesleyan churches in the Lower Provinces have lately passed through a great, an important change. The missionary committee nursed and cherished them for years. For some time back they had manifested symptoms of being weary and tired of this heavy burden. At length they resolved to relieve themselves, by forming them into a separate Conference, a measure carried into effect last July, (1855,) at Halifax, and through the agency of the Rev. Dr. Beecham, whom the Conference sent out for that purpose.

This change will, no doubt, diminish the burdens and lessen the responsibilities of the Conference and the committee ; it will enable them to devote more of their means and their energies to the great work of evangelising the heathen.

I am not acquainted with the particulars of the arrangement that has been effected, but if they are the same as those that have been observed in reference to Ireland and Australia, there is no doubt but the change will work well. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, the Bermudas, and Newfoundland are the countries comprised in this new Conference. They are comparatively poor countries, and but thinly settled ; the gross population does not exceed seven hundred thousand. Australia and Canada are wealthy, and are annually

absorbing thousands of emigrants, many of whom are supplied from these less favoured colonies, while they receive none at all in return. If the organization just formed has been conceived and consummated in a liberal and generous spirit, it will give Methodism a new impulse ; it will breathe into it fresh vigour ; give it its proper position among the colonial churches ; and render it more than ever, a means of spreading Scriptural holiness through the land. May the Lord, who alone is mighty in counsel and in judgment, take it into his holy keeping, direct all its operations, and conduct them to a prosperous issue.

Methodism has many enemies, not in the world only—not in the ranks of Popery and Puseyism merely—but in the very bosom of Protestant churches, and among even Protestant ministers. Many from whom she had a right to expect sympathy, have exulted in her adversity, and rejoiced in her affliction. Her doctrines and her discipline, though both are strictly Scriptural, have been reviled and denounced. Her itinerancy and her connexional unity—her missionary zeal, and her unfeigned loyalty, have been made the subjects of vituperation and censure. But still she pursues the even tenor of her way ; endures reproaches without complaining ; and considering him “ who bore the contradiction of sinners

against himself," she bears all meekly, and when she is reviled she revileth not again.

The following statistics, copied from official documents, exhibit the Eastern Conference as it now is. As a part of the army of the living God, she has commenced her campaign and taken the field. During her previous and somewhat desultory operations, she became familiar with toil and hardship, fought many battles and won many victories, acquired a good deal of territory, and obtained a good deal of renown. With these advantages, and with the forces and resources here mentioned, she goes forth to glorious war, led on by the captain of the Lord's host, and animated by the assurance of final conquest.

|                                                              |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Central, or principal, stations, called circuits...          | 71     |
| Chapels connected therewith.....                             | 208    |
| Ministers and preachers, including super-<br>numeraries..... | 88     |
| Local preachers.....                                         | 109    |
| Full and accredited church members.....                      | 12,540 |
| Sabbath schools.....                                         | 139    |
| Scholars attending these schools.....                        | 8,192  |

In addition to this there is a Book-room in Halifax, and, in connection with this institution, there is a printing establishment, and a well-conducted weekly paper. There is also a male and female day

school in St. John, strictly and legally Wesleyan, but according to the will of the testator, Mr. Mark Varley, is under the exclusive control of the trustees of the Saint John chapels. In Newfoundland there are also some connexional day schools, towards the maintenance of which, I believe, the Imperial Government affords considerable aid. But the great educational institution of the new, or Eastern, Conference, is "the Wesleyan Academy, Mount Allison, Sackville." Sackville is a beautiful village, in the county of Westmoreland, in New Brunswick, and within a few miles of the boundary line that separates that province from Nova Scotia. It comprises a male and female department, carried on in separate buildings, and each under its own proper faculty. The buildings, grounds, philosophical apparatus, library, and other academical appurtenances, all the property of the connexion, have cost, I should think, not less than from eleven to twelve thousand pounds. This noble establishment was originated by Charles F. Allison, Esq., who has contributed, towards its erection and support, fully the half of the above amount, perhaps more. The male branch has been in operation for more than twelve years; has ever been a great favourite with the public, the legislature and the government. From the beginning this institution has been under the judicious supervision of



the Rev. Humphrey Pickard, A.M., and to his ability and zeal may be attributed a great deal of the prosperity that has hitherto distinguished its career. The female branch was opened in August, 1854, and already it promises to be both useful and popular.

The following remarks on this subject, are taken from the last published report of the "Missionary Auxiliary Society for the New Brunswick District;" and may therefore be regarded as semi-official:—

Our Educational Institution is in a very flourishing condition, and is contributing very largely to the diffusion of the inestimable advantages resulting from Academical training, based upon Christian principles. The Female Seminary, to be opened in a short time, will no doubt, be rendered a great blessing to the Province, and a means of developing more fully, the intellectual capabilities of those for whose special advantage it is intended. The qualifications of the Rev. Principal are well known, and duly appreciated. They have been long-tried, and found to be commensurate with all that his arduous position involves. The faculty of the female branch, we have no doubt, has been judiciously selected: and although the Rev. Governor and Chaplain, is, in his present position, a *Novus Homo*—an untried man, all his antecedents are calculated to inspire confidence, and to afford an assurance, that the duties of his department will be faithfully and efficiently performed. Nor can we close this allusion to "the Wesleyan Academy" of Mount Allison, without recording our expression of sympathy and respect for our beloved brother, who did, through many and heavy afflictions, for a long period too, and in a most exemplary manner, discharge the duties of the Chaplaincy; and

we trust, that in his new relation, the Reverend Albert Desbrisay and his family will be comforted in all their tribulations, and that these tribulations will work out for them, "a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory."

This flourishing seminary deserves to be called a college, and to rank as such. The number of students, the character and qualifications of "the Faculty;" the collegiate order of "the curriculum;" the magnitude and adaptation of the edifice itself, and the fact that it is the property of a highly influential religious denomination—all these circumstances claim for this institution the title to which we have adverted.

The subjoined statement contains the names of the principal officers, faculty, &c. &c.; also the course of study, terms, educational fees, &c.

### **Wesleyan Academy. Mount Allison, Sackville, N.B,**

Rev. R. KNIGHT, President of the Board of Trustees.

Rev. W. TEMPLE, Secretary.

Rev. E. EVANS, D.D., Governor and Chaplain.

Rev. H. PICKARD, A.M., Principal.

CHARLES F. ALLISON, Esq., Treasurer.

#### **FACULTY—*Male Branch.***

Rev. H. Pickard, A.M., Professor of Mental and Moral Sciences

Mr. A. Reid, Professor of French and Assistant in Classical Department.

Mr. A. McN. Patterson, Teacher in Intermediate Department.

Mr. J. R. Inch, Teacher in Primary Department.

Mr. J. W. Webb, Assistant in Classical Department.

*Female Branch.*

Miss Mary E. Adams, Chief Preceptress, &c. &c.

Miss Augusta M. Adams, Assistant in Fine Arts and Collegiate Department.

Mrs. Eliza Neville, Teacher in Intermediate Department.

———, Teacher of Penmanship, &c.

Mrs. Amelia Walker, Asst. in Primary Department.

Thomas Pickard, Esq., A.M., Lecturer upon Natural Science, Astronomy, &c.

———, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

The Branch of this Institution for Males has been in successful operation more than eleven years; it will continue to be conducted upon the same principles as heretofore.

The Branch designed for Females was opened for the reception of students on Thursday the 17th of August; adequate provision has, it is believed, been made to render this in every respect worthy of public confidence and favour.

Persons wishing further information are requested to apply to either the Principal or the Chaplain.

The Course of Study will be extensive, systematic and thorough; including all the branches of a common English, a Literary and Scientific, and a Classical Education.

## TERMS.

The Academical Year consists of two terms:—the first of 24 weeks, from the first Thursday in January,—the second of 19 weeks, from the first Thursday in August.

## EXPENSES.

For Board, Washing, Fuel, Lights, &c, and Tuition

in the Primary Department :—For First Term,

(24 weeks) . . . . . £14 0 0

For Second Term, (19 weeks) . . . . . 11 0 0

Or—For the Academical year, . . . . . £25 0 0

Additional Charges are made for instruction in the

higher Departments, but the expense for Board,

&c., and Tuition, will in no case exceed £30 0 0

Ten Shillings per week is charged to those who remain during  
the Vacations.

✍ The amount of the ordinary expenses must be paid in advance—one half at the beginning, and the remainder at the middle of each Term.

\*. Books and Stationery, such as will be required by the Students, may be purchased at the Academy.

Donations of Books, Minerals, Shells, and Natural Curiosities of any land, are solicited from our friends, to aid us in making up a good Library and Cabinet of Minerals, &c. &c., for this Institution. The Wesleyan Ministers will act as Agents, to receive and forward anything which may be given, suitable for the Library or the Cabinet.

The late ecclesiastical changes among us have been carried out so rapidly, and have involved so much in relation to myself personally, that they present themselves to me at every turn. I feel their influence resting upon me ; I see that influence entering into this part of these memoirs—inter-

rupting their progress, and endeavouring as it were, to break them up into mere episodes.

Owing to this I had almost lost sight of Saint John, and of my removal from it, although at the time that event took place, it produced in my mind, feelings very different from those of pleasure and gratification.

Immediately after the District meeting of 1852, we left Saint John for Mill Town, Saint Stephen, experiencing something like a shrinking from the contrast that awaited us, and from the responsibility that would devolve upon us. We had heard so much of the place, and of the habits and principles of the people, that it seemed to us as if we were going to plough among rocks, and sow the seed in a cold and flinty soil, and in the midst of storms and tempests. We were perplexed, but not in despair. We remembered by whom it was said, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." We thought of the beatitude—"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." We went forth in the name of the Lord, casting our cares upon him; and comforting ourselves with this exceeding great and precious promise: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the

eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

Mill Town is a handsome thriving little town, in the parish of Saint Stephen, on the right, or northern bank of the St. Croix, which forms here the dividing line between the province of New Brunswick and the State of Maine. It contains an Episcopal church, a Roman Catholic chapel, a Wesleyan church, a Congregational church, and a rather imposing edifice in course of erection, and intended to be a place of worship for the Universalists. The people form a mixed population, consisting of Americans, Nova Scotians, natives, and Irish Roman Catholics. They are all engaged in the lumber trade, or in departments connected with that trade, and sustained by it. Saw mills are erected upon every available site, from Calais to Baring, a distance of about six miles. There are also foundries, and other manufactories, carried on with a good deal of spirit and success.

Methodism here never was in a very healthy or sound condition. The community, generally speaking, never adopted it. Many did, and have proved by their unswerving attachment to it, that their adoption was the result of a rational and deliberate

choice. There are in the Wesleyan church in Mill Town, some as consistent and as exemplary Methodists as you will find anywhere ; but still, to a considerable extent, the membership has been only nominal. This is very generally the case on border circuits, both in New Brunswick and in Canada. The peculiarities of Methodism are rather distasteful to many of the people. The doctrines are received in almost every instance, but the administration is regarded with suspicion and aversion. It is too particular ; a little too stringent ; it has not enough of the democratic element in it.

A few years ago, a considerable secession took place here among the Methodists. The promoters of this schism alleged that our discipline was too strict ; that the Conference had too much power ; and that “ the *Poll Deed* ” was an artful contrivance to establish and perpetuate an ecclesiastical domination. That these separatists were but partially acquainted with Methodism, and that they were but slightly attached to it, may be inferred from the fact, that they became the nucleus of a Congregational church, of which they are now the main pillars and supporters.

During the agitation and disquietude that preceded this unhappy division, the Wesleyan chapel, a very beautiful one, was burned down—not by

accident, but by incendiarism ; and some will persist in thinking, and saying too, that the instigators of this act of sacrilege and vandalism, are still living in Mill Town. I can't say how it is ; nor would I be so presumptuous as to contradict those who hold and express this opinion. The Lord knoweth ; and the day is coming that will declare it. In that day secret things shall be brought to light, and hidden things, and all the works of darkness shall be made manifest.

This untoward event and its effects, which are still felt ; the rudeness of the working classes ; the speculative spirit and sharp practice of the merchants and manufacturers ; the prevalence of profane and vulgar habits ; the demoralizing tendency of the lumbering business ; the flagrant violation of the Sabbath up the river, at the booms, and in the mills ; and the unscriptural and infidel opinions entertained by a great many ; these circumstances render this circuit a rather painful position to any Wesleyan minister, especially, as in our case, to one who had spent the five years immediately preceding, among the beloved societies and congregations of Saint John.

The Methodists have here, now, a very neat and commodious chapel, on the site occupied by the one that was burned. It was erected chiefly at the ex-



pense of Messrs. Abner and Stephen Hill, two brothers, both members of the church, and proverbial for liberality. The parsonage is very comfortable, and has a good deal of land attached to it. Both it and the chapel are free from debt, and are kept in good condition by the zeal and industry of a sewing society, consisting of a few pious sisters, at the head of whom is Mrs. Abner Hill.

This circuit has an annual income of about fifty pounds, the proceeds of munificent bequests from the late Mr. Abner Hill, already mentioned, and from Mr. Phineas Nevins, also deceased. These worthy and generous men, and Mr. Stephen Hill, and the late James Albee, Esq., and the venerable Robert Hitchings, have ever been the stedfast and staunch supporters of Methodism as it is. Only two of these now survive, and they are far advanced in years; but God will raise up others; and there is little doubt but we shall hear that Mr. James Bowes, Mr. Alexander Gibson, Mr. James Crossett, and others, are zealous for the glory of the Lord, and for the maintenance and extension of Methodism in Mill Town.

## CHAPTER X.

REV. DUNCAN MCCOLL—METHODISM ON THE SAINT CROIX  
REMARKS TOUCHING THE UNITED STATES—EXTRACTS  
FROM JOURNAL—CONJECTURES RELATING TO THE PRE-  
SENT EMPEROR OF FRANCE, NAPOLEON III—EXTRACTS  
FROM JOURNAL, &c. &c.—FREDERICTON, &c.

There are three circuits on the Saint Croix—Saint Andrew's, called after the shire or county town, situate at the mouth of the river, and where it flows into *Passamaquoddy Bay*—Saint Stephen's at the head of the navigation—and Mill Town, about two miles farther up. Methodism was introduced into this part of the province, by the late Rev. Duncan McColl, who, for many years, was the only preacher of the Gospel in the whole country. He was a Scotchman, and originally a Calvinist; in early life he was in the army, and had seen some service. He was a man of strong understanding, great decision, and steady habits; and owing to which, probably, he rose to the highest grade of non-commissioned officers. While in the service, he experienced religion under the preaching of the Methodists, abjured his Calvinistic tenets, and soon became a hearty and zealous Wesleyan.

The regiment to which Mr. McColl belonged,

was disbanded at the close of the last American war ; and he, and a great many of his companions in arms, settled on the Saint Croix, and in other parts of the county of Charlotte, upon lands granted to them by the crown. From his entrance into the country, until nearly the close of his life, this good man laboured hard to win souls to Christ, and to form Methodist churches and congregations. He had to endure many privations and hardships ; and persevere through many and serious discouragements ; but the Lord was with him, and so prospered him in his work of faith, and labour of love, that *they* resulted in the formation of the three circuits alluded to above. In each of these circuits there are many precious souls—Methodists in word, and in deed—by profession and by practice—men and women devoted to God, and who would, under more favourable circumstances, be burning and shining lights.

But after all, these stations taken collectively, are in a comparative degree, a hard and unproductive soil. They have had great care bestowed upon them—much pains have been taken with them ; and they have been supplied with the best preachers ; but certainly the effects produced are not in keeping with the cause, and although the salvation of one soul is above all estimate, the spiritual harvest

hitherto yielded by these frontier circuits, is not commensurate with the skill and the labour bestowed upon them.

Methodism seems to be too evangelical—too pure for the generality of the people. It cannot, will not connive at logging, scaling logs, driving, or sawing on the Lord's Day. It denounces usury, smuggling, and extortion ; all which practices, or rather mal-practices, are very *common* in the trading part of the community, and not *uncommon* even in *some churches*.

A form of doctrine and discipline much inferior to Methodism, would suit the people better—would be more congenial with their wishes and their principles. A sort of *quasi*-religion, that would permit them to walk according to the desires and devices of their own hearts, and at the same time give them the status of church membership, and an assurance of everlasting life. This pliable, accommodating kind of religion, would find great favour in the border towns and villages on the picturesque and beautiful banks of the Saint Croix.

The above are no doubt, some of the reasons why the Methodist societies are so small—why the doctrine of Christian perfection is not well received ; why class meetings and love feasts are little regarded ; and the value of week-day services scarcely

acknowledged. But still we must not despair. The truth is mighty and will prevail ; this motto is inscribed on the oriflame of the Gospel ; and the form of Christianity that has triumphed over so many, and such formidable obstacles, will eventually triumph here. "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert ; and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."

Universalism may stretch forth its profane hand, and remove the ancient land marks in Zion ; scepticism may sneer and try to invalidate the testimony of God ; Popery may magnify relics, and increase and diversify its mummeries, until every vestige of religion is lost in a species of *necromancy*, and every particle of truth swallowed up by *fables* ; spiritual rappings ; manifestations, and all other phases of the carnal mind. These and all other absurdities may rage and bluster, fret and fume, tell of lying wonders, and speak great swelling words ; but all will end as the crackling of thorns under a pot. The truth will remain, and as Methodism is the truth of God, and a peculiar developement of Scriptural Christianity, *it* will remain ; yes, remain as long as the sun and moon shall endure ; as long as "the everlasting hills" shall stand, until "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and

the elements melt with fervent heat;" "yea, it shall remain for ever and ever, because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"Let Thy dying love constrain  
Those who disregard Thy frown;  
Sink the mountain to a plain,  
Bring the pride of sinners down;  
Soften the obdurate crowd;  
Melt the rebels with Thy blood."--WESLEY.

While I remained on this circuit I resumed my practice of keeping a kind of diary, or common place book. Circumstances frequently interrupted this species of journalism, so that I have not been able to observe anything like chronological order. I shall, therefore, at present, make a few extracts from the memoranda I kept in Mill Town.

To day, March 4, 1853, our Republican neighbours in the State of Maine, are celebrating the inauguration of their new president, General Pierce. This celebration is rather ludicrous, savours a *little* too much of the Captain Bobadil spirit. It consists of firing off a few discharges from some superannuated pieces of ordnance, and an abortive attempt at ringing a merry peal, which to me, sounds very like a compromise with funeral tolling. General P—— belongs to the Democratic or Loco Foco party, and is not more than a third-rate man. He served in "the Mexican war," and acquired as much fame

perhaps, as a subordinate commander could, in such an inglorious service.

The American population, *not really the American people*, are very presumptuous. Their military pretensions are really ludicrous; and their national vanity is insupportable. They rant and rave about liberty, while the chains of three millions of slaves are clanking in their ears. They talk loudly and vehemently about progress, while they are retrograding; they denounce British ambition and extension, while they are trying to dismember Mexico, and annex Cuba; they make stump speeches, and electioneering harangues, about "Free trade," "sailors rights," "free soil," "the higher law," "*cum multis aliis*," while they maintain high tariffs, scourge their sailors, enact fugitive slave laws, and execute Judge Lynch's summary and sanguinary code.

But some would say, is this an impartial statement? Is this intended to apply to the whole of the United States? We frankly and promptly reply. From these charges, and from all that they can be supposed to presume, we exonerate the New England States, the northern section of the Union and some of the Western States. Indeed, it is to these portions of the nation, to their Anglo-Saxon character, to their honour, their love of justice, their

religion, that we look for such measures as will repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, defeat the Nebraska-Kansas conspiracy, abolish slavery, and restore to this really great republic, the name and fame it once achieved, and long enjoyed; but of which it has been basely plundered by pro-slavery men, by aspiring demagogues, mercenary politicians, and Popish emissaries.

The United States have done a great deal, and are still doing a great deal, for the spread of religion, for the promotion of morals, and for the diffusion of education. They possess in themselves all the elements of a great and mighty nation; and if their leading public men, their rulers, and their statesmen are true to their country, and true to God, He will exalt it, and make it a praise among all nations, and "the joy of the whole earth."

I am rejoiced, however, that recent intelligence from Saint John, furnishes a more genial topic for reflection; and one, too, that more properly belongs to my department. My politics are enunciated by the apostle of the circumcision: "Honour all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the King."

The Lord is again visiting the Wesleyan section of His church in that city. The visitant in this case is pre-eminently love. The Lord the Spirit has descended upon his heritage like showers upon the new



mown grass, or as the small rain upon the tender herb. Some have experienced the blessing of perfect love. Among these are the preachers, their wives, and several of our intimate friends. A cloud fraught with this divine blessing is spreading over the whole society, and many are hastening to catch

“The teeming shower,  
And all its moisture drain.”

O that God, in his abundant goodness, would cause it to extend hither. O that some fertilizing drops might descend upon this parched and barren land. A great deal of labour has been expended here; some of our most zealous and talented men have laboured on this circuit; and although the head of the church has honoured his servants, and blest their ministry to the salvation of many precious souls, still the result has not been equal to what might have been expected, or to what should have been realized. “O, Lord, revive Thy work. O, Lord, send us now prosperity.”

March 20.—I find it very difficult to labour here (Mill Town). I am almost alone; I don't know what I would do, were it not for the valuable aid afforded me by my dear wife. She is, indeed, “a help meet for me.” A great domestic and spiritual blessing, and for which I never can be sufficiently thank-

ful. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Sunday, March 27.—I buried Mrs. Walker to-day. Her death was preceded by severe illness, but the Lord sustained her. She bore her sufferings with great patience, and was enabled to hold fast the rejoicing of hope firm unto the end. She fell asleep in Jesus, on Thursday the 17th instant, and in the 58th year of her age. This is the fourth death that has occurred since we came to this circuit, about eight months ago. Three of these afforded the most cheering evidence that in them "grace reigned through righteousness unto eternal life," and that the "blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleansed them from all sin." Hallelujah. Touching the other, we are not without hope in his death; his disease, that of which he died, materially affected his understanding, and for some time previous to his departure, deprived him of speech. But he is with the Lord who judgeth rightly, and doeth all things well. Selah.

April 8.—In looking over a Saint John paper I see the following numerical prediction of the fall of the present imperial government of France. It is rather fanciful than profound, and belongs more properly to soothsaying than to science. Here it is to

speak for itself:—"A Frenchman lately communicated the following curious calculation to an English friend":—

|                                                 |       |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------|
| "Fall of Robespierre in the year.....           | 1794  |
| Repeat 1794 in single figures, and then add the | 1     |
| whole.....                                      | 7     |
|                                                 | 9     |
|                                                 | 4     |
|                                                 | <hr/> |
| Fall of Napoleon.....                           | 1815  |
| Repeat as above.....                            | 1     |
|                                                 | 8     |
|                                                 | 1     |
|                                                 | 5     |
|                                                 | <hr/> |
| Fall of Charles X.....                          | 1830  |
| Repeat as above.....                            | 1     |
|                                                 | 8     |
|                                                 | 3     |
|                                                 | 0     |
|                                                 | <hr/> |
| Fall of Duke of Orleans.....                    | 1842  |
| Add as before.....                              | 1     |
|                                                 | 8     |
|                                                 | 4     |
|                                                 | 2     |
|                                                 | <hr/> |
|                                                 | 1857  |

In this year Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of France will fall. The government of this

remarkable man is the best that can now be established in France : but still there can be no stability as long as the government is seated as it now is upon the very edge of the crater of a fierce volcano. There are at present two other claimants to the Gallic throne. One the grandson of Charles X. represents the Bourbon dynasty, and bears the title of "Count of Chambord," the other, the grandson of Louis Phillippe, represents the Orleans branch of the Bourbons, and is called "the Count of Paris." But amid all these political conjectures, and through all the vicissitudes that produce them, the Christian knows that the Lord reigneth," and that his Heavenly Father "is the blessed and only Potentate." *Alleluia.*

Sunday, April 18.—Our congregations in the town were very good : and the preaching of the word was attended with power. God was in our midst, of a truth : surely all the seed has not been sown in stony ground, or upon the way side.

Monday, 19.—The prayer meeting this evening was a very profitable one. If we had a few praying men, and a few efficient leaders, great good might be done ; it must be remembered, however, that the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong. The walls of Jericho were thrown down, not by military assault, but by the sounding of

rams' horns—and the Midianitish camp was surprised and routed, not by midnight assault, but by a barley cake, or rather by the sword of Gideon the son of Joash.

June 2.—Our district meeting (New Brunswick district) commenced to-day in Fredericton, the capital of the Province. It was formerly called Saint Anne's Point; but adopted its present name as an avowal of its high conservative principles, and to express its respect for his late Royal Highness Frederick, Duke of York. It is now an Episcopal city; and is the seat of a Cathedral. Fredericton is rather low; but still there is something pleasant in its situation; a good deal of the picturesque and the beautiful, in its ancestral trees, and in its general "*Rus in urbe*" appearance. At present it contains a population of perhaps between five and six thousand, among whom are some very distinguished professional men, and some very enterprising merchants.

This city is "the head quarters" of a regiment of infantry, usually the whole military force of the Province. There is also a small, but neat artillery barrack: and a very efficient and respectable commissariat office. The legislative chambers and public offices are inclosed within a very handsome square near the river: and on an eminence, a short distance beyond the suburbs, is the only university of which

the colony can boast. It stands alone in frigid and solitary state : not adding much as a public edifice, to the architectural distinctions of the metropolis ; and still less in the opinion of some, as an educational institution, to the intelligence or erudition of its inhabitants.

Besides these already enumerated, Fredericton contains the official residence of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor ; also a very respectable and well conducted academy belonging to the Calvinist Baptists ; and several places of worship, among which, the Anglican bishop's chapel is distinguished by its Puseyitish aspect, and the Wesleyan church, by its beauty and capacity.

During the district meeting, we had services every morning and evening ; and the attendance on every occasion was very good. One of the best choirs, and one of the most flourishing Sunday schools in the whole province are in this circuit : circumstances these which, under God, are attributable to the energy and ability of the Hon. L. A. Wilmot, one of the *puisne* Judges of the Supreme Court. This zealous brother in Christ, and his excellent wife, are very devoted Methodists. They never weary, or faint by the way ; but are " in season, and out of season," diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

The chairman preached on Sunday forenoon, from

Isaiah lii. 11. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord;" and in the evening, I endeavoured to trace the rise and progress of Christianity from Psalms xlii. 4-5. The house was crowded, and I spake unto them as the Lord gave me utterance.

The district love feast, held in the afternoon, was of a truth, "the fellowship of Saints," over which the master of assemblies presided; and the administration of "the Lord's supper" in the evening, was attended with tokens of the divine presence and power. These were indeed most precious and delightful seasons; times of refreshing and anointing; of illuminating and sanctifying grace; and that will no doubt, be long and gratefully remembered, by those who had the privilege to enjoy them. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

The anniversary of the auxiliary society was held on Tuesday evening, and was well attended; and on the following evening, brother Robert A. Temple, was ordained in the presence of a large and attentive congregation.

The District meeting was, upon the whole, a very agreeable and profitable one. The preaching was of rather a superior order; the claims of the Missionary society were advocated with considerable

fervour and eloquence ; harmony and love prevailed in an eminent degree at every sitting ; all the deliberations were conducted in a proper spirit ; the stationing was effected with very little difficulty ; five candidates were duly examined and received on trial ; and all went to their respective fields of labour, resolved by the help of God, more strenuously than ever—more faithfully than ever, to perform the work to which he had called them, so that at the last, they might have the satisfaction to obtain His gracious approval, and hear Him say, “ Well done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord.”

Mill Town, Sunday, June 19.—Being re-appointed to this circuit, I renew my labours after an interregnum of three weeks. The people are all rejoiced to see me back again. This, also, is of the Lord. Glory be to his name. The church was crowded this morning, owing to there being no congregational minister here at present. I never saw it so full, benches had to be erected in the aisles. I endeavoured to preach from Rev. vii, 13-17. May the Lord own his word, and make it fruitful. Amen. Even so Lord Jesus.

Preached in the evening from John xii, 26. “ If any man serve me, let him follow me ; and where



I am, there shall also my servant be ; if any man serve me, him will my father honour ;” O !

“ If all the world my Saviour knew,  
All the world would love Him too.”

As our master, our friend, our leader who is like unto Jesus ? Every saint in heaven, and every saint on earth, say *none*. Jesus is the first and the last, “ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

But for Jesus there never would have been such a person as a sinner saved by grace ; but for him no human being would have ever entered heaven ; only for Jesus, there never would have been such an institution as the church, or such a community as “ the spirits of just men made perfect.” But for Jesus the glory of the Lamb would never have been displayed in heaven, nor would the song of the redeemed, or the minstrelsy of the heavenly harpers ever have been heard. He “ is all, and in all.”

“ Salvation ; O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To Thee the praise belongs ;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues ;  
Glory, honor, praise, and power  
Be unto the Lamb for ever,  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Praise the Lord.”

## CHAPTER XI.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL—ALLUSION TO THE STATE OF  
EUROPE AND OF CHINA—RAILROAD DEMONSTRATION  
AT SAINT JOHN, N.B.—MOVEMENTS IN THE UNITED  
STATES—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, July 24, 1854.—Congregation very good in the forenoon, all seemed to listen attentively while I endeavoured to expound and enforce, Heb. xi, 7. May all that heard become heirs of the righteousness which is by faith. Preached at the Ledge in the afternoon, and in the evening at Saint Stephen. Evening congregation remarkably attentive. Text, Luke ix, 42.

July 31.—Our congregations continue to be very good. The chapel is full at every service. The people seem to hear with attention, and I try to preach with all simplicity and patience, and plainness of speech. My language was at my first coming among this people, considered a little too elevated, and my style a little too descriptive; but I have succeeded in greatly modifying these peculiarities, so that the least informed of the people can “mark, learn, and inwardly digest” what they hear.

August 16, 1854.—Europe is just now in a very

unsettled state ; its peace is in imminent danger of being disturbed, not by revolutionary attempts, not by the oppressed nationalities of Italy, Poland, or Hungary struggling for freedom ; but by the ambitious designs and movements of the Czar of Russia. He longs to annex European Turkey to his already overgrown empire. Acquisition and aggression have distinguished the policy of this nation from the days of Rurik, down to the present time. Sweden, Finland, Poland, Turkey have all felt the influence of its cupidity, and the weight of its power. The old continent was never in a more unsettled state than it is at present. Italy is writhing in anguish under the iron yoke of Austria. Sicily is ground into the very dust, by the abominable despot, that God in his wrath permits to sit on the throne of Naples ; and France, *La belle France*, lies gagged, chained, and bleeding at the feet of a mere *parvenu*. Everything looks ominous and threatening ; the political horizon is darkening, and the clouds are gathering blackness ; but the Christian remains unmoved, for he knows that “ the Lord reigneth,” and and that “ His kingdom ruleth over all.”

A movement is also going on in China, which bids fair to overthrow the ancient Tartar dynasty, divide this vast empire, open what has hitherto been sealed up, make known what has been for

ages “*a terra incognita*,” and prepare a highway for our God, and for the chariot of his gospel. There is a strong probability that the success of the insurgents will issue in these great and glorious results. They are not idolaters. On the contrary, they receive the Sacred Scriptures as their rule of faith; and if their revolutionary efforts prosper, an effectual door will thereby be opened for the preaching of the gospel to millions who have never heard its “joyful sound,” nor felt its saving power.

But those who still plead for the divine right of kings, and who condemn resistance to established power,—however arbitrary, or unconstitutional it may be, will condemn our speculative policy. They may perhaps go farther, and insinuate that we hold the corrupt maxim which the Romish Church finds to be so convenient, to wit, that “the end sanctifies the means.” Now, to all this special pleading we have but one answer—we are loyal, and desire to “render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.” But we cannot help thinking, and believing too, that we are greatly indebted for the civil and religious liberty we now so fully enjoy, to Oliver Cromwell to the Long Parliament, and to the Revolution of William, Prince of Orange.

Sunday August, 21.—The gracious Lord has been

with us to day, and has made it a high day to our souls. Congregations large and attentive. The spirit itself helped my infirmities, and strengthened my weakness. In the afternoon we held our quarterly love feast, and for a while feasted with Jesus, Priests, and Kings. Glory be to God for the holy Sabbath; and for bringing us a Sabbath day's journey, nearer to the land of rest,

“The Saints' secure abode.”

24.—We celebrated a great Sabbath school festival to day. The friends connected with this institution chartered the steamer “Nequassett,” hence to Saint Andrews and back again. The children, with their parents, teachers, and friends, amounting to upwards of three hundreds, all landed safely at Saint Andrews, and went in procession from the principal wharf to a beautiful grove outside of the town. Here a very abundant and *recherche* feast was served up *a la fete Champêtre*, and after this was disposed of, the young people and children indulged for a considerable time in various gymnastic exercises. About 4 o'clock P. M. the whole party embarked at “the Point,” and after a very pleasant trip to Calais, arrived at Mill Town, in health and safety. Thanks be to God, for all his mercies.

## RAILROAD DEMONSTRATION AT SAINT JOHN.

September 14.—This dear old city has had many a gala day, and has passed through many an eventful one. We have heard of the notable day when the indignant Blue-noses burnt the late Lord Sydenham in effigy, having previously carried the said effigy through the principal streets of the city. A few years after this harmless *Auto de Fé*, his Lordship, as Governor General, actually visited Saint John; and the inhabitants being apprised of his intention, received him in a most gratifying manner with deputations, addresses, processions, so that the city enjoyed all the pleasures of a festive day, and a day of rejoicing. The opening of the crystal palace—the opening of the fountain in King's square—and other public events, such as political exhibitions, and temperance demonstrations, have treated Saint John to many a holiday; but the railroad display surpassed them all.

His Excellency came down from the Celestial city, (Fredericton) attended by a suitable, though terrestrial escort. He came down in all the pomp and panoply of vice-regal state; and his excellent lady turned up—yes, actually turned up the first sod of “the great European and North American Railway;” and His Excellency himself wheeled it off in state, of course. And then—what then?

Why, the bands struck up the National Anthem—the city bells rung a merry peal—the people shouted and cheered, and cheered and shouted, and the sun shone out with a fierceness which expressed at once, his joy on the occasion, and his determination to keep the sky bright, and treat the good folks of Saint John to a great and memorable day.

To finish the celebration of so important an event as the turning up, and the wheeling off of the said first sod, there were fire-works—and after the fire-works, a ball—and after the ball, a supper—and after the supper, supplementary dancing—and in the midst of the dancing a crash—a giving way of the temporary building in which these orgies were performed, and by which several persons were severely maimed and wounded, and one young man killed.\*

The day for turning up the second sod, like the Greek calends, has not arrived yet, and the day on which the first sod was detached from its natural position, turned out to be, *dies infaustus*, an unfortunate day.

#### MOVEMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our neighbours “over the border” are an energetic

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\* This road, or rather project, has been since abandoned.

race, and have to adopt multifarious expedients, and almost countless projects, to furnish occupation for their teeming brains and busy hands. This arises, no doubt, from the national diversities that obtain in the gross population; from the boundless extent of the country, presenting vast fields for speculation and enterprise; and from the flexibility of their domestic institutions, and the self-protecting character of their foreign and commercial policy.

There is another circumstance which has greatly contributed to the growth of manufactures, and to the prosecution of the arts and sciences, and even the liberal professions, in the United States. We allude to their freedom from the conventional usages and laws which in older countries have so long regulated municipal corporations, trades, the civil rights of cities, and the operation and government of universities. In many parts of Europe still, a lad must serve an apprenticeship to the most familiar and ordinary trade, of no less than seven years duration. That is, to acquire the art to make a shoe, or to bake a loaf, to kill a calf, or to dress his hide, he must devote seven long and tedious years, and unless he does so, he is disqualified from following such a pursuit, either as an operative, or an employer. The statutes of the universities were equally absurd and oppressive; but in the United States all this



cumbrous machinery has been swept away; full and free scope are afforded to the intelligence, the energy, and the ambition of all classes; and, although this freedom of choice and action may be sometimes abused, the working of it as a fixed and established principle has been productive of a vast amount of good. The advocates of the old system may say what they please; they may extol one system, and condemn the other; but still the Americans, in the mechanical branches, in the arts and sciences, and in the liberal professions, are "going a-head" rapidly and prosperously; and to all that are so sceptical on this subject as to require proof, we say, in the language of a Latin poet, "*Si quaeris monumentum circumspice te*": if you want evidence look all around you.

I have been led, without any intention, into these remarks, by having my notice drawn, through a portion of the press, the American press, to the following matters, which are discussed in a very racy article, and from which we make the annexed quotation:—

"The whole commonwealth is just now engaged in the discussion of almost innumerable subjects. These are chiefly, the Maine Liquor Law, the Railroad to the Pacific, Free Trade, Free Soil, the Fisheries, Nebraska, Nicaragua, Abolition, United

States Bank, Steam Navigation, and last, but not least, Women's Rights. The meetings held for the vindication of the last measure are very frequent, and sometimes boisterous. And among the ludicrous results of this false assumption, we notice lately the ordination of Antoinette Lucy Brown, as pastor over a Baptist church, in Borden Town, New Jersey. There were present on the occasion a brace of Senators, an equal number of female M.D.'s, and some other fair celebrities in theology and science.

"Surely the men are going out of fashion. Their pre-eminence is waning away, and their glory is departing. They will soon become obsolete." "*Jacta est alea.*" The die is cast.

Sunday, October 25.—"The tabernacle of God is with men." We feel it; and are persuaded that He is not only among us, but is waiting to be gracious. One of the great hindrances to the spread of pure religion here, is Popery. We feel it, it spreads like a cloud over the whole community. But God will "destroy it with the spirit of his mouth, and consume it with the brightness of his appearing." The time will come when God will root it out. Human policy, court intrigue, military force, and Jesuitical strategy may prop it up for a while; but its doom is no less certain; its total destruction, though deferred, is inevitable. Para-

lysis has seized it ; its last sickness has fallen upon it ; and before long, the evangelical churches will exult in its death, and say, " Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth, is slain, and the blood of the saints is avenged."

Sunday, Nov. 9.—This is the day of the Lord ; and we will be glad and rejoice in Him by His name " JAH." I have had great liberty to day, especially in the forenoon, while preaching from 2 Cor. viii. 9. Jesus was poor indeed ; He had neither house, nor home, nor friends. He traversed the lakes of Judea in boats belonging to His disciples, held the Pass-over in a borrowed room ; had nothing to bequeath but His blessing ; and was buried at the expense of a friend ; but now He is so rich, and withal so munificent, that thrones, kingdoms, imperishable inheritances, and everlasting possessions are the gifts He bestows, and the favours He confers, upon all His ransomed followers. Blessed be His name for ever.

" For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,  
With every morning sacrifice."

November 23.—Preached this morning with great comfort, and was encouraged by some tokens for good. Surely such blessed truths cannot be preached in vain. The Gospel is the power of God

unto salvation ; not an instrument of his power merely, but the power itself. The power of God put forth to save souls. It possesses vitality, wisdom, grace, power, love. The Gospel gives life to the dead ; it makes wise the simple ; it affords grace in every time of need ; it gives strength and power to the weak and faint, and fills all that fully believe it with "the perfect love that casteth out fear." We have this Gospel ; the same that Paul preached in Rome, and in Corinth, and in Ephesus. The same that Peter preached in Jerusalem, and throughout Judea, and in Pontus, Galatia, and Cappadocia. We have the same Gospel ; it retains its original character in all its plenitude ; and though we are not extraordinary messengers, Jesus Christ is still the same ; the promise is still the same ; and that promise assures us that He will be with us always even unto the end. We believe it, and, therefore, do we speak, O may the Lord bless the preaching of his glorious Gospel to this people. *Amen.*

Let Rome depend on architecture and sculpture ; on painting and music ; on ceremonies, bells, and candles. We will depend upon "God, and the word of his grace ;" upon "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Feats and performances more extravagant than those of an Harlequin, cannot represent

religion ; nor can ecclesiastical masquerading establish among men that kingdom, which is "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

In the evening we found it good to wait upon the Lord again. His house was made a Bethel to our souls. Many were enabled to rejoice in his salvation ; O, how precious are the days of the son of man on earth ; they make the valley of Baca a well. On these blessed days especially, the rain cometh down that filleth the pools, and makes the church as a fruitful field which God hath blest.

January 10, 1855.—Set out to-day from Mill Town, accompanied by my dear wife, for Saint John. The roads are very bare, scarcely any snow, and the sleighing of course, is very bad. I undertake this journey from necessity, and in order to fulfill pressing and important engagements. At the last District meeting, brother Churchill and I were appointed the missionary deputation for the above city. I was also under an engagement to deliver two lectures at the Mechanics' Institute.

After a great deal of toil and hardship we arrived, about dark, at Mr. Macallum's at Digediguash, having in the whole day, performed a journey of about twenty miles.

When we had been seated a little while, I perceived that a boy, probably 10 years of age or there-

abouts, was very anxious to converse with me, and that the topic uppermost in his thoughts was *the war with the Russians*. This was while the public mind was filled with the emotions produced by the terrible battles of the Alma, and of Inkermann. The prodigious feats of valour performed by the Allies; and the more conspicuous chivalry and intrepidity of particular portions of the army, especially of the Scotch Brigade, seemed to have taken exclusive possession of this boy's mind. I spoke to him of the evils of war; the immorality that attended it; the orphanage and widowhood it produced, but all to no purpose; he could see but one feature in it, and that feature was the British beating the Russians. I tried to lead him off by adverting to his studies, to what he was learning; but it was no use, his voice was still for war; and a little before he retired, after a pause in the conversation, perceiving that he was about to resume the old familiar theme, I ventured to speak about arithmetic; and in an instant (Duncan,) I think that was his name, caught a new idea, and acting upon it with great promptitude, said, "don't you think Mr. ———, that the British would beat the Russians, though they were ten to one against them," and then went off saying, "I guess they would." Should this lad ever become a soldier, there is no doubt but he will sustain the traditional

eminence of the Clan Macallum, and if required, risk health, and life, and everything to help *the British to beat the Russians*.

January 11.—No snow having fallen during the night, and the roads hence to Magnadarick, and thence to Saint John being completely bare, we turned our face toward home; arrived early in the evening at Oak Bay, where we stopped all night; next morning started for Mill Town, and reached it in the afternoon, on the third day after we had left it.

Mr. Churchill, the other member of the deputation, was, also, prevented by an accident, from attending, so that we both failed. But the anniversaries were held without us, and were well sustained. The collections and donations were very large; a divine influence rested upon the various meetings, and this influence was felt in the societies and congregations during the remainder of the winter. To God be all the praise.

## CHAPTER XII.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL—MESSRS. WILLIAM AND RICHARD WRIGHT—MR. RICHARD THORNE, &C.—ALLUSION TO THE REFUGEES—CITY OF SAINT JOHN, &C.—FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

EARLY in February my dear wife and I renewed our attempt to reach Saint John, which we did in the usual time, and with as much comfort as could be expected to attend travelling at this season of the year. In a short time after entering the city, by “the Suspension Bridge,” we arrived at our quarters comfortable quarters too, at Mr. William Wright’s, in Brussell’s street. Here we found everything prepared for our reception, and a most ample stock of very superior hay and oats specially provided for our horse. In a few minutes we found ourselves at home, and so completely domesticated, that the inconvenience and fatigue of the journey were soon forgotten.

Sunday, February 14.—Preached in Germain street in the forenoon, and in the Centenary church in the evening. Morning congregation large, and apparently deeply interested in the service. In the evening the house was crowded, and God enabled me to deliver his message with considerable power.



After the evening service we held a prayer meeting in the basement story, at which, probably, from five to six hundred persons were present. The Lord was in their midst; His arm was made bare, and His saving power displayed. Of all the prayer meetings held throughout this great continent among Wesleyans, or any other denomination of Christians, perhaps there is not one better attended, or one that is more distinguished for devotional fervour and divine unction, than the Monday evening prayer meeting, held in the basement story of "the Centenary chapel, in the city of Saint John. There are very few circuits, if any, within the same vast extent, favoured with a more efficient staff of "praying brethren." In this spiritual band Mr. David Collins, Mr. Henry Marshall, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and others, occupy a distinguished place. Many, O many are the fervent and effectual prayers, that these zealous and devoted men have offered up to God. May He bless them yet more, and more, and keep them until prayer shall be swallowed up in praise, and faith in full and everlasting fruition.

Monday, 15.—Delivered one of the promised lectures this evening in the Mechanics' Institute. The weather was very favourable, and the walking good. The hall of the institute was crowded, and several had to go away, not being able to procure seats.

The subject was of a character rather interesting and popular, and owing to these circumstances, the lecture was well received by the audience, and commendably reviewed by the press.

Sunday, 21.—Preached to-day in each of the city chapels. The Lord the Spirit, as on former occasions, and in these very sanctuaries, cheered my soul with a sense of His divine presence, and strengthened me in my inner man, by the communication of His power. I trust the services of this blessed day will be made a blessing to many; they were to my own soul as honey and the honey-comb, more precious than gold, yea than much fine gold.

Monday, 22.—Lectured this evening in the Mechanics' Institute, and redeemed my pledge. The weather was rather unfavourable, but owing to the wonted kindness of the people, I was honoured with a full house, and the usual cordial and flattering reception.

The object of our visit being accomplished, and the time allotted for that purpose having expired, we began our preparations for returning. The arrangements were few and simple, and, therefore, soon completed. And hence, on Wednesday morning, we took leave of our kind host and hostess. The weather was fine; the roads in excellent order; our equipage in good condition; and after a very

pleasant journey, performed in two days, we arrived, through the special goodness of our Heavenly Father, in our own quiet and comfortable home; supplied with additional material for agreeable and grateful reflection in the kindness and benevolence of our dear friend, Mr. William Wright.

This gentleman, and his brother, Mr. Richard Wright, are practical ship-builders, and have contributed very largely to elevate New Brunswick built vessels to the distinguished reputation they now enjoy. - The Messrs. Wright commenced life not many years ago, having little else, probably, than a good character, industrious habits, and a determination to go a head, and to succeed. Their career has been alike characterized by probity, honour, and prosperity, and the position they now occupy at the head of the ship-builders of the Eastern Provinces, furnishes another instance, in addition to the numerous ones, which the history of trade and commerce supplies, of what may be achieved by uprightness, ability, and perseverance.

This firm has built some of the best and largest ships that have been constructed in British America. It is not necessary to enumerate them all; indeed, the list, though it would present a great array of both ships and tonnage, would engross more space than is at our disposal; we shall, therefore, only

mention "the David Cannon," "the Beejeepore," "the Dundonald," "the Guiding Star," "the Star of the East," and the "Morning Light," recently launched; and that is, at present, the largest vessel ever built by any of our Colonial ship-wrights. But, touching the character and dimensions of this superb specimen of naval architecture, the American papers speak in the highest terms of commendation and praise. The following is one eulogy selected from many of a similar character.

"The New Brunswickers have abundant reason to be proud of their feats in ship-building; and are now saying a good deal, but not a word too much, in favour of the ship "Morning Light," lately launched at Saint John. She is 265 feet long, and measures 2,368 tons, and is said to be the finest and most expensive ship ever built in British North America."

We spent more than a fortnight at Mr. Wright's; cared for in every respect; and so abundantly furnished with every thing that good taste and hospitality could supply, that the only imperfection in our visit was the brevity of its duration. I refer to it now with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret; and should we never again see this kind friend, in the flesh, we hope that, through the infinite mercy of God, we shall meet him, and his generous and

noble hearted wife, and his amiable sister, where there is no parting ; and where we shall spend a blessed eternity, and that eternity seem like a day. This may be so ; it is the purpose of God that it should be so ; and the sincerity, as well as the fervour of that purpose, may be inferred from the adequate and suitable provision made for its attainment.

There are many others, of whose Christian courtesy and kindness we have largely partaken, but want of space, and many other circumstances, render it impossible to do more than gratefully acknowledge it. Indeed so numerous is this class in Saint John, that the record of their names would form a very lengthy document ; but nevertheless, it would be almost criminal—gratitude, if consulted, would pronounce it to be felony, were we to omit the names of our dear friends, “ the Poor Steward ” and his generous and hospitable wife ; we allude to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thorne. Their house was our last resting place, our last home, in New Brunswick. Their dear familiar faces were among the last we saw, and should we never see them again on earth, we hope to meet them in Heaven, where,

“ Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine ;  
And every shape and every face  
Be heavenly and divine.”

To these beloved friends in Christ, and to Mr.

and Mrs. Aaron Eaton, in whose dwelling we found our first New Brunswick home, we now present our lively and grateful remembrance. May the Lord bless them and their families in all their branches, and through all their generations. *Amen.*

When the renowned Apostle of the Gentiles, wished to draw up a muster roll of the ancient worthies and leading men of Israel, he was obliged to do it in a summary manner, and hence he uses this elegant expostulation:—"And what shall I more say, for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Sampson, and of Jephthae, of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets;" and the writer can plead the same apology for not inserting the names of many in Saint John, in Montreal, in Toronto, and in other places, from whom he has received many personal favours, and to whom he is greatly attached.

All he can do is, to emulate the naive and comprehensive reciprocity of the Indian Chief Shawandais, *alias* John Sunday, and like him, shake hands with them all in his heart. This I do ex animo, with all my heart and soul, and not only do I perform this act of friendship and love with them, and in this symbolical way; but by the anticipations of faith and hope, I do it with many others that have fallen asleep in Jesus. They "have crossed

the flood," and are now ranging over "the sweet fields" that "stand dressed in living green." We see them; they are clothed in white raiment, they have crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and the Lamb's name written upon their foreheads. They see us; the recognition is mutual; it springs from the unity of the church and the fellowship of the saints. This is heaven on earth begun; a foretaste of bliss and an "earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory."

"Even now by faith we join our hands,  
With those that went before;  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands,  
On the eternal shore."

We shall now take our final leave of Saint John, by offering some remarks of a general description, relating to its past history, present condition, and future prospects.

This city is situate at the mouth of the river Saint John, where it forms itself into a safe and commodious harbour, and through which it flows into the Bay of Fundy. It was settled by some loyalists, who fled from the revolted American colonies, now the United States, during the progress of the revolution. We have no means at present to determine either the amount, or the quality of their

allegiance, nor can we form any correct estimate of the privations they endured, or the courage they manifested, or say anything positively of the losses they sustained, or the sacrifices they made. A good deal has been said on all these subjects; and they have been sometimes made the basis of claims and assumptions neither very limited, nor very modest.

In New Brunswick, the loyal refugees and their descendants, generally speaking, have fared exceedingly well. They have had more than Benjamin's portion; they have had the lion's share. The family compact party consisted of refugees and their connexions, and from the settlement of the Province, until a few years ago, when responsible government was introduced, they had everything their own way; office, emoluments, titles. They grasped all, and as long as they could, they held all. Many of them were amiable and honourable men in private life, and in their mercantile transactions; but their political inspirations were imbibed from the fountains of the most rabid Toryism, while their religion seemed to consist of nothing more than a subscription to the thirty-nine articles, and a hatred of the Dissenters.

These people, however, founded Saint John, and their descendants attach so much importance to that



event, and regard it with such intense feelings of traditional veneration, that they still celebrate the anniversary thereof with commendable zeal and spirit.

The city lies on both sides of the harbour, and contains a population of from twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants. The original charter was very narrow and exclusive, framed upon the feudal principle, and in such a way that the corporation was under the direct control of the government, while the mayor himself was, *de facto, de jure*, their mere nominee. This charter was lately cancelled, and a new and liberal one enacted in its place; and, by virtue of this instrument, the municipal government is vested in a mayor, and a certain number of aldermen and councillors, all elected by the popular suffrage of the free-holders and rate-payers.

The history of this city, though a brief one comparatively, has been marked by many, and by very painful vicissitudes. It has suffered deeply and frequently by commercial depressions, and most disastrous fires. Indeed the business part of the city has been twice literally reduced to ashes, but still, under a gracious providence, the indomitable energy and unwearied perseverance of the people have carried them through all, and Saint John, like the fabled bird, has risen from its ashes, and is now more

comely and beautiful than it ever would have been had it not passed through these terrible but renovating ordeals. All the burnt districts are built up with large and substantial stone and brick edifices ; so that King street, Prince William street, Rocky hill, the North Market wharf, Dock street, Nelson street, &c., present a very imposing appearance.

This city is well provided with suitable places of worship for the various Protestant denominations, and the Roman Catholics are now erecting a very large cathedral, which, for size and architectural beauty, will surpass every ecclesiastical edifice in the Eastern provinces.

Saint John possesses two very handsome squares, and a very respectable supply of public buildings. Among the latter, the Custom House, the Court House, the Banks, and the Mechanics' Institute are the most prominent. There are also in the vicinity of the city, but in different directions, the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, a magnificent Suspension Bridge, an Alms-house, and the Provincial Penitentiary. The streets are kept clean, and well lighted ; a great improvement is going on in sewerage, and in wharf accommodation, and the erection of a new Town Hall is contemplated. Several of the stores and ware-houses are really magnificent ; and, taken altogether, Saint John, in all that constitutes a colonial city, has very few superiors.

The business consists almost exclusively of ship-building, the manufacture and exportation of lumber, and the fisheries. These departments of industry supply the principal exports; and it is thought that the repeal of the navigation laws, and the conclusion of the late reciprocity treaty, will render these different pursuits more remunerating than they have hitherto been.

In our humble opinion, a high and prosperous career lies before Saint John; its future is calculated to inspire large conceptions, and lofty anticipations. In less time, probably, than we imagine, the shores of the Atlantic, and those of the Saint Lawrence, and of the Bay of Fundy, will swarm with an industrious and enterprising race; and *then* there will be large cities, and populous towns and harbours in all these coasts, and among them the city of Saint John will lift up its head crowned with metropolitan dignity, and demonstrating in her prosperity the truth of her civic motto, "*O fortunati quorum jam ænia surgunt.*" The tongue that expresses these opinions will be dumb, and the hand that records them will be mouldered into dust, but such a degree of social and municipal progress, progress in religion, in law, in art and literature, in politics and commerce; in short, so general and so rapid a progress will mark the future history of the North American

provinces, that Saint John, owing to its position and maritime facilities, will be borne upward, and carried forward by this great and impulsive force, and will become one of the chief marts, and principal cities of the eastern section of this vast continent.

#### EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

I have just finished reading "the book of Ruth." There is not in the whole range of profane literature such an exquisite narrative. Paine in his scurrilous strictures on this inspired book betrays at once the immorality and the illiteracy of the infidel. An open and avowed scoffer at revelation, his endeavours to repudiate this, as well as every other part of the sacred canon, does not so much excite our surprise, as his inability to appreciate the fine feelings and exalted virtues of Ruth, does; and yet his infidelity and his obtuseness are cast into the shade by the fiendish malignity he evinces, in traducing her, and aspersing her motives, as well as those of Naomi and Boaz.

But the filial tenderness of the one, the disinterestedness and bereavement of the other, and the affability, graceful benevolence and piety of the third, will live in the imperishable records of Sion, and afford comfort and edification to thousands and tens of thousands, long after the name and the me-

mory of their slanderer are forgotten like a tale that is told.

I am greatly interested in Mr. Wesley's journals; what an extraordinary man; and how admirably qualified for the great work to which God had called him. Great zeal, tempered with great prudence; ripe scholarship, with great simplicity; burning with the love of God, and the love of man; and constantly warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. Of a truth he was the Paul of modern times. "In perils oft, in labours more abundant."

This truly great and good man well deserved the following poetic eulogium, said to have been pronounced upon him by a young lady, in reply to one who spoke disparagingly of his ministerial labours:

" See him yonder in the north,  
Daily spreading good around;  
Loves to set his Saviour forth,  
Sluggish he is never found;  
East and West, and South may see  
Wesley's love and labour free."

The wrongs and the crimes of Ireland have often and deeply affected me; sometimes my heart has swelled with indignation, and not unfrequently has it burned with shame. I have thought on her misery and degradation, her strife and bloodshed,

her religious animosities, and her agrarian wars; but scarcely has the remembrance of these, at any time, caused a stronger throb in my heart, or a deeper blush on my cheek, than has the reading of a circumstance related by Mr. Wesley, in the fourth page of the third volume of his journals. The following is an extract *verbatim et literatim* :—

On the 19th of August, 1749, the Grand Jury of Cork, made the following memorable presentment :

“ We find and present Chas. Wesley, to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of his Majesty’s peace, and we pray he may be transported.”

“ We find and present Jas. Williams, &c.; we find and present Robert Swindle, &c.; we find and present Jonathan Reeves, &c.; we find and present John Larwood, &c.; we find and present Joseph Macauliff, &c.; we find and present Chas. Sharon, &c.; we find and present Wm. Tooker, &c.; we find and present Dan. Sullivan, to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of his Majesty’s peace, and we pray he may be transported.”

Such was the liberality of an Irish Protestant Grand Jury, to an exemplary and pious Protestant clergyman, and a little band of pious Protestant Christians, who were striving together with him,

to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

Surely the language of the satirist would be applicable to the conduct of these sapient and discriminating conservators of His Majesty's peace, person, crown, and dignity.

"O judgment thou art fled to brutish beasts  
And men have lost their reason."

I have just now closed a careful perusal of a very useful and clever work, entitled "Keith on the Prophecies." The author is a clergyman of the Scotch National Church; and in the examination of the subject, he confines himself entirely to a review of those palpable and literal predictions, the fulfilment of which is proveable from history. And certainly the present forlorn and abject condition of Jerusalem, Babylon, Tyre, Sidon, Nineveh, &c., stamp the broad and legible seal of God's inspiration upon the prophecies delivered by the ancient seers of Judah and Israel. "Prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

How clear, how distinct and luminous must have been the view, which those holy men obtained of the future history, and fate of those large and opulent cities. They described their state as accurately as if they were relating what they beheld with their

own eyes, instead of foretelling what did not transpire till centuries after they were gathered to their fathers.

In tracing out the accomplishment of these historic predictions, Mr. Keith refers to the testimony of travellers of unimpeachable veracity; men who personally explored those countries, and related the substance of their research for other purposes, than to show the truth of prophecy. But in no instance has he availed himself of this species of evidence with more decided success, than in his repeated allusions to Volney's ruins of Empires. Here no partiality can be suspected; and the ingenuity, the research, and the enterprise of the unbelieving and sceptical traveller are all over-ruled, and made subservient to the sovereign purposes of the great Jehovah. Verily there is a God that judgeth the earth, and the wrath of man praises him.

Rode to day for several miles in company with a Presbyterian minister who had received his education at Picton Academy. We discoursed pretty freely on some of the contested dogmas of Calvinism and Arminianism. He was very inflexible; and defended, not in a logical, or scriptural way, but with great pertinacity, the doctrine of unconditional election; the final perseverance of the Saints; and the impossibility of being fully saved until death.



His imperfect defence of his creed surprised me, and his deficiency as a textuary surprised me still more. I was enabled not only to maintain my own position, but to assail his with such force, that he desired an armistice, saying that we could renew the conflict another time. We then pursued our journey, discussing various subjects, until we arrived at a place called Cherry Valley, where we tarried all night, and were courteously and hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, both professors of religion, and greatly respected by all their neighbours.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SPECIAL REMINISCENCES—STRANGE INTERRUPTION—SOME  
ACCOUNT OF TRISTFUL AND HIS FOLLOWERS—BRIEF  
SKETCHES OF SOME PARTICULAR PERSONS.

It has been my lot, during an itinerancy of nearly a quarter of a century, to meet with many persons, and to be connected with many occurrences which deserved to be noticed. An allusion to them will serve to show human nature under several phases and various modifications, in the same manner that the Kaleidoscope, acting upon enclosed, but moveable objects of various colours, produces a great variety of appearances and images.

I shall now commence our optical performance, or rather evoke these reminiscences, and present them as they come forth, in their own proper shape and person.

At the very commencement of my missionary career, I was thrown into circumstances of a somewhat ludicrous nature, and although several years have elapsed since they took place, I have always retained a very lively recollection of them. The first was on this wise. The late Rev. S — B —, then superintendent of Charlotte Town, and myself

went to hold a missionary meeting a few miles from town, at a place I think called "*Little York.*"

The meeting was held in a barn half filled with hay, and with different kinds of grain lately gathered in.

When we arrived, the building was crowded with people ; some huddled together upon the hay and corn, and others on every kind and description of seats, arranged on the floor. The pulpit, a dilapidated flour barrel, stood in a corner, bottom up, and a Bible and hymn book, both the worse of wear, placed upon it. To this quarter we made our way as best we could, and at length gained our position.

Mr.— then took the Bible and Hymn book off the barrel ; turned it upside down, and very gravely told me to get into it. I tried, but could not succeed ; tried again, and down came barrel, preacher and all ; some shouted, some cried glory, some one thing, and some another ; the people seated on the hay and grain became excited, and came sliding and rolling down one after another, but in the midst of all this involuntary and harmless disorder, some one struck up a tune, and in a few minutes the troubled waters were assuaged, while several voices sung, as only English voices can sing, these defiant and animating words,

" We are soldiers fighting for our God,  
Let trembling cowards fly ;

We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixed,  
For Christ to live and die ;  
Let devils rage, and hell assail,  
We'll fight our passage through ;  
Let foes unite, and friends desert,  
We'll seize the crown, our due."

The service now commenced ; God poured out his spirit in a very copious manner. The word fell with power on the whole congregation, some fainted and swooned away, others cried for mercy, some clapped their hands and shouted for joy, and the whole place seemed to be filled with the presence and glory of God. After the preaching, a collection was made in behalf of Foreign missions ; and the amount obtained proved that the fervour of the people proceeded from the right source ; and that they loved not in word and in tongue only, but also in deed and in truth.

Shortly after this, while I was preaching in another part of the Charlotte Town Circuit, I experienced a very novel species of interruption. I cannot remember the name of the place ; the meeting, however, was held in a very large room, in a farm house, and a kind of clothes line was drawn across the room, in a horizontal direction with where I stood. The apartment was rather long, and crowded with people ; and as I stood on the floor, I suppose some at the extremity of the congregation could not see me. I observed a man in the congregation

with his chin resting very composedly upon the clothes line. He appeared to listen very attentively, and as one that loved "the joyful sound;" but still he would frequently withdraw his eyes from me, and look all through the apartment—then at me, as if he was measuring me; and at last he cried out, in a very earnest and impassioned manner, "that man is *not tall enough* to be a minister;" "he is too short to preach the Gospel;" and without more ado, he forced his way through the crowd and went out, but soon returned, bearing a *pig trough* on his shoulder, and putting it down, *inverted, of course*, very good naturedly and devoutly said, "there, Brother, stand on that, and may the Lord bless you." And the Lord did bless me, and blest his word, and gave us a fruitful and a blessed season.

This man was well known; and the interruption he occasioned proceeded from his desire that all should hear, and, if possible, see the preacher. I know not whether he is living or dead: he may be still in the church militant; if not, I trust he is one of "the general assembly" in heaven, all of whom are tall enough; and where Zaccheus need not climb to see Jesus.

Another reminiscence, though somewhat different from the preceding ones, now occurs to my mind. One day a gentleman called on me at my lodgings,

desiring to see me, as he termed it, on particular business. Anxiety and apprehension seemed to be depicted on his countenance. I requested him to be seated, and to make me acquainted with the object of his visit ; and in an instant, and in the most abrupt manner he cried out, "*you are a Roman Catholic in your heart. That's what you are.*" "Indeed," said I ; "and pray, how did you make that notable discovery ?" "O," replied this penetrating, far-seeing genius, "last Sunday evening, when you were preaching, you crossed your hands very often. I saw it with my own eyes, and you can't deny it." How could any one gainsay such a conclusion ; what chance could I have with a man that knew the secrets of hearts ? I asked him if he ever saw a Romish priest in the pulpit. He said, no. If he ever heard one preach, and he replied in the negative, and went away saying, "I guess you are a Papist in your heart after all."

A young man, a native of this place, but who has spent some years in the United States, has lately returned, and set up a store. Among other commodities which he offers for sale are several useless, and some pernicious, books. I can hardly describe this individual ; he is perfectly unique in every thing. He talks as nobody else talks ; as if all he said was to be considered unmentionable ; and he walks as if his

heels were never intended to perform any part in that operation. He attends the preaching regularly, but I am not sure that he profits much by it; for I have heard of opinions and sentiments expressed by him, not very favourable to religion. In fact, they savour strongly of "Buddhism," only that they are, if possible, a little more absurd. I judge, that in this really droll specimen of humanity, the speaking organs, the walking organs, and the thinking organs were all either deranged, or forced to act apart for the sake of notoriety.

When we were stationed in the town of B——, in N. S., there was a young gentleman that attended the Wesleyan ministry, and went by the singular name of "no collection." This never sounded very well in our ears; it seemed too much like "no supplies." Mr. —— had been originally a churchman, and was very closely related to two or three Episcopal ministers. But he preferred the Methodists in every thing except in their Sabbath pecuniary operations; and always persisted in saying, as "the box" performed its rounds, "no collection;" and when he would be hard pressed on the subject, and the soundness of his principles controverted, he always quoted the authority of Saint Paul, reciting these words in a very self-satisfied and triumphant manner; and then exclaiming, "there is chapter

and verse for you." "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."—1 Cor. xvi. 1-2.

I have heard of *no Popery*, the war cry of the Protestants from the time of Gustavus Adolphus, until now ; and of *no surrender*, the watchword of the Orangemen ; but never, until as related above, did mine ears hear so harsh, so unmusical, and so un-Wesleyan a cry as *no collection*.

There is one person, and to pass him by without due and sufficient notice would be a gross dereliction of duty. Indeed he is too important to be overlooked, and too essential to the filling up of these pictures, to be excluded. Suppose we call him Tristful, not a very taking name, certainly, but still a very suitable one, for he published a book professing to be his own history, and which he designated "A Man of Sorrows."

The first time I ever saw Tristful, was in ——— Street, in the Town of ———. He and two other persons, an old man, and an old woman, were walking, not abreast but in Indian file ; not, however, in a straight line, but rather diagonally ; and holding each other by the hand. They exhibited all the degrees



of comparison, and presented a representation of odd, odder, and oddest, the superlative fairly belonging to T——. He had on, over his usual habiliments, a coarse camlet cloak, very much faded and worn, and secured round the waist by a cincture, or belt of the same quality. His hat partook of the antique and the Quaker style; and from under it, an immense mass of coarse and tangled hair obtruded and reached down to his shoulders; and as the interesting groupe went along, a constantly increasing retinue of boys and girls followed them romping and shouting all the way, until they turned into another street, when I lost sight of them.

This man had been a local preacher in England, and must have been a very popular one. He possessed considerable talent, and with more meekness and prudence would have been very successful in winning souls to Christ. But he was indiscreet, unstable, and censorious, was in the habit of speaking unadvisedly with his lips; was a perfect camelcon in his religious views and principles, and made for himself a whole host of enemies.

The second time I saw the subject of this allusion, was in the congregation, in the Methodist Chapel in —— . I was preaching from these words, "These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them; for he is Lord of Lords, and King

of Kings ; and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful.”—Rev. xvii. 14. He declared that it was all intended for him ; that I held him up as one warring against the Lamb ; and declared that he and his followers were opposed to Christ, as were all Methodist seceders ; and that those who remained with us, were with Christ, and were his followers, “ called, and chosen, and faithful.” In the evening he preached in a large school-house near our chapel ; and in the course of his sermon favoured me with a little coarse animadversion. He also attacked the Baptists in a very trenchant and furious manner, alleging, that in Halifax, at least, they had departed from God—1st, By administering the ordinance in a tank, or cellar ; 2nd, By the administrator wearing india-rubber pantaloons while he was performing the ceremony ; and 3rd, By giving the immersed, or baptized persons, stimulants to prevent them from catching cold.

He formed churches in various parts of N. S., and became so popular, that several hundred copies of his likeness in lithograph, were gratuitously distributed amongst his followers and friends. It was a good resemblance, and I remember that under the likeness itself, these words were inscribed, “ the Rev. ———, the first Protestant Methodist preacher that ever visited Nova Scotia.” I saw but one copy

of this print; and under the foregoing words, some one had written as follows, "And I hope he may be the last. Amen."

In a short time the mystery of iniquity began to work; jealousies, heart-burnings, disputes and railing accusations rapidly followed each other, and dispersed "the Tristfulites" in every direction, and compelled Tristful himself to strike his tent, and go away into parts unknown. "*Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*"

Individual peculiarities disclose the results produced by the operation of our depraved hearts, in many and various ways. They sometimes involve gross ignorance as to spiritual things, and sometimes they consist of a striking species of immorality. These remarks are recorded almost before I was aware of it, and are the effect of my calling to mind another character, with whom I have met in the course of my itinerant travels. Mr. B—— was a very gentlemanly man, of good family, and well connected. He was formerly in the army, and was reputed a good soldier, and an excellent officer. He retired on half-pay, but for some years previous to his retirement, he enjoyed a lucrative staff appointment, so that he was in easy and comfortable circumstances. This gallant son of Mars called himself "a churchman"; was wont to say

that his father before him was one; and that he never would be anything else. But still, notwithstanding all this professed attachment, B—— for years prior to his death never went to church, although it was very near him. He persisted in this course until his death; and the reason was, because he could not go as a military man, in his uniform, in company with soldiers, regularly paraded for divine service, and conducted to the house of God with martial music.

This eccentric gentleman, it might be added, served for a considerable period in the eighty-eighth, or Connaught Rangers; was very soldierly in his appearance and demeanour; and were he still in the flesh, might be fairly set down, indeed duly gazetted, as one of "the church militant," but unattached, and serving for the present in the recusant battalion.

But all these portraits, the reader is disposed to say, are rather sombre and gloomy, and while we look upon them a shade of melancholy comes over us. Well, but you forget that you have been looking through a kaleidoscope, in whose tube dark substances only were enclosed; so that what you complain of is a natural effect, is in accordance with the laws of optics, and demonstrates the fidelity of the instrument. Let us now look through one contain-

ing exclusively bright substances, and such as will reflect only pleasing and agreeable figures.

To begin, Mr. ——— is one of the excellent of the earth ; view him in whatever light you please, regard him under any aspect, consider him in any, or all, of the various relations of life, and you will find very little, very little indeed, to reprove or condemn, while you will find a great deal to applaud and admire. In the church, and in the world, he is a pattern of candour and uprightness. He is little in profession, but large in practice ; frugal in all his domestic arrangements, but liberal in his benefactions to the poor, and in his contributions to the church. A conservative in politics, and a Wesleyan in religion ; and as sound in his views and opinions, as he is exemplary in his walk and conversation.

This honoured friend has read a great deal, and has been for many years a close observer of mankind. His studies are creditable to his discrimination, and his literary preferences shew the purity of his taste, and the quality of his thinking. His favourite authors are Hannah More, Dr. Edward Young, Cowper, the poet, Burnet, the historian, and John Wesley, the divine, all of whom he seems to have “ read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested.” I know him well, and respect him

greatly ; and should I never see him on earth, I trust that we will, through the mercy of God, meet in heaven.

J. N. was well known in the —— circuit. He resided there for nearly half a century ; and during that time he was connected with the Methodist church. He filled all the offices that a layman could, and discharged the important duties appertaining to them with great efficiency and faithfulness. He was also custos of the county, and chief officer of the customs and excise departments ; and in these trying and responsible stations, he always endeavoured to keep a conscience void of offence, toward both God and man. He was a gentleman of the old school, one of the Sir Charles Grandison type. But the gentleman and the Christian were so harmoniously blended, that his politeness seemed to be the effect of his piety ; and they were so nicely equipoised, that his piety gave to his politeness the form of godliness.

The writer was stationed in ——, when he was a probationer, and in this Christian gentleman, he found a kind friend, a judicious counsellor, and an affectionate brother in Christ. J. N. died not long ago, full of days, and full of love. He went down to the grave “in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season,” and is now bound in the bundle of life with the Lord his God.

In one of the principal circuits of British North America, there dwells a man, who is well known, and greatly beloved by every one, that knows any thing of Methodism in that place. He has been a zealous and successful class leader for many, many years. He is still one ; and although he is waxing old, he is as fervent as ever ; always labouring for the good of souls “ in season, and out of season.” He is mighty in prayer, and powerful in exhortation ; always full of kindness and of love. I never heard any one speak evil of him ; indeed his exemption in this respect has become proverbial. He is, according to his means, very kind to the poor ; and in his intercourse with careless and impenitent persons, he is so pitiful and kind, that a harsh word never escapes from him. This excellent man of God, bears a name greatly honoured in the prophetic records, and in the royal line of Judah ; and when his Christian course is run, and his warfare ended, he will in “ the Holy City,” meet with many whose feet he turned thither, many whom he helped on the way, and many whom he saw crossing the flood that divides

“ The heavenly land from ours.”

There are many others with whom I have been acquainted, and whose character and position sup-

ply abundant and suitable material for pictural commemoration ; and although they all partake of the common joy, and are

“ One church above, beneath.”

they contain such a diversity, as would invest the whole series with all the charms of variety and contrast. From among these, one or two more may be selected as a specimen of the whole.

B——was a native of Dublin, Ireland, and was originally a member of the established church. In early life his prospects were very good, and his friends very numerous. He held for a long time the combined offices of vestry clerk and parish school-master, in Saint Werburgh's parish in the above city. He was, moreover, a serjeant in a yeomanry corps, commanded by the notorious John Claudius Beresford. These antecedents serve to shew that B. was a staunch Protestant, and a loyal subject. He must have been an Orangeman into the bargain ; for the riding house colonel, as Beresford was called, promoted none to the rank of non-commissioned officers, but those who belonged to that distinguished fraternity. When I knew this brother, he was old and feeble ; the martial spirit, if he ever had any, had given place to the spirit of Christ, and the carnal weapons to the weapons of a more righteous warfare.



B—— was very conscientious as a class-leader ; kept his book scrupulously neat, not a wrinkle in it, and the names, &c., very legibly written. He possessed many excellent traits, and among the rest a profound respect for the ministerial office, peculiar reverence for the Bible, and a great attachment to “ the house of God.” He departed this life about two years ago, full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost.

R—— is well known throughout all Canada as an exemplary and devoted follower of Jesus. His praise is in all the churches, but among the Methodists especially, is he esteemed and loved. He formerly belonged to the Presbyterian church, and in that communion knew something of the fear of God. It is to be feared, however, that he rested in the form, but knew little or nothing of the power of godliness.

Several years ago the Rev. James Caughey, the eminent revivalist, visited the place in which brother R—— then resided. His fame as an evangelist preceded him ; he commenced a series of special services in the Wesleyan church, and great crowds flocked to hear him. His efforts were crowned with great success, and among those brought to God by his ministry, was the subject of this reference. Brother R—— was brought into the full liberty of the Gospel, and his soul was made exceedingly

happy in the Lord, and his spirit rejoiced in God his Saviour.

Now came the trial of his faith, of his constancy. R—— is a medical man; and at the time of his conversion he enjoyed a very lucrative practice, chiefly among the Presbyterians. But he withdrew from *them* and joined the Methodists, and immediately his practice declined; his old friends forsook him; but the Lord has been his friend; and from the time he united himself with the people of his choice until now, he has never faltered, nor turned aside, nor stood still, but has held on, and gone on his way rejoicing. He is now living in ——, and still is a zealous and devoted class-leader; a beloved physician; a man of faith and prayer; “stedfast and unmovable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord.”

M—— is another of the worthies, with whom I have met in my walks round about Zion. He is a complete locomotive, and always going at full speed. He is no corruptionist, and is deadly opposed to sinecurism. But, after all, he is a thorough pluralist; and at this very moment, if I am not mistaken, he fills the office of chapel-steward, pew and rent collector, prayer-leader, class-leader, &c., and if it were necessary, and would promote the interests of Methodism, he would sweep the cross-

ings, or, like "the Danaides," draw water with a sieve. M—— is in heart and soul a Methodist; prays for it, gives his time to it, lays out his money upon it, and even sings for it. He'll raise the tune, open a prayer-meeting, light the lamps, kindle the fire, meet a class, deliver an exhortation; in short, do anything for the good of the cause, that would be pleasing in the sight of God.

This zealous brother, like R——, is blest with a most excellent wife, an eminently pious and devoted woman; a mother in Israel; and a woman precious in the sight of God. She has been a class-leader for many years; and still fills that important office, with great credit to herself, and great advantage to the church. God bless them both; and may they abound yet more and more in every good word and work, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

These photographs might be continued much longer; there is no scarcity of either subjects or light; and the peculiarities and excellencies of many living and dead might be worked up into pictures that would afford both pleasure and instruction. I might say a great deal of the meekness and simplicity of M., who invariably addressed the female members of the church as dear *sisthren*; of J., who innocently prided himself upon being the oldest member of the society in ——; and of N., a resident of the same

place, who claimed superiority over all, on the ground that *Mr. Wesley himself* laid his hands upon his head, when his mother held him up in her arms for that purpose. Of W., whose whole stock of exclamations consisted of "*no such thing*." With this he maintained our economy—enforced our discipline—protected the preachers—and conquered all opponents. Let any one venture to say that the salary of the ministers was too high, and in an instant he was silenced by "*no such thing*." In fine, this was his only weapon, but it was a formidable one, and suited his purpose much better than either the sword of Asmodeus, or the spear of Achilles. Alarmists, croakers, grumblers, &c., were all routed and discomfited by "*no such thing*."

We knew one who was never weary of talking about "Billy Dawson;" another who regarded "Gideon Ousely," as the embodiment of Apostolic zeal; one who awarded that honour to John Smith; another who contended that Irish Methodism was the most ardent and social; and many who claimed this pre-eminence for Methodism as it is in Yorkshire. Some of these beloved brethren have fallen asleep in Jesus, and some are still living, but not unto themselves; but unto him who died for them and rose again. To the praise of his name, to the glory of his grace, and to the honour of that form of

doctrine and discipline which he has so signally prospered and blest, be it said. I have known hundreds of men and women in our communion, who have been burning and shining lights; some of whom are now shining as stars in the spiritual firmament of heaven, while others are shedding the radiance of their character and example through the cloudy atmosphere of the church on earth.

“ Our glorious leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses,  
Show the same path to heaven.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### OBITUARY NOTICES OF SEVERAL WESLEYAN MINISTERS, &c.

The history of Methodism is richly fraught with materials which might be wrought into a most interesting and instructive biography. It has, under God, brought out of the world and into the church, a host of men, both ministers and laymen, who have in their day and generation been valiant for the truth, and zealous for the spread of the Gospel. Plutarch might have written their memoirs; and the Necropolis would have been honoured by the reception of their remains. But their record is on high, and their memorial is with their God. They require neither the historian, nor the sculptor, to perpetuate their fame, or preserve the recollection of their virtues. The Almighty testifies of them, as he did of Abel; and hence, although they are dead, they live by their influence, and speak by their example.

I design in this chapter to bestow special notice upon some of our deceased missionaries who laboured in the North American districts, and with whom I was, more or less, personally acquainted. They have all died since I entered the mission

field; and when I think of the sparing mercy of God vouchsafed to me, and of how I have been kept as in the hollow of His hand, I am constrained to adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

I may observe here, that the colours used in these mortuary pictures, are obtained chiefly from our connexional font, that is, the obituary contained in "the minutes of Conference," and that I do nothing more than supply a little filling up, and a few cheap frames.

William M'Donald departed this life at Liverpool, in Nova Scotia, on the 16th of March, 1834. He was a man of deep and uniform piety; distinguished, too, for great moral courage, and for an ardent attachment to our doctrines and usages. His talents were highly respectable; and his ministrations were generally crowned with the divine blessing. The sickness that preceded his death was severe in degree, and protracted in duration; but he found adequate support in the consolations of religion, and the prospect of immortality and eternal life. Mr. M'Donald possessed great facility for learning languages, and, had his life been prolonged, he would in all probability have made great proficiency in that department.

This dear brother was greatly beloved by his fellow-labourers in the ministry, and by a large circle of religious friends and acquaintances, not only in Nova Scotia, but also in Canada, where he had previously laboured.

George Newlove was a young man of fervent piety, and promising abilities. He was appointed to the Canada District, but lived only a few weeks after his arrival there. He died in Montreal of malignant cholera, ten hours after the commencement of the attack, on the 26th of June, 1832. His sufferings, though brief, were severe; but he was enabled not only to endure them, but even to triumph over them, and to die rejoicing in Jesus Christ.

Thomas Crosthwaite; who, having obtained the knowledge of salvation through faith in Christ, was led deeply to feel on account of the perishing state of sinners, and offered himself as a Christian missionary. While he sustained this character, (a period of about six years, part of which was spent in Nova Scotia, and part in the West Indies,) he gave full proof of his ministry. The love of Christ constrained him to devote all his powers to the service of his Divine Master; and he had the pleasure of knowing that his labour was not in vain, and that the Gospel which he preached was made to



several the savour of life unto life. He died of consumption, May 1st, 1836, in the thirty-first year of his age, and the sixth of his itinerancy, assuring all around him, that he relied upon the atonement of Christ for acceptance and eternal life.

John Barry.—He was a man of an amiable disposition, genuine piety, and of considerable talents for the work of the ministry. He was appointed a Missionary to the island of Jamaica, in 1824; and on his return in 1832, he had the opportunity of giving useful evidence before Committees of both Houses of Parliament, intimately connected with the interest of the negro race. He was afterwards appointed to Upper Canada and Bermuda: but having ruptured a blood-vessel, he returned to England with impaired health in 1836. After a short residence in Guernsey he visited America and the West Indies; but the means used for his recovery proved unavailing; and he died in Montreal, on the 21st of June, 1838. During his late visit to Jamaica (the former scene of his labours,) he manifested his attachment to the doctrines and discipline of Wesleyan Methodism, by zealously opposing the efforts of a party who have been endeavouring to agitate and divide our societies in that island. In his last illness he was graciously supported; and resting on

the atonement of Christ, he died in peace, and in the joyful hope of everlasting life.

Samuel Stuart Johnson, assistant missionary ; a young man of deep piety and ardent zeal. He was a native of Harbour-Island, in the Bahamas, and was called to the work of the ministry soon after his conversion to God. In the year 1835 he was appointed by the Conference to labour in the Nova-Scotia District ; from whence, in consideration of his health he was removed to Bermuda. Here, however, his indisposition was such as entirely to disqualify him for his public duties, and he returned to the place of his birth early in the year 1837 ; where, after suffering severely for some time from the effects of pulmonary consumption, he died full of faith and hope.

Robert H. Crane ; who was a native of Nova Scotia, and for some years laboured as a Missionary in various Circuits of the British Provinces. In the year 1832 he was appointed to the West Indies, and preached in St. Vincent's for about three years. He was then removed to Tobago, and after fulfilling his time there, he was again stationed in St. Vincent's. Infirmary had induced him to request a return to his native land, and this had been granted ; but just as he was preparing to take leave of his brethren at their approaching District Meeting, he

was called to sicken and to die. He was seized with severe fever on Wednesday, the 30th of January, 1839; and continued to get worse until the 3rd of February, when he fell asleep in Jesus. This was the first Sabbath of the District Meeting, and most of the preachers were present. His funeral took place the next day, and the whole population appeared deeply affected. His remains were attended to the grave by a very large concourse of spectators. Brother Crane was brought to God in early life, under the preaching of a Missionary sent out from home, and he considered himself as the fruit of Missionary labour. He was of a mild and affectionate temper, a lover of Methodism, and was beloved for his kindness by the brethren with whom he laboured.

William Murray.—He was a native of Bernard Castle, Durham, and in early life was made a subject of saving grace. Soon after his conversion, under a conviction of duty to God and his church, he offered himself as a candidate for our Mission work, and was accepted by the Conference. For several years he laboured in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with benefit to many souls. In 1834 he was appointed to the Newfoundland District, where he preached the Gospel with zeal and acceptance in the Harbour Grace and Port de Grave Circuits. During his stay in the latter Circuit, his

health became so impaired that his immediate removal from the island was necessary. After visiting his native land, and the West Indies, without any improvement in his health, his afflictions were augmented by the death of his beloved wife, who exchanged mortality for life, in St. John, New Brunswick. From that time his affliction increased; but his consolation in the Lord became stronger. To many of his brethren he gave satisfactory evidence of his well-grounded hope in his Redeemer; and terminated his extreme sufferings on the 16th of January, 1840.

Jesse Wheelock; who, five years ago, was recommended for our work, but was subsequently compelled to retire in consequence of bad health. He was an excellent and promising young man; of an amiable disposition, deep piety, and fervent zeal. He was useful whilst actively engaged in the ministry, adorning the doctrine of Christ; and as he lived, so he died, a witness of the power of God to save. He exchanged mortality for life on the evening of the 18th of May, 1841. He had frequently, during the day, earnestly prayed for the coming of his Lord. A short time before he breathed his last, he expressed his firm hope of eternal happiness through the merits of Christ; whose gracious promise, "I will come again and receive you unto my-

self, that where I am, there ye may be also," he quoted whilst passing through the valley of the shadow of death.

John Raine, a native of Yorkshire. After a life which evinced the reality of his faith, trusting in the atonement and infinite merits of his Saviour, he died in great peace, at the Mission-House, Melbourne, Eastern Canada, in the forty-first year of his age, and in the eleventh of his ministry. He was remarkably diligent in the improvement of his mind, and made great progress in the attainment of theological knowledge. He united with a modest and unassuming deportment, more than ordinary fervour of spirit in the discharge of his pastoral duties. He was an ardent lover of Wesleyan Methodism, a faithful colleague, and a holy and useful Minister of the Gospel.

John S. Marsden ; who died at Peterborough Western Canada. He was brought to the saving knowledge of God in the year 1836, and entered on the work of the ministry in 1840. His zealous exertions for the promotion of the cause of God, and his urbanity of manners, greatly endeared him to those among whom it was his lot to labour. His constitution was impaired by severe toil and exposure in a Circuit consisting chiefly of new settlements. His illness was of only ten days' duration. During that

period, he enjoyed great peace of mind ; and died in the triumphant experience of the truth which he had delighted to proclaim. He fell asleep in Jesus on the 18th of September, 1845, in the thirty-third year of his age, universally lamented by the flock among whom he had exercised the pastoral office since the previous District Meeting.

William Webb, 1st, of Charlotte Town, Prince Edward's Island. His conversion to God in early life was followed by a deep conviction of obligation to a personal consecration of himself to Christ, in whatsoever manner Divine Providence might open his path. In 1827 he was received as a candidate for the missionary work, and sent out to Nova Scotia. After pursuing a course of unimpeachable integrity, and considerable ministerial success, he was seized with an illness which ultimately proved fatal. Every sentiment which he expressed, during his brief but severe affliction, evidenced great confidence in God, and was indicative of the strong consolation which he perpetually received. His brethren in the ministry being absent from the island upon District business, he was visited by a Clergyman of the Church of England, to whom he emphatically gave his last and glorious testimony to the truth and blessedness of his experience, in the following words :—" I am standing on the Rock ; I

have not believed in cunningly-devised fables ; but I feel the power of the Lord." He fell asleep in Jesus whilst his sorrowing family, with some pious friends, were in prayer commending his spirit to the God of his salvation. He died July 4th, 1847.

Stephen Bamford ; who was converted to God while in the army, in which he honourably served his Sovereign fourteen years. Three years after obtaining his discharge, Mr. Bamford was taken into our ministry, and was first stationed in Cumberland, Nova Scotia, in 1806. For nearly thirty years he laboured for the conversion of souls to God, and occupied successively most of our respectable circuits in that part of the world, with acceptance to our people ; and, although unable for the last twelve years of his life to undergo the fatigues and responsibilities of regular circuit-work, he laboured to the best of his ability in the capacity of a supernumerary. Mr. Bamford possessed naturally an active and vigorous mind, which he improved by valuable reading, and careful and accurate observation of men and things. But his best characteristics were, that he was a man of strong faith, of earnest prayer, and of a grateful spirit. His end was peace, resulting from a long-continued habit of implicit dependence on Jesus Christ as " the Lord his righteousness," and a consequent well-founded hope of im-



mortal life. He died at Digby, Nova Scotia, August 14th, 1848, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the forty-second of his ministry.

Robert L. Lusher; who having been converted to God in early life, through the instrumentality of Methodism, was called at the recommendation of the late Revds. Joseph Entwisle and John Gaulter, into our missionary work in 1817. During the first ten years of his ministry he occupied the most important of our mission stations in Canada and Nova Scotia; where by his uniform piety, his amiable disposition, his uncompromising integrity, his pastoral devotedness, and his highly acceptable and useful pulpit-labours, he won for himself the esteem and confidence, not only of his brethren, but also of the societies and congregations over which he was placed. He returned to England in 1827; and, after labouring for several years with great acceptance in some of the more prominent of our home circuits, he complied with the request of the missionary committee by again proceeding to Canada, as chairman of the Eastern District, and resuming his ministerial duties amongst the people of his former charge. His health, however, speedily declined; and he was obliged, in 1843, to desist from the full and regular labours of a Christian minister, and to become a supernumerary. His piety grew



with his intelligence and years. He was firmly attached both to our doctrines and our discipline, and he greatly endeared himself to his ministerial colleagues in all the circuits in which he laboured. The last years of his life were years of deep affliction and sorrow ; but they were years also of abundant spiritual consolation. His trust in the atonement of the Son of God was constant and unshaken ; and, in his last sickness, his prospects were peculiarly bright and cheering. Not long before his death he was heard to say, " My trust is in Jesus ;" and again,

" I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me."

Matthew Lang ; who was born in Ireland, in 1798, and brought up at Preston, Lancashire. In this town, when about sixteen years of age, he was converted to God through the instrumentality of Wesleyan Methodism. At the age of twenty-five, after having successfully discharged the duties of an Exhorter and Local Preacher, he was called into our ministry, and appointed to Canada, where he laboured as a faithful and diligent missionary during the remainder of his life. Of him indeed it may be said, that all the energies of his body and mind were devoted to the accomplishment of the great

purposes of that ministry to which he felt himself called by the Holy Ghost. He maintained an unblemished character during the whole of his public course, and was eminently distinguished by fervour and uniformity of zeal in seeking the glory of Christ and the salvation of man. He yielded to none of his brethren in attachment to the doctrines and established economy of Methodism, or in the faithful enforcement of its discipline. He was "in labours more abundant;" and his acceptable ministry was signally attended with the Divine blessing. He sustained with honour and integrity some of the most important offices in his District, and was at the time of his death chairman of the Eastern Canada District, and General Superintendent of its Missions. The oft-repeated desire of his soul, in his most devout frame, was that which is expressed in the words,—

"O that without a lingering groan  
I may the welcome word receive;  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live!"

His end was in accordance with this wish. While engaged in the service of the church, he was suddenly seized with sickness, which in twenty minutes terminated in death. His last utterance, and indeed the only one which he had power to articulate, was

in perfect unison with his unvarying trust in the atonement of Christ, and his untiring zeal for God's glory: "Sweet Jesus, help me to glorify Thee!" He died at St. John's, on the 21st of February, 1850, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the twenty-seventh of his ministry.

Sampson Busby; who was born at Rainton, in Yorkshire, on the 16th of February, 1790. His parents were members of the Established Church; and in the forms and principles of that communion they appear to have trained up all their children. During his early years, he was often the subject of good impressions; and although these did not directly issue in his conversion, they prepared him for the reception of "the grace of God that bringeth salvation." In the state of mind produced by these gracious visits from on high, he was accustomed to attend the Wesleyan chapel, then lately erected in his native town; and under a faithful ministry, he was first awakened to a full sense of his lost condition as a sinner, and soon obtained mercy, and was made "a new creature in Christ Jesus." After discharging with credit and efficiency the duties of Prayer-Leader, Exhorter, and Local Preacher he was received into the regular work, and appointed to labour in the Luton Circuit. Having for several months performed the work of an Evar-

gelist in this place, he repaired to London, and was ordained by the late venerable Dr. Coke and others, on August 28th, 1812. In the ensuing spring he was sent as a Missionary to Newfoundland. His labours in that island, during four years, were remarkably owned of God, and honoured in the salvation of many souls. During his ministerial life Mr. Busby was stationed for a short time in Prince Edward's Island; but the last twenty-nine years of that period were spent in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In both of these Districts the head of the church gave him many seals to his ministry and many souls for his hire. In his last illness he was sustained by the presence and grace of his heavenly Father, and was enabled to rejoice in the "perfect love" which "casteth out fear." He fell asleep in Jesus on Easter Sunday, March 31st, 1850, in the sixty-first year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his ministry.

Here are fifteen instances of mortality among the missionaries in British America; but this does not, perhaps, include more than half the number that has fallen fighting the battles of the Lord. Nine of these soldiers of the cross were Englishmen; three were natives of the Green Isle; and three were colonists. Seven fell early in the war, but not until they had obtained many laurels. The remain-

ing eight were spared to pass through many campaigns; were enabled to endure a greater amount of hardness; and to finish their period of service as gallant and faithful veterans.

Jesus the Captain of the Lord's host, was their leader and their commander; their fore-front and their rereward. He made his truth their shield and buckler; he taught their hands to war and their fingers to fight. He was to all of them, a present help in every time of trouble. In the day of adversity he blest them with patience, that they might endure, and in the day of battle he gave them boldness that they might fight and conquer. Through Him they stood manfully; through Him they won the well fought day; and through Him they "turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

"His word was their arrow.  
His breath was their sword."

And by His mighty power He brought them off more than conquerors; and now, as a part of "the armies of Heaven," they ascribe their victory to his free and unmerited love.

Concerning Mr. Webb, one of the departed brethren commemorated in these obituaries, I might add, that he was born in Bath, in Somersetshire; was brought up among the Congregationalists in that city; and was for a time an attendant upon the

ministry of the late Rev. William Jay, for whom he always entertained the most profound respect. The direct instrument of his conversion was the late Rev. Jonathan Edmonson; and it was under the auspices of this eminent servant of God, that he was conducted into the itinerant department, in which, as we have seen and known, he lived and laboured, until the head of the church was pleased to give him a resting place in Abraham's bosom.

The official notice in Mr. Barry's case is very defective; and this is the more surprising, inasmuch as there were in Montreal, at the time of his death, many available sources of information. He was an Irishman, an Irish Protestant, and eminently distinguished by several of the intellectual, and moral qualifications, for which the well educated classes of his countrymen are so celebrated.

As a preacher, very few of the Wesleyan missionaries excelled him. His sermons were invariably rich in thought and chaste in expression, and delivered with great earnestness and power. And had his life been spared, and circumstances required it, there is no position in Methodism that he was not capable of filling, with credit to himself, and with advantage to the connexion.

Mr. Barry had, in every place where he laboured, numerous and warmly attached friends; and in no

place more than in Montreal, where his name and his memory are greatly revered.

As a slight extension of the notice in Mr. Lang's case, I might state, that his parents removed to England, when he was very young; and that they settled in Preston, in Lancashire. They were both Methodists, and were successful in their endeavours to train up their child in the same way, and to lead him in the same path. As a Sabbath-school scholar, he was distinguished above all his juvenile contemporaries, for propriety of conduct, and proficiency in learning; and when at a very early age, he was promoted to be a Sabbath-school teacher. A consciousness of his responsibility was evidenced by the manner in which he performed his duty.

During the subsistence of the first union between the British and Canadian Conferences, the subject of these remarks laboured under the direction of the latter body, and was greatly esteemed throughout Western Canada. He advanced the interests of Methodism, in that part of the Province, in many ways; but especially while he filled the office of book-steward in Toronto, and while he presided over the Bay of Quinte District.

Mr. Bamford was universally known and beloved through all the Lower Provinces. It is stated in the official record of his death, that he had been

in the army for fourteen years ; and in connection with that fact, I would merely observe that he belonged to the 29th foot—that he served in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798—that his regiment formed a part of “the Walcheren Expedition”—that he was present at the siege of “Bergen-op-Zoom”—and that he was wounded there.

This corps afterwards acquired great distinction during the Peninsular war, and was for some time a part of the fifth, or *fighting division*. It also formed a portion of the force engaged in the Punjaub, and in other parts of India, and suffered severely in the battle of Aliwal.

Mr. Bamford was born in Nottinghamshire, England—was first awakened to a sense of his lost condition as a sinner, under the preaching of the celebrated Samuel Bradburn, and was brought to the enjoyment of the pardoning mercy of God in Kilkenny, Ireland.

The 29th, and one of the militia regiments constituted, at that period, the garrison of Kilkenny ; and the zeal and love which afterwards formed such prominent features of his ministerial character, manifested themselves in his endeavours to bring his fellow-soldiers to a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. His laudable efforts were opposed in various ways ; derision, contempt, persecution,



tried their influence, but in vain. Zeal for the glory of God, and love for the souls of men, enabled him to endure, to persevere, and to conquer. And in the barracks—under all the disadvantages of military restriction, and when the kingdom was agitated by sedition and rebellion, the Almighty owned and blest his labours ; so that even then he gathered the first fruits of the abundant harvest he reaped in subsequent years, and in other portions of the vineyard.

This chapter, so far, has been written on the very confines of the grave—at the entrance of the valley of the shadow of death. While I have been engaged upon it, I have been meditating among tombs, and writing epitaphs—walking through a remote lane or alley of the great city of the dead, startled at the sound of my own footsteps, and overcome by the force and character of my own recollections.

But thanks be to the Lord, a beam of heavenly light, emanating from the throne of God and the Lamb, irradiates, yea, dispels this darkness ; the voice of Jesus proclaiming himself to be “the Resurrection and the Life,” animates this solemn stillness ; and “a thousand oracles divine” assure us that this corruption shall put on incorruption—that this mortal shall put on immortality—that death shall be swallowed up in victory—and that all who

die in Jesus, shall reign with him in glory everlasting.

“ Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heaven must recompense our pains;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.”

## CHAPTER XV.

LANGUAGES IN THE ROMISH LITURGY—REMARKS ON THE  
ITINERANCY—FURNISHING THE PARSONAGES, OR MIN-  
ISTERS' HOUSES—REMARKS ON THE WESLEYAN MIS-  
SIONARY SOCIETY—AND THE MISSIONARY INSTITU-  
TION IN GENERAL.

THE Church of Rome endeavours to justify the use of the dead languages in her ritual, by alleging that they were used in the triple inscription upon the cross: "And a superscription also was written over him, in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, this is the king of the Jews."—Luke xxiii. 38. How far this is a plea for so strange a practice we leave the reader to decide. At the time of our Lord's death they were living languages, and spoken throughout the whole Roman empire; now they are dead languages, not understood by one thousandth part of the Romish laity; and many of the clergy themselves know but very little of Greek, and still less of Hebrew. When the writer was a young man there was no Professor of Hebrew in Maynooth, and there were two other Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical Colleges in Ireland, namely, Car-

low and Kilkenny, and at the same period neither Greek nor Hebrew was taught in either of them.

This absurd practice is continued, then, either from a desire to establish the claim to antiquity, or from a superstitious reverence for whatever is remote and venerable. And yet it is hard to suppose that that is the motive, because if it be, it is carried out in a very partial and absurd manner. They act in this matter as they do in many others, like Indian jugglers, or mountebanks. They take chronology and turn it upside down, and, in this inverted position, make it the basis of their usage, and the exponent of their principles. To evince their affection for Hebrew they include in their public liturgy just one word, "Hallelujah"; their regard for Greek is expressed by no less than three words, all supplicatory, "Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison," while all the rest, occupying about half an hour in the recital, is couched in Latin.

The Methodists are charged with a great many naughty, and even terrible things, among the rest with affectation, and pretensions to antiquity; and those who prefer this accusation try to sustain it by pointing to our itinerancy. These far-seeing and charitable people can discover no reason for this peculiarity except in our ambition. They say we are ashamed of our *modernism*, and that, like all

*parvenues*, whether in Church or State, we are very anxious to have a pedigree. They declare, in as many words, that we retain the itinerancy for this very reason, and because it carries with it the appearance of antiquity. An old proverb has it, that "love is blind," and it may be added that jealousy is afflicted with the same infirmity. We publish our age to all the world. The class-ticket, the badge of church membership, is the official register of our connexional birth. On this paper, issued four times a year to all our members, the precise date of our nativity is thus legibly inscribed, "Wesleyan Methodist Society, established 1739."

The Wesleyans, so far from glorying in an imaginary antiquity, are constantly referring in various ways to the opposite feature in their history; truly glorifying God who has been pleased, in such a short time, to accomplish such great things by their instrumentality. Methodism at its very commencement, by its evangelical preaching, by its prayer-meetings, class-meetings, love-feasts, &c., revived Apostolical truths and institutions when they were on the very point of expiring. God raised her up to shake the slumbers of "the reading-desk," to quicken and renovate the Presbyterians and the Dissenters, and to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land. 'This is her mission; this connects her

with the past, the present, and the future ; and while she labours in it patiently and faithfully, she is labouring to propagate the ancient faith ; “ the faith once delivered to the saints.”

We retain our itinerancy because God has owned and blest it ; has caused it to prosper exceedingly, both in the home work, and on all our foreign stations. The Apostles, moreover, and all the primitive preachers of the Gospel were itinerant, “ they went to and fro, and knowledge was increased.” The baptism of Pentecost was the inauguration of the itinerancy.

Stationed ministers are like fixed stars ; they always shine in the same orb, and illuminate the same limited section in the firmament. By this arrangement a permanent light is, indeed, kept up ; and, although it may increase in purity and intensity, the sphere of its influence is, nevertheless, measured by a contracted horizon. But itinerants penetrate the regions beyond, and scatter light through the thick gloom that enshrouds them.

Some philosophical ministers ; men of academical habits and tastes, seem to divide their affections between literary pursuits, and ministerial labours : but Socrates was an itinerant, and in order to reform and enlighten his countrymen, he delivered his lectures in the groves of Academus ; in the Lyceum,

and on the banks of the Illisus. But a greater than Socrates ; even Jesus himself, the great teacher, was an itinerant. He preached the Gospel on the sea, and on the land ; in Zebedee's fishing boat, and in Zaccheus' house ; in the public high ways, and in crowded cities ; in the Synagogue, and at Jacob's well ; in the Temple at Jerusalem, and in the house of Lazarus and his sister, in the sweet little village of Bethany ; on the way to Emmaus ; and at the base of Mount Olivet, from whence he ascended to heaven.

The glorified head of the church is now within the vail ; invisible it is true, but still presiding over all her operations, and directing her in all her ways. And we have his example and his precept for our warrant to perpetuate this system ; and it will be perpetuated so long as his divine command has force or authority among men. " Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to ever creature."

The direct witness of the spirit, and entire sanctification are the peculiar tenets of the sacred theology of the Methodists ; and the itinerancy is one of the most distinctive features of our religious polity ; and I hope and pray that we may be so guided, and kept by the wisdom and power of God, that we will, as a branch of the militant host, hold them fast, and set them forth in all our generations.

To this evangelical mode of distributing ministerial labour ; to this primitive method of dispersing the unsearchable riches of the grace of Christ ; to this apostolic way of proclaiming " the everlasting Gospel ;" in short to their itinerancy, under God, are the Methodists mainly indebted for the pre-eminent position they now occupy in the mission field. There is in its very name, in the very sound thereof, as well as in its *modus operandi*, something suggestive of aggressive and Missionary efforts. It inspired our fathers with the sublime conception, the glorious idea of evangelizing the whole world. To the honour of Methodism, be it said, that while it was yet an infant, weak and feeble, scarcely able to stand alone, it conceived the magnificent project of sending the Gospel to the remotest ends of the earth. And this truly Catholic enterprise, upon which they entered in weakness, and in poverty, they have prosecuted with such energy and success, that they have placed their Missionary Society at the head of all the Missionary Institutions of the Protestant world.

I rejoice therefore in the progress of Methodism, because it is the progress of Christianity ; I rejoice in the diffusion of Methodism, because it is the diffusion of the truth ; and I rejoice in the triumphs of



Methodism, because they are the victories of the cross, and the triumphs of the "Prince of Peace."

The working of this principle is, I am fully persuaded, essential to the prosperity of the work of God among us. It is one of the elements of our being as a part of the Church of Christ. And, therefore, am I glad to perceive that "the Canada Conference" is endeavouring to induce the people to furnish the parsonages, or preachers' houses. The practice, hitherto, in many parts of Western Canada, has been to leave the preachers to furnish the houses themselves. That was certainly very considerate on the part of those who decided on such a course. That ministers, many of them with large families, and who are liable to change their residence upon an average every two years, that such ministers should be required to provide their own furniture is monstrous. The expense of the original purchase, the wear and tear, and cost of frequent removals render it unjust as well as monstrous; unjust, we repeat it "soberly, advisedly, discreetly, and in the fear of God"; yes, unjust in requiring the minister to appropriate so large a portion of his small stipend for such a purpose, and unjust in absorbing so much of the connexional funds for the payment of freight and transportation.

I am really glad that there is, in this matter, a

move in the right direction ; and that there is a prospect of having our parsonages furnished in a style corresponding with the growth of wealth, the growth of intelligence, and the growth of piety so observable in all our societies. I am glad that the Conference has taken this step, because I don't like that anything, even constructively monstrous or unjust, should cleave to us ; and because I am sure that this measure of reform will remove an incumbrance which has heretofore, in some degree, interfered with our itinerant operations, and has rendered that itinerancy rather distasteful to many of the preachers.

I am only pleading for a common right ; a right so common, and so obvious, that it needs no pleading at all. We want educated ministers ; men of cultivated minds, as well as sanctified hearts, to fill our pulpits. Circuits formerly of a subordinate character, are now important ones, others are advancing in the same way ; and these will expect, and require too, the services of suitable ministers ; men of the proper stamp ; and to obtain such, we should at least provide them with a comfortable residence. The Episcopal church, the Free church, and other religious denominations are very industrious and zealous. We are no less so. We are in the same course, running the same race, and labour-

ing for the same end ; and, with God's help, we can endure as much, run as swiftly, and work as hard as any of them ; all we ask as a body of ministers is " fair play." Let us have this, and God's blessing, and great spiritual prosperity will be the inevitable result. Let us furnish the parsonages ; let us remove every hindrance and every impediment, so that our time-honoured itinerancy may be free and unrestrained ; allowed to accomplish its great and important work in its own legitimate way ; and then, more than ever, shall the word of the Lord have free course, and run and be glorified.

Then shall the hundreds and the thousands of our Israel, with more reason and with more fervour sing:—

“ When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day ;  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way ;  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail ;  
Sin's strong-hold it overthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.”

In connection with the foregoing observations, I feel disposed to say something of the operations of the venerable parent Society, and of the Missionary Institute in general.

The present healthy and prosperous condition of the Missionary enterprise is a sufficient evidence that

those who are engaged in it are the friends and advocates of progress. We look in vain, through all the records of the past for any great movement that advanced with the same rapidity, or was sustained with the same perseverance.—Many of the most popular schemes were visionary and infeasible: and as they soon died through impracticability, they were speedily buried in the grave of exploded theories. Some of them lived long enough to attest the baseness of their origin, and to develop the pernicious character of their tendencies; and were then destroyed by the indignation of those whom they had seduced and betrayed. But this Institution, projected and organised by “The Lord, the spirit,” lives and grows—yea, waxes stronger and stronger—increasing in power, and in influence—in the number of its agencies—in the amount of its funds—in the extent of its operations—and in all the capabilities of an instrumentality chosen of God, and anointed to accomplish the mission of the “PRINCE OF PEACE.”

Quintillian says that “Phidias’ statue of the Olympian Jove gave new impulse to the religion of Greece, and revived the national worship of that particular deity;” and surely, if the cold and lifeless figure of an imaginary God, however well executed and gorgeously attired, could renew a nation’s faith;

if an image made of ivory and gold, adorned in the richest manner possible, seated upon a splendid throne, and exhibited through all the forms of a voluptuous ritual—if this could fill the hearts of a sensitive people, with feelings of awe, adoration, and love, what may not this and kindred societies accomplish by their united and constant endeavours to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus, and exhibit to all mankind “The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.”

“The present state of Missionary operations, is itself, the result of a great national revival of religion, and this revival was in a great degree produced by the rise of Methodism in the bosom of the Church of England. What the reformers did for Orthodoxy and religious liberty in the sixteenth century, the Methodists did for practical and vital godliness in the eighteenth century; and because Methodism rightly defined is “Christianity in earnest”—Christianity itself, we see it going forth, walking in the footsteps of HIM, who came out of “Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah,” preaching the Gospel to every creature, “warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that it may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.”

The Missionary enterprise is the result of one of the holiest aspirations that ever Christianity

breathed, and one of the most sublime conceptions, that ever its Catholic spirit formed, or its divine heart indulged. The heavenly origin and celestial pedigree of Christianity are abundantly proved by her graceful and beautiful form, her radiant countenance, and glorious appearance. In these, as in other respects, she resembles "*The Lord from Heaven.*" Her credentials are exhibited in her practice—the divinity of her mission is authenticated by its results—and the certainty of ultimate and complete success is guaranteed by the declarations of prophecy—and the promises of God.

The spirit of Christianity spoke out in the first promise, and declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. It obtained its first triumph over the adversary; and laid its first trophy at the feet of the Almighty when Abel entered Heaven. It taught Noah to build "*the Ark.*" and to perform a voyage, greater than Mythology ever invented, or the Fabulists of old ascribed to Deucalion, or Ulysses. The Shepherd of Midian heard its voice in Horeb, and saw its glory in "*the burning bush.*" It furnished the marvellous equipage, that bore Enoch, the seventh from Adam, and Elijah the Tishbite up to God. The simplicity and the efficacy of her remedy for all spiritual diseases were set forth, when the Hebrew viceroy exhibited

“the Brazen Serpent” in the midst of the camp. The universal diffusion of her principles and her doctrines was predicted, when *Ezekiel* was commanded to measure the waters of *Mount Moriah*; and the Missionary character of her operations, and the effects thereof, were portrayed before Daniel in the visions of the night, when he saw “*the Son of Man*” come in the clouds of Heaven, and receive from “the Ancient of Days,” everlasting dominion, and universal empire.

THE GENERAL SUMMARY OF ALL THE SOCIETY’S  
MISSIONS IS AS FOLLOWS :

|                                                                                                 |         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Central or principal stations called Circuits, . . .                                            | 367     |
| Chapels or Preaching places connected therewith, . .                                            | 3,116   |
| Missionaries and Assistant Missionaries, including 26<br>Supernumeraries . . . . .              | 507     |
| Other paid agents, namely, Catechists, &c., Day School<br>Teachers, and Interpreters, . . . . . | 703     |
| Unpaid Agents, namely, Sunday School Teachers, Local<br>Preachers, &c., . . . . .               | 8,779   |
| Full and accredited Church Members, . . . .                                                     | 110,228 |
| On trial for Membership, . . . . .                                                              | 4,873   |
| In the Schools, . . . . .                                                                       | 78,811  |
| Printing Establishments, . . . . .                                                              | 8       |

The above is the latest authentic account of the missions of the British Wesleyan Church and is copied from the last annual report, published under

the direction of the Missionary Committee. A few years ago this annual *expose* was wont to exhibit a larger field of operations, more agents, and more Church Members, &c. But this change is not the result of decline or failure; nor is it a contraction occasioned by want of funds, or a declension of public confidence; it is the effect of a cause directly opposite to all this. It is the effect of prosperity. All the missions in Australia, Polynesia, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, France, and Switzerland, and Canada, have been recently organized into separate and Independent Conferences, subordinate to, and united to the British Conference. The apparent reduction of our Missions, as exhibited in the official documents, is the consequence of growth; and a further curtailment, now contemplated, will furnish additional evidence of increasing prosperity, and accumulative proofs that "God is with us," and doth bless us, and makes us a blessing.

This multi-form, but consolidated agency exercises a vast amount of moral and religious influence. Organized and sustained by him who overthrew the obstinate king of "the Pyramids" and his mighty hosts by the rod of his prophet, and who besieged and captured Jericho by the sounding of Rams' horns, it has accomplished a great deal, and that too, under many discouragements, and often in the face of great



difficulties. Our trust is in God, and we are persuaded that He who made the "great mountain sink into a plain before Zerubbabel, and who directed the course of the horses and chariots of the Seer, will enable us to overcome, and render missionary operations commensurate with the dimensions and necessities of the world.

But the signs of the times, in their impressive and self-interpreting forms and aspects, speak to us as it were with an audible voice, and in terms calculated to inspire the hope of seeing at no very distant period, numerous and effectual doors opened for the furtherance of the Gospel. The decline of Idolatry and the extension of British influence and power in India; the threatened overthrow of the Tartar dynasty in China; the whitening of the fields unto the harvest in Australia; the triple league, sacred and powerful, of the Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies now at work in the United States; the Romish Exodus from Ireland; the decline of Popery in Central Italy; the liberal policy of France; and the war between the Muscovite and the Turk—all these events, under the control of Him who "pul-leth down one and setteth up another," may yet wonderfully increase and diversify our missionary statistics—disenthral the slaves of Buddhism, and the worshippers of Gaudama—regenerate the land of

Confucius—dethrone the sceptred Priest of haughty Rome—evangelize ancient Gaul—and perform such signs and wonders, that “a Missionary Ship will be seen safely moored in the classic waters of “the Golden Horn”—and Christian missions, like trees planted by the rivers of water, flourishing upon the banks of the Euphrates, in Adrianople, and in ancient Bysantium.

Let no one say that this is visionary, and never will—never can be realized. This is the language of scepticism—of unbelief. The Lord has said that “the little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.” The original projectors of our missionary society were regarded as crack-brained enthusiasts and madmen—persons fitter for an apartment in Bedlam, than for a place in the church, and whom a straight waistcoat would admirably suit. The result has proved that these zealous and godly men were right; indeed it has already far exceeded their most sanguine expectations: and what it may yet become, none but the Almighty himself can tell. As a confirmation of these views, I here append an extract which supplies very heart-cheering information on this very subject, and that too, from a most reliable source.

GOSPEL IN TURKEY.—In more than fifty places in Turkey the gospel is now proclaimed every Lord’s day. Among the

Armenians, there are thousands who are Protestants in sentiment, where, twenty-five years ago, not a Protestant could be found. In consequence of English and American missionary efforts, there are now nineteen Protestant clergymen labouring in Constantinople and its suburbs, twenty-five Protestant sermons preached in different languages every Sabbath, and fourteen Protestant schools. In all Turkey there are at least sixty-five Protestant ministers, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and one Waldensian, laboring harmoniously together.

In times like these, when the tranquility of the world is menaced by wars and rumours of wars; when the din of arms and the gathering of martial hosts resound from "the dark rolling Danube" to the Thames; and from the Seine to the Wolga—when despots are trembling and their thrones crumbling under them—when millions of hereditary bondsmen are panting to be free—when Mammon is so popular, and when a deep and powerful current of worldliness is roaring and rushing furiously against the pulpit and the sanctuary—in such times, it is a comfort to know, that with some at least, "the still small voice," the voice of the meek and lowly Jesus, speaking from the mountain side, in the wilderness of Galilee, obtains a hearing, and that not a few are determined to lay up for themselves treasure in Heaven.

As a portion of the Church we are embarked in a

great enterprise ; but for our encouragement we have promises such as God alone has authority to give. We are sure of the help and strength we need, and which God himself has assured us he will bestow. He, under whose banner we serve, is the Lord of Hosts. The Lord strong and mighty. The Lord mighty in battle. His truth is our shield and buckler ; our martial code, and the weapons of our warfare. His power is the source of our strength, and his oath the warrant of our final triumph. His arm shall be made bare, and all flesh shall see his salvation. He has sworn by himself. The word has gone out of his mouth in righteousness, and shall not return. " Unto him every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear ;" " yea, all kings shall fall down before him ; all nations shall serve him ;" " He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

Christianity is, as we have elsewhere observed, essentially aggressive. Wesleyanism is a peculiar developement of Christianity. We say peculiar, not on account of its catholic spirit, or evangelical doctrines ; for these excellencies distinguish other reformed churches—not on account of its extensive missionary labours, because others are co-workers with her in the same sphere ; but because she is

herself, in her collective ecclesiastical capacity "*a missionary church*" bona fide *a missionary church*.

She is decidedly the most militant portion of the church on earth: no other branch of the church exhibits the militant form and character so expressly, or in so intelligent and forcible a manner as Methodism does. Her tactics—her mode of carrying on the war—her commissariat department—the diversities that characterize her forces—the positions she occupies—the muster-roll of her troops—her articles of war—her code of military regulations—in the appointment of her officers—in the pay and rations of her soldiers—in fine, all the distinguishing military features, in a spiritual and administrative sense, that could be expected to characterize any branch of the Church of Christ, obtain in the constitution and usages of the Wesleyan Church, and render it the best specimen, and the most striking illustration of the church militant now in existence.

My soul rejoices greatly in this blessed truth. I praise God with all my heart and soul for the position we occupy. May he keep us humble, watchful, faithful, fighting manfully, contending legitimately following our invincible leader, using the armour and weapons he has provided, pushing the battle to the gates, acquiring fresh courage from every en-

counter, issuing out of every conflict with increased spoils, and closing every campaign with new triumphs and laurels. O, may the Lord of Hosts continue to be with us ; may the power that enabled Joshua, and Gideon, and Barak to prevail over the uncircumcised Gentiles enable us to prevail over all our antagonists, and to subdue and trample under foot, *the beast and the dragon, the mystic harlot and the old serpent*, and every form and developement of the carnal mind, and everything that is opposed to our God and his Christ.

“ Rise, ye men of Israel, rise.  
Your routed foe pursue ;  
Jesus beholds you from the skies,  
And says, Pursue ; pursue ; pursue.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

REMARKS ON VARIOUS RELIGIOUS AGENCIES—THOUGHTS ON  
THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL  
—A PRACTICAL DEFINITION—CROSSING THE SHUBE-  
NACADIL--SWIMMING THE TOOTOOGOORE--ANECDOTES  
&c.

BEING engaged for some time back in efforts to promote the interests of various religious institutions, I have been more than ever impressed with the necessity there exists for being “instant in season, and out of season”; and that it is incumbent upon all evangelical churches to use every expedient, and to employ every instrumentality that will receive the divine approval. Among these means, missionary meetings for domestic, as well as for foreign, purposes are entitled to the highest consideration. These meetings wear an aspect, and possess a character, which make them essentially different from all other religious meetings.

Sabbath-schools are nurseries in which the seeds of Christian knowledge and virtue are sown into the hearts of the rising generation, and are there tended and nourished, until they grow up and are matured into “cedars of Lebanon,” and trees of righteous-

ness, yielding fruit to the glory of God. The Tract society, in its efforts, may be compared to the rapid evolutions of a well-trained body of *tirailleurs*, or sharp-shooters; light-footed, quick, and noiseless in their motions, and proverbial for doing great execution. The Bible society sustains a close resemblance to the sun; like a great spiritual luminary it disperses the rays of spiritual light and warmth through the whole world, shining with equal and impartial lustre upon the rich and the poor, upon the learned and the unlearned. All these, and many other kindred societies, labour cordially and effectually to roll away the stone from "the mouth of the well"; but missionary societies lead the flock to the well, and water it. In this department, angels and men are united. Heaven and earth are united. The throne and the footstool of the King of kings are united; and the consequences which flow from this extraordinary conjunction are, the exaltation of the church, the enlargement of Sion, the diffusion of the truth, the fulfilment of prophecy, the spread of divine glory, and the salvation of souls.

These associations in their combined form and action, and in their religious character and unity of purpose, remind me of the wonderful vision of Ezekiel, the son of Buzi. This distinguished priest and prophet was one of the captives whom the



Chaldeans carried away captive. He resided, it appears, "by the river of Chebar," and "in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month" the heavens were opened, and he saw "visions of God."

He saw a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, out of which came four living creatures, fearfully and wonderfully made, joined together in an extraordinary manner, moving simultaneously in the same direction, and as rapid as lightning. He saw also four wheels of fire, exceeding bright, illuminated with eyes, and revolving with the circumference of one great wheel which seemed to fill up the space between heaven and earth. And as he looked upon this wondrous piece of celestial machinery, he perceived that it was set in motion, and kept in vigorous and constant motion by the four living creatures, and that this motion affected the whole universe.

Now, the Sunday-school society, the Tract society, the Bible society, and other kindred institutions, are so many concentric wheels of fire, enfolding one another, and all revolving with the circumference of one great wheel—the missionary institute. All these religious organizations present numerous and inalienable claims to our sympathy and support; and in the same proportion as we respond to those

claims do we increase the action, and accelerate the motion of "the wheels."

Reading to-day a treatise on grammar, in which the author has interwoven some very pertinent and ingenious remarks on the rise and progress of the English language, I think the following facts are clearly illustrated and established.

The Britons being harassed by the continual and increasing hostilities of their northern neighbours, the Picts and the Scotch, solicited the assistance of the Saxons, a warlike and hardy people inhabiting the north of Germany. After these foreign auxiliaries had succeeded in driving out the Picts and Scots, they very coolly, and in the most cavalier manner imaginable, took possession of the country they had emancipated.

A possession of more than five centuries followed this assumption, and procured for the Saxon language an almost universal adoption in Britain. At the expiration of the above period, the Normans, or French succeeded to the throne, and again did the language of the conquerors obtain a footing. In this way the French became incorporated with the Saxon, and hence the prevalency of Gallic terms and phrases, from which we derive no advantage whatever. But, nevertheless, the admixture of words continually brought to the original language

in every successive age, by commerce, by fashion, science, and literature, have given to it a wealth, a richness, a variety, a copiousness, and a flexibility, of which no other language, either ancient or modern, is possessed.

And hence, although the English, in its present form and structure, is palpably a combination of languages, modified and reduced to a vocabulary, apparently primitive and uncompounded, it is one of the sweetest languages of the whole earth, and is as much distinguished for its utility, and adaptation to the wants and purposes of common, every day life, as it is for the euphony of its expression—the melody of its tones, and the sublimity of its sentiments.

Went to Trinity Church in ———, and was really grieved at the inefficient manner in which the whole service was performed. I am not fond of indulging in animadversions, nor do I expect perfection in either the worship or the practice of any church; but in that *church* whose *ministers claim to be the successors of the Apostles*, it is but reasonable to expect that apostolical doctrines would be preached in an apostolic way, and that the Sacred Scriptures would be read with apostolic fervour. The sermon occupied in the delivery, just *thirteen minutes and a half*; pronounced in a cold and unimpressive man-

ner; or rather *read* after that fashion, and alike destitute of evangelical sentiments and rhetorical attractions. The services of "the reading desk" were performed in the same manner; and yet to keep up this kind of agency, the Parliament of the Empire, for a long time, taxed the impoverished resources of the working classes of all denominations.

Read to-day in Plutarch's lives, a short sketch of Lysurgus, the celebrated Spartan law-giver. The political and legislative virtues of this man are very highly extolled, not only by heathen, but even by Christian historians. Writers who are ashamed to say a word in favour of Christianity, and others who write and declaim against it, are really lavish in their praises of this unprincipled man, and unjust ruler.

In his code of laws, he not only authorized slavery, but even the assassination of the slaves. Children were encouraged to pilfer and steal, and their expertness in these vices was regarded as a proof of their ingenuity and tact. He also tolerated adultery, and allowed the Spartans to practice it as a mode of perpetuating a healthy population. But this inimitable moralist carried his expediency farther, for he sanctioned infanticide, as a salutary means for relieving the state from incumbrances. New-born children were submitted immediately

after birth, to the inspection of the physicians, and if they pronounced them unhealthy, or likely to become a public burden, they were instantly destroyed.

I will not insult the divine legislator by saying, compare these brutal and sanguinary laws with those that are embodied and enforced in "the sermon on the Mount." How necessary is a divine revelation; and how thankful should we be unto God for this unspeakable gift. It is indeed "a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path."

I preached missionary sermons to-day in the town of ———, where a very rigid section of the Presbyterians exercise a great deal of influence and control. I was greatly assisted while I attempted to describe the deplorable condition of the heathen, and of all those who were destitute of the Gospel. My heart was enlarged while I endeavoured to shew that a free and full salvation was provided for every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people. The Lord gave me great boldness, and liberty of speech too, while I appealed to the sympathy and liberality of the congregation in behalf of my innumerable clients, and to which they responded very cheerfully and very generously.

This being one of the first and most strenuous efforts made in this place, in behalf of "the perishing heathen," it caused no small stir in the community.

Indeed it produced quite a sensation. One gentleman, a lawyer, and a Universalist into the bargain, declared it was an imposition, and that the heathens themselves would be saved as well as the Methodists. Another very gravely asserted that the Gospel would do them no good, but rather evil; without it they would be saved through their ignorance, but their being supplied with it would increase their accountability, while their rejection of it would be sure to involve them in condemnation and perdition. To these most logical conclusions I made no reply; their absurdity rendered them unanswerable. I left the objectors as I found them, "wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own conceits."

But I had to meet another opponent, no less a personage than a Deacon of the Presbyterian Church. I was informed that he intended to honour me with a visit; and that his deaconship was prompted to this act of condescension by a controversial impulse. In due time the dreaded interview took place, the awful passage at arms commenced, neither was unhorsed, or in any way injured; and after a little parley, my antagonist said, in rather an angry tone, that the Methodists were not wanted in ——, that they were intruders; and that their trying to establish themselves here was contrary to

the counsel and purpose of God. This was a dreadful onslaught, but I neither reeled nor tottered under it. He waxed warm, spoke rapidly and loudly, said a good deal about work-mongers, election, reprobation, fore-knowledge of God, and of all things being fore-ordained, &c., &c. ; in short, he pushed at me in so vigorous a manner with the whole "ten horns of Calvinism," that he exhausted both his physical strength, and his theological resources. A pause ensued; a delightful refreshing calm; and taking advantage of it, I ventured to say, Has God fore-ordained, pre-appointed everything that comes to pass? "Yes," was the reply. Then, added I, one of the things which has come to pass is, that I am here: endeavouring to promote the formation of a Methodist Church; and therefore, God must have fore-ordained it; and who are you, that you should dare to withstand, or gainsay his divine purpose? This ended the controversy.

There is now a flourishing society in that place; the Wesleyan ministers have been very successful in winning souls to Christ; and in creating a Missionary interest. The exclusive views and tenets of ultra-Calvinism have greatly subsided. A milder tone, and a more benignant spirit prevail in reference to Methodism. The various denominations are very active and cordial in their efforts to proclaim the

truth ; to promote the cause of genuine religion ; and to disseminate the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

#### BAPTISM.

A good deal of excitement prevails to-day among our Baptist friends. Eleven persons, chiefly females, are to be baptized. The Baptist minister here is incapable of performing the service, being liable to be seized by cramp, when in the water. He has been inefficient in this particular, for many years ; and as in the present instance, has always been obliged to apply for help. This is certainly no argument in favour of their particular mode of administering this ordinance.

Here is a man, a very excellent one, pastor of a Church, and able to discharge all the duties of his office but one ; a most important one in their estimation. This has to be performed by proxy, not when the candidates, or their own particular minister chooses ; but when the minister who is to perform the duty can attend. The persons to be baptized to-day, have been waiting for *nearly three months*. What would this infirm minister and his church do, where no substitute could be procured. How would they extricate themselves from so serious a dilemma.



I regard immersion as a scriptural mode of baptism ; and I thank God that I can view sprinkling in the same light. The circumstance reminds me of the difficulty in which our immersing friends were placed in L——, when I was stationed there. A Mr. C—— experienced religion on his death-bed, a few hours before he died ; and being brought among the baptists, had imbibed their baptismal sentiments. He desired to be immersed ; and to comply with that desire the baptist minister that visited him, immersed him (as I was informed), in a *bath filled with tepid water*. I have no doubt whatever, that all the parties were sincere ; but I am equally sincere, when I say, I prefer sprinkling, and venture to declare, that in my humble opinion, while it is incomparably more convenient than immersion, it is equally as scriptural and as well pleasing in the sight of God.

I have just finished reading “ the Book of Job.” What an exquisite production. It abounds in all the charms of epic and dramatic poetry ; and in all the beauties of allegory, dialogue, and scenic representation. Like an histrionic painting, designed to perpetuate the remembrance of many and important vicissitudes and occurrences, it introduces us to a groupe of actors and a variety of incidents ; and while we behold the actors performing their part,

and the incidents succeeding each other, we see the purposes of God ripening into maturity, and his ways gradually unfolding themselves.

The hero of the piece is Job himself; and his patience under great afflictions; his resignation under great reverses and losses; his confidence in God; and his determination to trust in Him let what will happen; and the prosperity that crowned his latter days; all these prove "that unto the upright there ariseth a light in the darkness;" and that while "many are the afflictions of the righteous, the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

We have for models, the faith of Abraham; the meditation of Isaac; the importunity of Jacob; the meekness of Moses; the determination of Joshua; the penitence of David; the zeal of Josiah; the constancy of Daniel; the sanctity of Isaiah; the patriotism of Jeremiah; and the patience of Job.

#### EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

Heard the Bishop of ——— preach to day. The arrangement and delivery very good. His Lordship has a fine rich voice; and his manner in the pulpit is very graceful. The sermon was a thorough, apostolical-succession one; and as it was prepared for the occasion, perhaps for *all similar* occasions, we may suppose it was the best that the Right Re-

verend Prelate could produce on the subject. It may be my fault—it may be that I am very hard to be convinced; but I must say that his Lordship's reasoning appeared to me very inconclusive. I thought, if it is not presumption to say so, that his premises were false, and of course, that his conclusions were erroneous. I have heard some very talented preachers, in both the Romish, and the Anglican Church, on this subject, but they all failed to make out a good case; and left upon my mind an impression, that it was a mere ecclesiastical myth; and that it never existed, except in the conceptions and aspirations of ambitious churchmen.

The congregation was very large, and very attentive, and among many excellent advices which the bishop addressed to two young gentlemen, whom he was about to promote to priests' order; I remember that he told them to be satisfied of the validity of their own ordination, and not to concern themselves about the ordination of others. This was assuredly "a word fitly spoken."

With one of the priests, however, the Episcopal advice had but little weight. He became an out-and-out successionist; and a very intolerant and offensive one. He was all the time at war with "the dissenters;" and the result was, that his church and congregation dwindled away.

## A PRACTICAL DEFINITION.

I have often heard of a practical joke—and of a practical man; but to-day I was favoured with a practical definition. It presented quite a new feature in lexicography, and not a bad illustration of the well-known elocutional maxim, “suit the action to the word.” Brother —— and myself were a missionary deputation for —— . It was arranged that he would preach in the forenoon, and I in the evening; and while he was carrying out his part of this plan, with even more than his usual zeal and ability—while he was advocating the cause of the Heathen with irresistible eloquence—while the large and attentive congregation was listening with wrapt attention—just at this crisis—while our dear brother was carrying his audience with him—a man suddenly started up in one of the galleries and shouted with all his might and main, “*Haush, Haush, Neish.*” He repeated these words or something like them, two or three times, in a perfect phrenzy, and loud enough to humble even Stentor himself. Of what language, or of what dialect they were I know not, nor can I say what is their etymology or signification, but it was ascertained that he was a Dutchman—that he saw a *chimney* on fire—that he announced that appalling fact; and the

congregation, whether they understood him or not, supplied us with “ *a practical definition* ” by rushing out of the chapel as rapidly as they could.

The scene was absolutely ludicrous ; and although the interruption was very annoying, I could not but look at the cause of it with rather risible feelings, for he never moved, but stood stock still peering through one of the windows, looking as if greatly bewildered ; and still saying, or rather muttering, something that sounded very like the above elegant and classic phrases “ *Haush, Haush, Neish* ”

#### CROSSING THE SHUBENACADIE.

The Shubenacadie is a very rapid river, emptying into Cuppequid bay, at the head of the bay of Fundy. An attempt was made several years ago to connect it with Halifax, by means of a canal ; a provincial bubble by the way, which greatly damaged the character of Nova Scotians, and swindled many of the stock-holders, especially English ones, out of their money. *N'importe.* No matter now ; that is all past and gone. What we have to notice is crossing this river on a tea-tray ; yes, on a veritable tea-tray. Crossing a river in a boat is a very common, and rather natural operation ; executing this manœuvre in a canoe is an ordinary exploit ; crossing on horse-back is a feat of

amphibious equestrianship frequently performed ; but to accomplish this on a tea-tray, would be almost as difficult as to cross it in a tea-pot ; and, yet, I believe it was done ; but it was when the river was frozen over, and when the ice was very glare. Nehemiah —— was going home with a large tea-tray, carrying it on his shoulder ; and as he was descending the steep and uneven bank of the river on the eastern side, the wind took hold of the “tea-tray,” and whirled it in the air, and away went Nehemiah after it, not in the air, of course, but the best way he could, and at last, breathless and panting, he threw himself upon the fugitive tea-tray, and was actually blown across the river. }

I heard him silence a rather egotistical gentleman one day, who was expatiating in a very magniloquent strain upon his wonderful achievements and adventures. Having listened to him for some time, he looked at him in a very arch and quizzical manner, and said, “ Pooh, pooh ; I have done more than all that myself, for I once crossed the Shubenacadie on a tea-tray.” Hear this ye suspension bridges, tubular bridges, and tunnels, and think less of the facilities ye afford for crossing rivers.

But lest any one should be so unreasonable as to doubt the truth of the said Nehemiah’s statement, and thereby treat an authenticated fact as if it were

no better than a mere legend, or fable, I shall advert to another feat of river-crossing, performed by no less a person than one of Her Majesty's counsel, learned in the law, and who was also a member of the New Brunswick legislature.

I heard Mr. —, a very talented member of the House of Assembly, declare that the roads in his county were so bad, that he had to swim some of the rivers with snow-shoes on. The members stared ; but Mr. — repeated the assertion ; and insisted that they must make his county a liberal grant out of the road-money, for he really had, on his way to Fredericton, to swim the Tootoogoose, with his snow-shoes on. In making this statement I may be mistaken in the name of the particular river ; but I am, notwithstanding, substantially correct.

The circumstance, and the manner in which it was related, excited a good deal of merriment at the time, and one very witty member *improvisatrised* the whole affair in one or two very epigrammatic verses, which I have heard him repeat. So much for a grave and wise legislator swimming across a river with snow-shoes. *Mirabile dictu.*

Prodigies like these, performed under such disadvantages, must for ever eclipse the achievements of both Deucalion and Leander. The prestige that

surrounded the son of Prometheus, and the charm that invested the hero of Abydos are completely dissolved by the unparalleled exploits of our friend Nehemiah, and our friend the senator.

Fashion is a great despot ; a positive tyrant ; and although she does not enforce her laws in the same way that Khonli-kan or Nadir-shah did, she is fully as dogmatic. She says wear this, and we wear it ; do this, and we do it. Cut your coat this way ; shape your gown according to this pattern ; wear such a kind of hat ; adjust your bonnet in this way ; wear sleeves inconveniently large ; now wear sleeves uncomfortably small ; and all is complied with ; every edict is promptly and cheerfully obeyed.

Now, habit is nearly related to fashion, and is, if possible, more dominant and powerful. It developes itself in various ways, and exhibits the nature and extent of its influence under various aspects. Sometimes it is peculiar without being injurious ; and where this is the case, it displays its power in the singularity it produces, just as much as it does, when it occasions the greatest evils. As an illustration of this I might instance J—— S——. He was an excellent man ; a sincere and an intelligent Wesleyan ; and greatly respected where he resided. But meet him where you would, see him where you would, he was sure to talk about “ the quarterly meeting.”



Others might speak about the weather ; some about the state of the markets ; some about the war, but his theme was "the quarterly meeting." It was to Brother S—— what the assembling of the clans would be to a Highland chief, or what the gathering on 'change would be to an anxious stock-broker. About such periodical divisions of time as "quinquagesima, septuagesima," &c., he knew nothing, and cared less ; for his chronology was based upon "the quarterly meeting," and his calendar was regulated by it. It was the pivot upon which all his dates revolved ; everything that concerned him taking place either before, or after, the quarterly meeting.

I knew a brother in Christ, one whom I greatly esteemed, and "the minutes of Conference" were his "*vade mecum*"; his constant companion, and his daily study. He was thoroughly acquainted with all subjects bearing on our connexions, laws, and statutes. No antiquarian could take more delight in studying out old records, or black-letter manuscripts, than this excellent brother did in reading and digesting "the minutes of Conference." They were his favourite annual. This, however, was not his only excellency. His hospitality was proverbial ; and to the preachers, especially, he was uniform and affectionate. In these respects he was pro-

minent, but not singular ; for he resided in Q——, where the Methodists are so addicted to the practice of these virtues, that it has become a confirmed habit.

H. W. was a pattern of politeness, of genuine unaffected politeness. He had the exquisite grace and polish of Chesterfield, without, of course, any of his lewdness or infidelity. H. W. was a perfect gentleman

“ Of courtly manners, and of love unfeigned ;”

And as he was tall in stature, of a fine portly figure, and withal very comely, and of a venerable aspect, he exhibited in himself an assemblage of the personal distinctions which are supposed to meet in a venerable British Peer. Swift said he would know George Falkener anywhere, and under any disguise ; Sterne entertained such reverence for the Franciscan’s head, that he declared he would worship it wherever he met it, and, in like manner, see the subject of this reference, where you would, you would feel respect for him.

But his politeness was not confined to mannerism and expression ; on the contrary, it manifested itself in acts and deeds of kindness, exercised on all occasions, and towards all with whom he had any intercourse whatever. It was a passion ; a living principle

actuating him and governing him; and so great was its power and so strong its ascendancy, that it regulated his conduct towards irrational creatures themselves.

For instance, he had a horse, rather a sagacious one, quite an original in his way; and whether he presumed on the urbane and indulgent disposition of his master, or consulted his own inclination, I cannot say, but this is a fact, he would frequently stand still in the road, turn his head round and look at H. W. in a very knowing manner; and so strong, so dominant had our friend's habit of politeness become, that he would look at the horse, and even bow to him.

There were many others with whom I was familiar in the Lord; men and women precious in His sight. Some of them

“Little and unknown,  
Prized and loved by God alone;”

And others that occupied conspicuous stations in the church, and in the world. They are now, through grace by faith, in that happy place where there are neither times, nor seasons, where all laws are absorbed in the perfect law of love, where all the inhabitants are one in Christ, and where Christ is all and in all.

## CHAPTER XVII.

A CANADIAN COUNTERPANE--NOCTURNAL ANNOYANCES, AND A UNION JACK—AN INCONVENIENT BED-ROOM—A MISSIONARY DEPUTATION IN JAIL—NEW FEATURES IN MISSIONARY MEETINGS—PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE ON LAKE ERIE—INDIAN EXPERIENCE MEETING.

EVERY one has heard of Marseilles, the grand emporium of the south of France. This city was so celebrated in the time of the Romans, that Cicero styled it the Athens of the Gauls, and Pliny called it the mistress of education. Marseilles is famous for the manufacture of an elegant fabric, extensively used in the formation of quilts or counterpanes, and which are in great repute as *Marseilles quilts*. I have seen a good many specimens of this article, but I never saw one, that could, either for the exquisite delicacy of the texture, or the purity of the colour, be compared to a counterpane made in Eastern Canada, in one of the Eastern Townships thereof. Canadian skill and enterprise are both now very creditably represented at the industrial exhibition in Paris; and Prince Napoleon, a competent judge, no doubt, has bestowed great praise upon us.

What his serene highness would say, if he could

but see this counterpane, I cannot imagine. It was not composed of either flax or hemp, of either linen, or woollen, or cotton. It was neither spun, nor wove, it was the produce, not of the earth, but of the atmosphere, and was made not in the day, but in the night and without hands. Now for the explanation. One of our Missionaries, while performing his circuit work in the winter, stopped all night at the house of one of our friends. It was a log cabin, and although the proprietor was in comparatively comfortable circumstances, the house was not in a very good condition.

The owner was a hospitable man, and his house was a hospitable house ; indeed, it carried this virtue a little too far ; it was on some occasions painfully hospitable. At the time the quilt, about which we are speaking, was manufactured, it was in the condition, the Earl of Chatham supposes the English peasant's cottage may be in, while it will nevertheless be his castle, which the king himself dare not enter without a legal warrant. Our friend's house admitted the wind, and the snow, the hail, and the rain, and the sleet ; and never evinced any symptoms of displeasure, at the rude and boisterous manner in which his guests sometimes disported themselves.

On the night in question, Brother —— slept at

his house, and slept very comfortably, and felt more than usually warm and snug; and in the morning when he awoke, he found the bed covered all over in the full breadth thereof, and in the length, from the foot, up to within eight or ten inches of the upper end of the bed clothes, with a beautiful counterpane of snow, slightly frozen, and glistening as if it were crystalized. The night had been calm and still, and as is often the case, a good deal of snow had fallen in a quiet and noiseless, but insinuating manner, and had obtruded through the dilapidated roof; and in the morning the whole bed, except the part already mentioned, was covered with a quilt, or counterpane, of more than an inch thick, and so smooth, white, and brilliant, that neither *Marseilles* nor *Arras* could produce anything equal to it.

This circumstance occurred many years ago, when the social and domestic condition of the people was much inferior to what it is now; and when the devoted herald of the cross, in whose life it formed an incident, had to pass through many vicissitudes and dangers. He had to endure "perils in the wilderness," as Bolton woods could testify, if they were able to speak. Perils in the deep, as "Lake Memphramagog well knows, if it could declare it; and perils in the city, as the end of his career witnesseth.

He has entered into his rest, and is now where all is calm, and joy, and peace ; where there is

“ No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal, noon.”

And we are still in the field ; still praying, and preaching, and travelling ; toiling to gain the blest shore, and labouring to enter into the rest which remaineth for the people of God. O, may we be kept even unto the end—kept by the mighty power of God, through faith unto eternal salvation. Amen.

The reader is requested to remember that this occurred several years ago ; but still I have no doubt that circumstances, somewhat similar, have often taken place since. Indeed, I have myself been directly connected with events belonging to this class, some of which transpired previous to the “ counterpane ” affair, and some subsequent thereto. I shall briefly notice a few of them, merely observing, that they do not all relate to the article of *lodging* only, but extend to *board*, and even to *travelling*.

On one occasion I was entertained by a zealous young brother, now in the Canada Conference. He occupied the house, previously the residence of a married preacher and his family ; but as my host was a probationer, and dwelt alone, we had the whole mansion to ourselves. So, at least, I thought, but as the sequel proved, I was grievously mistaken.

The rats and the mice maintained their right to a joint-proprietorship ; and during the night these tenants, in common, carried on their nocturnal revels in so obstreperous a manner, that we scarcely closed our eyes or got one moment's rest. We would not have been so wakeful, I suppose, if we had supped a little more substantially. I remember that our evening meal was neither very recherche, nor very heavy. It consisted principally of dry ship biscuit, rather venerable, and suffering under a combined attack of must and mould. There was also some tea, with a very economical supply of sugar, and no milk. These delicacies composed our repast ; if there was any thing else, it was so little, and so indifferent, that I forget all about it.

Our sleeping accommodation was not very luxurious ; it was in keeping with the rest ; bed and board seemed to rival each other. Our couch was as hard as our table was scanty ; and the principal article of covering was,—was,—was what—a *Union Jack*. Yes, a veritable Union Jack.

Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village*, I think, speaks of a chest of drawers, that was

“ A bed by night, and a chest of drawers by day,”

And this “ Union Jack,” if I remember correctly, was a quilt by night, and a Bethel-flag by day.



## The hero of Corunna lay

“With his martial cloak around him,”

And we lay under the honoured flag of “merrie England”; but we slept not, for the aforesaid rats and mice kept up a perfect carnival, and that “un-toward circumstance,” with the strenuous, but fruitless, endeavours which brother —— made in order to interrupt or finish their pastime, kept us wide awake all night. In vain did he repeatedly get up, in vain did he make all kinds of noises, and throw at them all kinds of available missiles, such as the candlestick, his boots, fire-irons, &c., but all to no purpose, our persecutors stood their ground, and continued their orgies, and did

“—— not go home till morning.”

While on a missionary tour through the lower parts of Western Canada, I met with an adventure, such as I had never met with before. I had to seek repose, the best way I could, in a bed far too short for me. This was a serious grievance; and one, too, upon which I never reckoned. It is well known that I am not one of “the Anakim,” not by any means unusually tall, and yet, in this instance, I could not obtain a bed long enough; there was no help for it. I thought upon Procrustes, and what

he had to suffer, and this reconciled me to the inconvenience. The room was small too, but then I am not very large myself; and why should there not be small rooms as well as small men. It was not scrupulously neat either, but that is neither here nor there, what I felt most tried by was this: there was a very large tomb-stone, standing upright at the foot of the bed, with a very long and pathetic epigraph inscribed upon it, surmounted by a very lugubrious looking device, rudely executed. This was my first and last encounter with limited upholstery, and church-yard sculpture.

In the morning I felt rather uncomfortable, and not much refreshed; but by the time I had breakfasted, all was right again, except a little unpleasant sensation that I felt, something like what is called growing pains, but of course *not* growing pains.

I remember that during this tour, rather a protracted one, at every hotel or tavern where we were obliged to stop, we found both men and women drinking, generally hot potations; the men taking their portion at the bar, and the women taking care of themselves in some inner room. I also observed that in almost every female coterie, so large were they, there was invariably one woman with a brown camlet cloak, green veil, and spectacles; and these in their general appearance, resembled each other

so much, that they appeared like a kind of sisterhood, accustomed to live in a cenobitical way, but were now enjoying a little relaxation among their friends.

During an extensive tour through the upper parts of the Western Province, performed on behalf of the British Wesleyan Missionary Society, I was favoured with an opportunity of seeing and hearing a good deal, and of becoming personally acquainted with ministers and others, to whom I had previously been an utter stranger.

In this mission I was the associate, or colleague, of ———, a brother greatly esteemed, and whose efficiency in this department of our work is well known and duly appreciated. We commenced operations in ———, by holding an anniversary in a very spacious room in the City Hall, kindly afforded us by the Mayor, John Counter, Esq., who also presided on the occasion. The room was crowded, the addresses were appropriate, some of them even eloquent, and the pecuniary result far above our most sanguine anticipations. On the following evening a mammoth tea-meeting was held in the same place, and for the same benevolent object. The apartment was crowded, the tables abundantly furnished, and the gastronomic operations extensively and dexterously performed.

After tea, several speeches in connexion with missionary movements were delivered ; and several devotional and national tunes played by a superb regimental band, engaged for the purpose. This meeting was in truth a festival ; a sort of evangelical re-union, in which the social and religious element were blended together in harmony and love.

The whole proceedings were closed with "the National Anthem," the band playing, and all the people singing ; and while the welkin rung with the united efforts of the minstrelists and vocalists, a dog—a large dog—a large black dog of the Newfoundland species—commenced barking in a most extraordinary manner, jumping and frisking about in a state of ecstasy, and trying to convince us in his own way that he was both a happy and a loyal dog.

The anniversary at W——— was marked by several very peculiar features : and as if there had been a preconcerted plan, these features obtained at the very commencement, and continued until the very end. The deputation, consisting of the brother aforesaid and myself, were, upon our entrance into the town, sent right off, without any ceremony whatever, to JAIL. Yes, sent to jail, without either summons or warrant. Arrangements had been made for our entertainment in the jailor's apart-

ments, and we found them to be as comfortable as the proprietor was kind and hospitable.

Saint Paul was put into a dungeon, and his feet thrust into the stocks ; but we were comfortably lodged, and treated in all respects, as guests whom the jailor delighted to honour. In a little time we repaired to the Court House, the place where the meeting was to be held, and found it filled with people. The chair was occupied by the High Sheriff of the county, who opened the meeting in quite an original way, and in keeping with his official position. He opened it not exactly according to " the Gospel," but in strict accordance with " the law." In the legal form, and as he was accustomed to open the sittings of the court, did this worthy functionary, and kind-hearted man, open our missionary meeting ; and when he had gone through the preamble, he raised his voice to a higher key, and looking all round him said, " I hereby declare this missionary meeting to be now opened in the name, and by the authority of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." In an instant, the whole house reverberated with shouts of " God Save the Queen ! God Save the Queen !"

The meeting was a very lively and interesting one. The chairman had evidently raised the tune in the right key-note, and all went on harmoniously, and concluded successfully. The subscriptions and

donations were greatly in advance of every preceding year, and proved that the loyalty of the people was not a mere ebullition, but a fixed principle, and a constituent part of their religion.

Our meeting at B—— exhibited a trait perfectly original. I don't allude to the very tasteful and ingenious manner in which the place was decorated, and which was so highly creditable to those that designed and executed it: these evidences of zeal in the cause of missions, are not by any means either rare or infrequent in Canada. I advert to the fact that a most excellent *sister* seconded one of the resolutions; and if she did not perform her part in a *masterly* way, she certainly did it in a *mistressly* way, and with great effect. I have known very efficient female missionary collectors, and can understand how one of this class of agents is better than five men and a half; and I have known many generous female missionary subscribers; but this was the first time I ever heard one of our excellent sisters speak at a missionary meeting, but I hope it will not be the last. I am for "Womens' rights," by which I understand the right to do all the good they can, in every right and proper way.

In the sacred scriptures we read of Rebecca, the mother of Jacob; of Deborah, the heroine of Israel; of Ruth, the model of filial devotion; of Hannah,

the pattern of mothers ; of Judith, the type of patriotism ; of Mary and Martha, the hospitable sisters of Bethany ; of Dorcas, that made clothes for the poor ; and of Lydia, that ministered to the saints, I see them all before me ; these noble-hearted, generous, godly women ; and while I gaze upon this splendid collection of ancient historical portraits, my heart thrills with pleasure, from a conviction that the claims of religion, the claims of poverty, the claims of the sick-bed, of the widow, and the orphan, &c., will always meet with a kind and a liberal response at the hands, and the hearts of women.

The Eastern poets speak of a wondrous tree that yields golden apples and silver bells ; and they say that whenever the wind blows it moves the beautiful branches of this tree, and then the golden apples fall in showers, and the bells ring a merry and delightful peal. 'This, of course, is all allegorical ; a mere combination of oriental myths. But let the claims of "the Gospel," and the deplorable condition of those that are destitute of it, be presented to the women, presented as their urgency and importance demand, and results are sure to follow which will prove "that truth is stranger than fiction," and that the historical fact often surpasses the poetical conception.

On our way to A ——— we met with rather unpleasant occurrences ; indeed one had like to have proved fatal. We had not gone very far on our way when the tier came off of one of the wheels, so that we had to travel a considerable distance with a snag. This rendered our travelling very tedious ; and the delay occasioned by the necessary repairs, in some measure, disconcerted our plan.

On Lake Erie we had a narrow escape from being killed ; our preservation was really miraculous, and may be attributed, under God, to the self-possession, coolness, and dexterity of our driver, brother ——— The shores of Lake Erie, in many places, are very dangerous. Numerous impetuous streams and rivers make deep channels for themselves, and these, when the waters are low, form deep ravines varying from 14 or 15 to 30 feet in depth. The night was very dark, and in driving over one of these, the frail bridge that spanned it, creaked, trembled, and just as we cleared it, gave way, and tumbled down to the bottom with a crashing, thundering noise. We soon arrived at a tavern, and found that Boniface himself, was the path master ; and he very coolly told us that he thought we would have seen how bad the bridge was, and that we would have gone round. We might perhaps, have made this discovery, if the night had not been so very dark, or if he had been



possessed of common sense enough, to have set up a lantern, or to have adopted some other way of giving us admonition and warning.

The ravine was more than 20 feet deep, and at the bottom lay several gnarled and jagged stumps ; and had we been one moment later in clearing the falling bridge, horses, carriage, deputation, and all would have been precipitated to the bottom, and nothing less than the miraculous interposition of God, could have saved us. Blessed be his name, his protecting care was over us ; his everlasting arms were underneath us, and round about us. And we were saved.

“ Then let us adore, and give him his right,  
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,  
All honour and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing and infinite love.”

While holding our anniversary at ———, the chairman gave the most unequivocal evidences that he would maintain order. He would not suffer a single dog to remain, no matter who owned it ; he was determined on their expulsion. He was equally impartial in his government of the boys, whom he so effectually controlled, that they were as silent as mutes. Nay he performed the duties of the chair so impartially and firmly, that a little whispering on the platform, among the speakers themselves, was

instantly suppressed in an authoritative, but good natured tone, with a cry of "order gentlemen; order," and adding, "I am determined to keep order."

The rigid discipline maintained over the assembly was very conducive to the furtherance of our object. It put every one into good humour, and kept them in that state, so that when the collection speech had been made, and an opportunity was afforded them of evincing their christian liberality, and of testifying their zeal for the prosperity of missions, they did so very cheerfully, and to an extent fully commensurate with their resources.

Our last meeting was at ——. It was not exactly a missionary one, although it exhibited certain missionary features, of which all the preceding ones were destitute. It was exclusively an assemblage of aboriginals. All except the ministers, were either Mohawk, or Chippewa Indians. The congregation embodied a very general assortment, consisting of men, women, grown up boys and girls, and some papooses, or babies, amounting in all, to upwards of two hundred. The adults formed about half of the congregation, and were nearly all members of the church, and were endeavouring to walk by faith, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost.

It was a kind of experience meeting; or a love feast

without the usual accompaniments of bread and water. Several, both men and women, spoke in their own poetical and significant language of the tender mercy and saving grace of God. Their statements were delivered, not in an impassioned, but in a deep and solemn manner, and produced corresponding feelings. I observed that while one, who had been formerly a medicine man, or a kind of sorcerer, spoke, the whole audience was deeply moved, and gave expression to their feelings in repeated exclamations. A visible sensation was also created, while one, who had been in his Pagan state, *a very bad Indian*, addressed the audience. Some of the women also related their experience, and were listened to with great attention.

The deepest feeling, and the greatest degree of interest, however, were excited by a chief called Wawanosh, a venerable, and comely looking man. In his original state he was, it is said, a violent opposer to the Missionaries, and strenuously resisted the introduction of the Gospel, among those over whom he was chief. His opposition too, evinced a good deal of stratagetical skill, for whenever he heard that preaching was to be in a certain place, he always contrived, without appearing to do so, to have a *pow-wow*, a sort of palaver, or religious meet-

ing of his own, of course by accident, at the same place, and at the same hour.

But Wawanosh was brought to a saving knowledge of Christ ; and his conversion was, I have been informed, both clear and scriptural. He became a decided Christian, and at the time, to which we are alluding, was very happy in the love of God, and ripening, through grace, for immortality and eternal life.

It was a Missionary meeting indeed, the only one of the kind I ever witnessed, and it did my soul incalculable good. All realized the presence of God ; a solemn reverence and great grace rested upon us all. The suitability and adequacy of the gospel were abundantly demonstrated ; and the success of missionary operations fully proved. We had no missionary speeches, nor subscriptions, no moving or seconding of resolutions ; but we had the fruits of missionary zeal, and the trophies of missionary enterprise. To God be all the praise.

Thus ended our tour, during which, the writer had many opportunities of preaching and pleading in behalf of the venerable parent institution. For this distinguished privilege ; for the pleasure accruing from the formation of an intimacy with many honoured fellow labourers ; for the personal spiritual blessings I received ; and for the countless mercies of

every kind, which my Heavenly Father bestowed upon me ; for all these I desire to be unfeignedly thankful, and to gratify that desire, I hereby record my thanks in the inspired language of his servant David : O my soul “ Give thanks unto the Lord ; for He is good ; for His mercy endureth for ever. O give thanks unto the God of Gods, for His mercy endureth for ever. O give thanks to Him, who alone doeth great wonders ; for his mercy endureth for ever.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS IN CANADA WEST—METHODISM IN CANADA—IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD,

THE history of Methodism in Canada West is yet to be written, and should this duty be performed by one adequate to the task, the country and "the Conference" will be under a great and lasting obligation to him. There is no scarcity of materials for such a work; these, indeed, from the very nature of the case, must be very abundant, and of such a kind as to include a great deal that is interesting and diversified. The early preachers were truly, and indeed, men of God; self-sacrificing, devoted men, full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith. Hardships, privations, and dangers, were things with which they were very familiar; these were ordinary occurrences; regularly recurring items in the catalogue of daily incidents and adventures. The roads were bad, and in many parts of the country there were none at all. Bridges were equally scarce; and few as they were, they were for the most part rudely constructed, and very frail. Railroads,

canals, suspension bridges, and other facilities for travelling, for which Canada is now justly celebrated, were not so much as dreamed of; such improbabilities never entered into the heads of the most speculative, nor ever came within the range of the imaginings of the most visionary.

These laborious and successful pioneers, who cleared the way for their sons and inheritors in the Gospel, had to cross rivers, explore forests, and reach the remote settlements in the best manner they could. Their flocks and congregations were dispersed throughout the whole country, from the Ottawa to the western extremity of Lake Erie. They were for many years almost the only preachers of the Gospel in Upper Canada. They had nearly all the evangelism in the country among themselves and their churches. They ploughed up the fallow ground, and sowed the seed, and others have entered into their labours. They opened the door, and others have rushed in; they cast their net on the right side of the ship, and others have hauled up the miraculous draught of fishes; they stormed and took the strong-holds, and others have marched in and seized the spoils.

If they were roughly clad, their loins were girt about with truth; and, although their trumpets might have been made of "rams' horns," they never

gave an uncertain sound. Compared with the flocks, for whom they had to provide spiritual food, they were like the "five barley loaves and the two small fishes" among the multitude in Galilee ; but God multiplied the bread of life in their hands, and increased the fruit of their labours. Let our fathers in "the Gospel"; the patriarchs and elders of Methodism in Great Britain and Ireland, in Canada, in the United States, and in every other "clime and place," be had in everlasting remembrance. Selah.

In the language of the large volume of minutes, published in Toronto, in 1846, we heartily concur. "Methodism is Christianity in earnest." And we add, as much so in Canada, in our opinion, as in any part or portion of its wide dominions. This is the character it sustains now; and among the causes from whose operation it has acquired its present influential and commanding position, must be reckoned the zeal and devotion of the first and second generation of preachers. With great reason, therefore, does the work already quoted say: "It is both pleasing and profitable to look back upon the achievements of by-gone days; and reflect upon the labours and sacrifices of those men, through whose instrumentality, God has turned a barren wilderness into a fruitful field, and made the desert rejoice and blossom like the rose."



The official publication which records this tribute, so richly deserved by our departed forerunners, contains the minutes from 1824 to 1845, inclusive. The first Conference was held at Hallowell, August, 1824. Bishops George and Hedding, presiding; William Case, secretary.

The whole Conference comprised but two Districts. The Niagara District extending from Niagara to the Grand River, and making a *detour*, which embraced Yonge Street and York. And the Bay of Quinte District, stretching all the way from Smith's Creek to the Ottawa.

The members in the Societies were as follows:—

| Whites.               | Coloured. | [ Indians. | Total. |
|-----------------------|-----------|------------|--------|
| 6072                  | 22        | 56         | 6150   |
| Travelling Preachers, | .         | .          | 36     |
| Circuits or Stations, | .         | .          | 21     |

This was surely the day of small and feeble things, but not in all respects. In more senses than one it was a day of large and strong things. The parishes were large although the stipends were small; and the incumbents, though few were "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

In seven years after, the Conference assembled at York, September, 1831. William Case, general superintendent, *pro tem.*; James Richardson, secretary.

There were now four districts, to wit :—Niagara District ; London District ; Bay of Quinte District : Augusta District.

Members in Society as under :—

| Whites.               | Coloured. | Indians. | Total. |
|-----------------------|-----------|----------|--------|
| 11,310                | 20        | 1,233    | 12,563 |
| Travelling Preachers, | .         | .        | 65     |
| Circuits or Stations, | .         | .        | 37     |

In addition to these agencies there were a missionary to the Indian tribes, a well conducted weekly paper, and an Academy then recently opened.

In June, 1838, the Conference was held at Kingston. William M. Harvard, president ; Egerton Ryerson, secretary.

There were now six Districts, including a missionary one, and were as follows :—London District ; Toronto District ; Bay of Quinte District ; Augusta District ; Ottawa District ; Missionary District.

|                        | Stations. | Missions. | Total. |
|------------------------|-----------|-----------|--------|
| The membership amount- |           |           |        |
| ed to                  | 13,849    | 1479      | 15,328 |
| Travelling Preachers,  | 95        |           |        |
| Supernumeraries. &c.   | 12        |           |        |
| Stations and Circuits, | 61        |           |        |

The financial statement exhibited as collected and received from various sources, for

|                                      |      |    |    |
|--------------------------------------|------|----|----|
| The superannuated preacher's fund,.. | £235 | 3  | 3½ |
| The contingent fund,.....            | 216  | 17 | 8  |

The next ecclesiastical septenary of this body was held at Saint Catherines, June, 1845; Henry Wilkinson, president; Thomas Bevitt, secretary.

There was still the same number of Districts, though somewhat altered in their arrangement and designation, and were as follows:—London District; Hamilton District; Toronto District; Cobourg District; Kingston District; Bytown District.

Members in the Societies, including the

|                                          |        |
|------------------------------------------|--------|
| Indian Missions,.....                    | 22,946 |
| Travelling Preachers and Missionaries... | 142    |
| Supernumeraries, &c.....                 | 15     |
| Stations and Circuits.....               | 82     |

The funds of the Connexion were also in an improved and healthy condition, so that £414 14s. 3½d. were distributed among the superannuated, or worn-out preachers, and £313 10s. 9½d. appropriated towards making up deficiencies.

This outline presents a numerical and financial view of Methodism in Upper Canada during three septenaries, or three consecutive periods of seven years each. It advanced steadily all the time; but not so rapidly or so decidedly in all its departments as it has done since the union with the British Conference in 1847.

This will be sufficiently obvious to all who will take the trouble to peruse the following statements :—

Canadian Methodism is now, blessed be God, one and undivided—a compact and consolidated body. It presents a bold and imposing appearance, and promises to be, in the hand of God, an instrumentality for the accomplishment of a great and glorious work. An exalted destiny lies before it; and although, in its onward and upward career, it may have to both suffer and contend, nevertheless, if we are faithful, he who was with our fathers will be with us, and will bring us off more than conquerors.

The last Conference was held in the City of London, June, 1855. Enoch Wood, president; John Ryerson, co-delegate; Samuel D. Rice, secretary.

From the published minutes of this meeting, the most authentic and the most reliable source of information, we are supplied with the following gratifying intelligence.

The Conference comprises no less than seventeen Districts; sixteen of which are in Canada proper, and one in Hudson's Bay territories. These Districts are sub-divided into two hundred and ten Circuits. There are three hundred and eight ministers and preachers, including supernumeraries,

besides a whole host of local preachers, interpreters, and other salaried and unsalaried agents, amounting, probably to some thousands. The membership consists of thirty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-six whites, and one thousand and thirty-nine Indians; making in all "thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-five church members."

Taking these numbers as the *data*, and applying the rule generally used in such conjectural calculations, the congregations served by the Wesleyan ministers and preachers in Canada, amount to from one hundred and eighty thousand to two hundred thousand souls." What hath not God wrought.

No government should, no government can, think lightly of such a body. There was a time when a Methodist minister could not solemnize a marriage—could not bury a corpse; when the very name of Methodist was a hissing and a proverb of reproach. But the former things are done away. The Lord has exalted our horn; his right hand enables us to do valiantly; and through him we shall tread down our enemies.

The following extracts, copied verbatim from the minutes, present the education, literature, and funds of the connexion under a very encouraging aspect.

"Notwithstanding there are monetary deficiencies on some circuits, their receipts very generally are

more commensurate with ministerial "claims than they ever were ; and measures have been sanctioned by us which originated in a large Committee, appointed by the Conference, of Ministers and Laymen, held during the year in Kingston, that are likely to result well to our financial system, and general economy ; and spiritually, if we may judge from the Christian and generous acts and intentions of that Committee. Our connexional funds are advancing. Our church edifices are increasing in number, capaciousness, and respectability in every part of the Province. The Book Room and Printing Establishment, by the completion of its commodious and substantial buildings, possesses superior facilities, and is largely patronized. Victoria College is much favoured in its position and prospects. Uniting the Faculties of Arts and of Medicine, it has, besides its President and Governor, twelve professors and teachers, and the number of students in its published catalogue for this year is two hundred and forty-nine, upon some twenty of whom degrees in arts or in medicine have been conferred : and it is very satisfactory, that besides the large number of students who became decidedly pious last year, others have reached the same decision this year, many of whom are now consistent in their religious profession. So indispensable to larger

success in our educational proceedings does Divine influence appear to us, that we have recommended to our Societies a special religious service for the benefit of the College ; as we have, likewise, appointed an early day to be devoted to fasting and prayer, to promote the more triumphant progress of the Redeemer's spiritual kingdom in our Church, the province, Hudson's Bay, and the world."

" Besides an increase in our usual connexional publication this year, there have been already issued, three numbers of a new periodical, entitled " Wesleyan Missionary Notices, Canada Conference ;" and a " Missionary Tour" in Hudson's Bay, by the deputation to that territory, has been published by the missionary Society. The Branch reports of the Society are not yet all received and adjusted, but you will be happy to learn that while we had an extraordinary increase of funds last year, the increase this is very gratifying. Last year the total income was £7,500 ; this year the total amount for Western Canada alone is already more than £9,000. We have no department of benevolence and zeal more consonant with the genius of our people ; and they support it with enthusiasm and liberality ; and to it must be ascribed much of the Christian vitality, effectiveness, and popularity, of Canadian Wesleyan Methodism. In the paramount work of moral subjugation

we would emulate your charity, your magnanimity, your faith ; and we rejoice in the fact that the Captain of our salvation has his seat on "the white horse," with this name upon his vesture and on his thigh, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

In addition to all these means and appurtenances, there are under the jurisdiction of the Conference, no fewer than "*Three hundred and forty five Sabbath-schools,*" in which "*Twenty thousand, seven hundred and eight*" scholars receive Sabbath school instruction. It would be difficult, under any circumstances, to form a correct estimate of the importance of this institution, or of the amount of good accomplished by it ; but both are greatly augmented by the advantages derived from the libraries belonging to these schools, and which amount to "*Fifty-two thousand, five hundred and thirty four volumes.*"

Here then is a great moral and spiritual apparatus, which God himself has constructed ; and by which he designs to perform signs and wonders in Canada. Here is a great spiritual lever, which God himself has made, and by which he intends to raise hundreds, and thousands, and tens of thousands from bondage to liberty, from ignorance to knowledge, from condemnation to pardon and acceptance, from a death of sin to the life of righteousness, and from



the yawning and flaming throat of Hell to Abraham's bosom.

When we contemplate Wesleyan Methodism in Canada ; when we survey its present position ; when we think of its origin ; when we trace its progress ; but above all, when we see it, as we now do, working harmoniously in all its departments—prosecuting its important mission, and fulfilling its glorious destiny ; when we see all this, our hearts leap with joy ; we clap our hands with exultation, and shout with the voice of triumph. And while we are indulging these delightful sensations, the revered and honoured object by which they have been produced, seems to assume a personal shape, and to appear before us, resplendent with “the beauty of holiness”—fraught with the riches of free grace—and radiant with light derived from the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

Such is the form, and such is the phase, under which Canadian Methodism presents itself to us ; and devoutly recognizing in these circumstances, the fruits of the divine blessing, and evidences of the divine presence, we give utterance to our feelings, and express our gratitude in the language of our venerable founder, “the best of all is, God is with us.”

We rejoice in the increase of Districts ; in the

multiplication of Circuits; in the augmentation of members; in the accession of labourers; in the acquisition of funds; in the erection of churches; and in the enlargement of the sphere of our operations: we rejoice in all these, yea, we rejoice exceedingly; not from party motives; not from sectarian considerations; not for secular reasons; but because they are the effects of spiritual prosperity; proofs that "the Head of the Church" approves of our doctrines and discipline; proofs that the tabernacle of "the Most High" is in our midst; and that He, who dwelt in "the pillar of fire," and in "the pillar of cloud," goeth before us; and that He will be, if we continue faithful, our light and our defence; our God and our portion, for ever and ever.

Such is the flourishing condition, and such the cheering prospect of Methodism in Canada, especially in the western portion of it; and for both, we are, under God, deeply indebted to the zeal and ability of the president, the Rev. Enoch Wood, and to the cordial and efficient co-operation he has invariably received from his worthy co-delegate, the Rev. John Ryerson, and from the various officers and committees that have been associated with them. These, as executive and governing functionaries and bodies, have been very instrumental in promoting this connexional prosperity; but another

very eminent and honoured agency, is to be found in the fidelity and piety of the preachers generally, and in their unremitting and strenuous endeavours to win souls to Christ, and to spread scriptural holiness through the land.

Many years have elapsed since the Author of these reminiscences became acquainted with the highly-respected chief officer of the Conference; and it affords him unqualified pleasure to see him occupying his elevated and responsible position, with so much credit to himself, and with so much advantage to the church. May he, and all that are labouring with him in extending and consolidating the church of their choice, be rendered increasing successful, and increasing happy in their work of faith and labour of love. May the pleasure of the Lord prosper in their hands still more and more, and may "the minutes" of every succeeding Conference record an increase of members—an extension of territory—and an augmentation of victories—and as our faith anticipates an answer to these prayers, we venture to predict that

" So shall the bright succession run,  
Through the last courses of the sun;  
While unborn churches by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair."

Should the reader be disposed to find fault with

me for dwelling so much upon Methodism, he must excuse me. It is a theme in which I delight, a subject I love to discuss. Methodism was the instrumentality, which it pleased Almighty God to employ to bring me to the knowledge of salvation, and to lead me into the Christian ministry, that I might proclaim that salvation to others. Let a deep sense of my obligation plead for me; let the vast debt that I owe, but can never discharge, be my apology and my justification. Persuaded that those whom I am now addressing understand my motives, and that they will, of their clemency, grant me this indulgence, I shall close this chapter by a brief statistical exhibition of Methodism throughout the world.

BRITISH WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH AND ITS  
ASSOCIATED BODIES.

|                             | Ministers and<br>Supernumeraries,<br>&c. | Members.      |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------------|---------------|
| In Great Britain.....       | 1,186                                    | 264,168       |
| In Ireland.....             | 160                                      | 19,233        |
| On the Foreign Stations.... | 358                                      | 95,520        |
| In the Canada Conference..  | 308                                      | 37,885        |
| In the French Conference... | 28                                       | 1,098         |
|                             | <hr/> 2,040                              | <hr/> 417,904 |

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES.

| Conferences. | Ministers, Supernumeraries, &c. | Members. |
|--------------|---------------------------------|----------|
| 38           | 4,618                           | 829,957  |

## METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

| Conferences. | Ministers, Supernumeraries, &c. | Members. |
|--------------|---------------------------------|----------|
| 22           | 1,968                           | 572,851  |

Besides these already enumerated, there are several branches, or offshoots from the parent stem. These, notwithstanding their separation and existence as independent organizations, are nevertheless Methodist churches in the most important sense. They hold the same doctrines, retain the same means of grace, and observe the same forms of worship as those do who are more immediately members of the great Wesleyan family. These, we think, are sufficient reasons why they should be included in every aggregation of the Methodist churches. We shall, therefore, begin with

## THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.

| Ministers, Supernumeraries, &c. | Members. |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| 609                             | 129,984  |

## NEW CONNEXION METHODISTS.

| Ministers, Supernumeraries, &c. | Members. |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| —                               | 25,690   |

## THE WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.

| Ministers, &c. | Members. |
|----------------|----------|
| 108            | 22,932   |

## THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CANADA.

| Conferences. | Ministers, Supernumeraries, &c. | Members. |
|--------------|---------------------------------|----------|
| 2            | 145                             | 9,850    |

This is a mere outline, a rough sketch of Methodism; the colours are few, and but imperfectly mixed, and the frame is of coarse material and of crude workmanship. Could we introduce the features necessary to fill up and complete the picture and thus bestow upon it, the artistic skill which the subject it represents deserves, we would succeed in exhibiting a panoramic view of the whole system. Light would then appear to stream down from above, from "the Father of Lights" himself; and this light, shining upon the whole would render every part conspicuous, and beautiful to behold. And *then*, standing in the very centre of the scene—that is, at "the foot of the Cross"—we could survey the whole, and see the goodness, the mercy, and the loving-kindness of God our Saviour, wondrously developed in the rise, the progress, and the present state of universal Methodism.

It is the Lord's doing; and it is marvellous in our eyes. "*Non nobis Domine.*" Not unto us—not unto us, O Lord: but to thy name be all the glory. To thee be all the praise, now, and for evermore. Amen.

## CHAPTER XIX.

TEMPORAL PROSPERITY OF CANADA—PAST AND PRESENT  
STATE CONTRASTED—PATRICK DOOLAN—IMPORT-  
ANCE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES—RE-  
MARKS ON ROMANISM—POWER OF THE PRIESTS, &c.

THE prosperity and affluence of Canada West have become proverbial. For some years back the agricultural products have been immense. The yield of wheat has surpassed that of the Western Prairies themselves; but notwithstanding that, the growers have realized high remunerating prices. The farmers have become comparatively rich, and are enabled, by their increased means, not only to extend their operations, but also to prosecute them upon the most approved principles. In Canada West, agriculture is steadily advancing to the dignity of a science; and those who are engaged in it, bid fair to occupy a very high and influential position among the yeomanry of this continent.

A great many in the commercial and trading departments have acquired a competency, and not a few have become opulent. In short, this favoured section of the Province is rapidly increasing in intelligence and in wealth. The growth, too, as far

as we can judge, is healthy, and likely to continue. It is not a progress resulting from unnatural stimulation, or hot-bed excitement. It is natural—substantial, and unless some unforeseen calamity shall fall upon us, or unless, like Jeshurun of old, we wax fat, and forget God, it will be enduring. The country possesses all the elements of a great nation; and the steamboats, railroads, canals, and other public works, either finished or in progress, are its first fruits, and also the pledges of its future greatness.

We admit that the discussion of these merely secular topics devolves upon others. Wesleyan ministers can know but little about them. They are in the keeping of agricultural societies—boards of directors—chambers of commerce, &c., and are duly honoured by the notice they receive in “the prices current,” “the rise and fall of stocks,” “official returns and state papers.”

But notwithstanding these admissions, we feel the expanding and ennobling influence of this truly Catholic sentiment, “*homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*” We are men—men living in Canada, and everything relating to it, interests us. We are therefore rejoiced to see “the electric telegraph” in operation, and to know that we have suspension bridges, and hundreds of miles of railways and canals; and that we are likely to have more of



these facilities for rapid travelling and rapid communication. It delights us to witness a marked improvement in steam navigation, and in the means of internal communication. The progress of education, and the consequent refinement of manners and public morals, are events, too, upon which we look with great satisfaction.

Besides all these, we have a rich and fertile soil, a healthy climate, noble rivers, magnificent lakes, inexhaustible stores of minerals, and boundless forests. Yes, Canada possesses all these, and we rejoice and give thanks to Almighty God for them; but this, in a special sense, "is our rejoicing." The vine which the Lord brought out of Egypt is thriving, and the dew of heaven is falling on Gideon's fleece. During the past year, the religious denomination to which the writer belongs, has been, in Upper Canada, abundantly favoured with the grace and blessing of God. The sword of the son of Joash has been mighty in the wars of our Israel. The hosts of Midian and Amalek have been smitten and vanquished; and the shouts of praise and triumph have been frequently heard in our encampment.

Indeed, everything in Upper Canada is at present in a state very different from what it used to be. Religion, law, literature, politics, commerce and the social condition of the people are vastly improved,

and improving. These things are so apparent to every one, that they speak for themselves. They are, in fact, their own evidences—evidences so clear and so convincing, that they require no corroboration from others. What little allusion, therefore, I shall make to Canadian antecedents, shall be made simply for the sake of contrast, and that we may more clearly discern the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord.

We should never lose sight of the past ; it should always be present with us ; furnishing matter for our recollections, and supplying motives for perseverance. A due consideration of the past cannot fail to be of great advantage to a state. It tends to preserve the knowledge gained by experience ; and that knowledge, owing to the way in which it is acquired, is sure to be employed for practical purposes. This renders the history of a state or nation a sort of beacon, which if followed, will become both a guide and an instructor.

The language of the inspired prophet, though addressed to a church, is not altogether inapplicable to a nation, and although it was uttered nearly three thousand years ago, it speaks with considerable force to us, and sets before us many valuable suggestions. “ Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord ; look to the rock

whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged."

A writer in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture in Canada, thus relates his early experience, and gives us his reminiscences, in an article, entitled "*Upper Canada Sixty years ago.*"

"I am myself one of the eldest born of this country, after its settlement by the loyalists. I well remember the time when, as Bishop Berkley observes, a man might be the owner of 10,000 acres of land in America, and want the sufficient means to buy himself a breakfast! One half the land on the Bay of Quinte, the garden of Canada, could, within my remembrance, have been purchased for £5; a 200 acre lot, and many a one, has been sold, for a *half Joe*! All this cannot be a matter of wonder, when I tell you that a great scarcity of provisions prevailed for two or three years consecutively, in consequence of the failure of the crops. What brought on the famine or "scarce year," (about 1790, if I am not mistaken,) was the almost entire destruction of the deer by the wolves, for two consecutive years. The snow lay upon the ground from December until April, at the depth of four to five feet. In the month of February of the last of these years, a near relation of mine, sent all the way to Albany, in the State of New York, a distance of more than 200 miles, for four bushels of Indian corn! And this was brought all that distance by two men on snow shoes! It took them about eight weeks to accomplish this journey, and during this time about one-third of the quantity was necessarily consumed by the men. The residue of this precious cargo—pounded up in a mortar made of maple stump, with the winter green berry and mucilaginous roots, latterly boiled with a little milk—constituted the principal food for

two families, consisting of seven souls, for the space of four or five months ! It was remarked, I have heard some of the oldest of the settlers assert, that the usual supply of fish had even failed. The few cattle and horses which the settlers at great cost and trouble had collected, were killed for food. The faithful dog was, in several instances sacrificed, to supply that food which he had often been the means of furnishing to his kind, but now starving master."

This striking contrast presents some very startling features ; but I have myself met with some no less wonderful. I could advert to many instances of progress and contrast in the Lower Provinces, and although they are confined to a small sphere, and occurred in a shorter space of time ; they are no less deserving of commemoration. One will suffice.

A man named Patrick Doolan, now in comfortable, indeed affluent circumstances, went, when he first settled in Belledune, Baie des Chaleurs, (about thirty years ago,) to Petit Roché, an old French settlement then, in order to get a barrel of potatoes. The last shilling was spent to effect the purchase. This was hard enough ; but how to get the potatoes home, was even more difficult than to pay for them. He was twelve miles from home, and to make the matter worse, the road was very bad. Patrick was greatly perplexed, nay non-plussed ; and as greater men have done under similar circumstances, he turned

the matter over in his mind, but to no purpose; he then scratched his head, but it was of no use. The load was too heavy to be carried; to hire a conveyance was equally impolitic and impossible; and to borrow one, was a favour of such magnitude, that no stranger could presume to expect it.

Reduced to this extremity, brought as we would say, to his wit's end, poor Doolan had no other alternative than that of submitting to chop firewood for the Frenchman from whom he bought the potatoes, as an equivalent for the miserable privilege of being allowed to eat them in his cabin.

The first settlers of Belledune, once so destitute, are now thriving and wealthy farmers; exhibiting a very large amount in real estate, and in acquired property of various kinds.

When the writer last visited this place, there lived near it a French veteran, named Francis Guitarre. This man was born in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, in Paris; and was about nineteen years of age when Louis XVI. was beheaded. Guitarre witnessed many of the sanguinary executions of that period. He saw the head of the beautiful Princess Lamballe carried through the streets, and was near the scaffold when the celebrated Madame Roland was decapitated. While the world was still blushing at the atrocities of republican France, he

was one of the cavalry force that conducted Robespierre to the guillotine, and was several times a sentry at the conciergerie. He subsequently served under Buonaparte at Marengo and Lodi; and after the evacuation of Italy, by the Austrians, followed him into Egypt, and fought at the battle of the Pyramids.

This instance of progress in the northern part of New Brunswick, is only one of a great many which might be quoted not only in connection with this section of that Province, but with almost every section of it; and I am persuaded that if the resources and capabilities of the northern and eastern parts of our North American Colonial empire were better known, they would be more highly valued.

On this subject, the author of a recent work, entitled "Nature and Human Nature," makes the following piquant and truthful observations:—

"Now, doctor, I'll tell you what neither the English nor the Yankees, nor the Colonists themselves know nothing of, and that is about the extent and importance of these North American Provinces under the British rule. Take your pencil now, and write down a few facts I will give you, when you are alone meditating, just chew on 'em. First, there are four millions of square miles of territory in them, whereas all Europe has but three million some odd hundred thousand, and our almighty and everlasting United States still less than that again. Canada alone is equal in size to Great Britain, France and Prussia. The maritime pro-

vinces themselves cover a space as large as Holland, Belgium, Greece, Portugal, and Switzerland all put together. The imports for 1853 were between ten and eleven millions, and the exports [ships sold included] between nine and ten millions. At the commencement of the American revolution, when we first dared the English to fight us, we had two and a half; these provinces now contain nearly three, and in half a century will reach the enormous amount of eighteen millions of inhabitants. The increase of population in the States is 33 percent; in Canada 68. The united revenue is nearly a million and a half, and their exports amount to four hundred and fifty thousand tons. Now, take these facts and see what an empire there is here, surely the best in climate, soil, mineral and other productions in the world, and peopled by such a race as no other country under heaven can produce. No, Sir, here are the bundle of sticks, all they want is to be well united. How absurd it seems to us Yankees, that England is both so ignorant and so blind to her own interests, as not to give attention to this interesting portion of the empire, that in natural and commercial wealth is of infinitely more importance than half a dozen Wallachias and Moldavias; and in loyalty, intelligence and enterprise, as far superior to turbulent Ireland as it is possible for one country to surpass another."

It is painful to see how little advancement is made by the *habitants*, or French Canadians. In everything they are almost *statu quo*. A considerable addition has been made of late years to the Romish churches, and educational institutions in Montreal, and in other places. The increase of the former, however, is no evidence whatever of the in-

crease of religion ; no body ever thinks of it as such. It is not always a proof that Popery itself is increasing ; and any one who would regard it as such, in Montreal at least, would be greatly mistaken.

Rome is fond of display ; and to this vulgar passion, not to her love of the fine arts, is to be ascribed the numerous specimens of architecture, painting, and sculpture, &c., which are embodied in her various places of worship. These are some of the chief means by which she seeks to propagate her false doctrines and anti-Christian views throughout the world. Her liturgy has been framed in this detestable spirit, and is still maintained in all its pantomimical absurdities for the same object. Such a system must necessarily be an enemy to progress ; an enemy to the truth, and to the civil and religious liberty of mankind ; and hence, notwithstanding the increase of educational establishments as above admitted, there is no increase of either learning or information. The masses are still the same ; the country as destitute of schools as ever, and the people every whit as ignorant now, as they have been at any time during the last half-century. The only exception is the dawning of "*a young Canada*" party, which seems disposed to free itself from the ponderous shackles, which a despotic hierarchy would fain rivet upon the universal mind of the country.



Our trust is in the living God. His word is pledged for the overthrow of this usurpation. It is tottering now, tottering to its very base; and as sure as there is a God in heaven, so sure will this kingdom of Apollyon be destroyed; utterly destroyed, so that neither a vestige nor a memorial of it shall remain. "It shall be found no more at all."

Let any impartial and competent enquirer go through the rural parishes, comprised within the jurisdiction of the Romish church, in Eastern Canada; let him visit the elementary or common schools, and then tell us how many there are, how many pupils in each of them, and what the character and quality of the teaching is—let such an one prosecute this enquiry, and then tell us the result of his investigations, and I am confident, that in the main, all that I have asserted will be too fully confirmed. It cannot be denied that the French Canadians are behind all other classes in Canada; apart from religion, leaving this out of the question altogether, they are behind all other classes. In commerce, in literature, in mechanics, in the sciences; in all these departments, their inferiority is both notorious and proverbial. We cannot be contradicted; these facts are too plain to be misunderstood, and too palpable to be denied. They exist as

effects all through the country, and Popery is the cause that produced them.

I am not trying to make up for the deficiencies of research by the fertility of invention. This culpable expedient, it is true, would be perfectly innocent, nay meritorious in the eyes of those who teach that the end sanctifies the means. It would agree admirably with the morality of a certain editor, who told his foreign correspondent, "you will not fail to *take*, if you will only *lie*;" and it would, with equal grace, suit the ethics of a certain pontiff, who is said to have made the following reply: "The world loves to be deceived, Holy Father," said one. "Let it be deceived then," answered his Holiness.

I make these observations, lest any, estimating my principles by their own standard, might think I indulged in exaggerations, or made wilful misstatements. I speak "the truth in love," and no one can either gainsay, or controvert what I affirm.

1. Every Romish Priest arrogates to himself the power of the spiritual sword, or what is called in canonical phraseology, "*ensis terrorem*," that is "the sword of terror." By this, the Priest, if he choose, can cut off the soul from God himself. And this act of excision is performed by with-holding pardon; and the doctrine inculcated, and received

on this point is, that God *will not, yea, cannot* pardon any penitent, however deep and pungent his contrition may be, unless he has previously obtained pardon from a priest. If the ecclesiastics, or priests conspire against an individual, and resolve on his perdition, nothing can save him. This is a power superior to "the power of the keys."

2. In the arch-diocese of Dublin, and in the primatial see of Armagh, attending a Protestant place of worship, during divine, or religious service of any kind, is declared to be an overt act of heresy ; and of course, a reserved case ; that is, the offender must appear before the bishop, bitterly deplore his heinous sin, and vow in the most solemn manner, never to repeat it. He is then permitted to go to confession in the usual way ; and after a good deal of delay, and a good deal of penance, he is at length pardoned, by the magical power of the words: "*Ab-solvo te in nomine, &c.*"

3. Works of supererogation, every one knows, are held by the church of Rome. They are not considered necessary to salvation, but they are declared to be of great advantage to the soul. They yield in fact a kind of contingent fund of piety; a great surplus of religion, arising from an individual excess of that article, in multitudes of persons, and which

is distributed through the whole church, in order to keep up a mediocrity of piety in the entire body.

4. I have known several instances, in which the arbitrary power of the priesthood has been exercised. I need only mention one. It came under my own observation. This is it. A widow lady, a member of the church of Rome, a weekly communicant, was dangerously ill ; her life all but despaired of by her physician ; yet she could not obtain pardon, could not, although she was in dying circumstances. The parish priest, who was also her confessor, withheld the rites of the church, without which she must perish for ever, until she solemnly promised that she would immediately remove her daughter from a school kept by a Protestant lady, and in which *she* was an assistant.

Our adorable Lord said that his yoke was easy and his burden light ; and so mild and gracious was he, that he would not break a bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. He came to undo heavy burdens, and to set the captive free ; to elevate, enlighten, and save mankind. Does the Church of Rome walk in his footsteps ? does she imitate his conduct ? Is she, in her present state and condition, such an organization as the Son of God would devise, or such an agency as he would or could employ for the accomplishment of his divine mission ? The hor-

rors of the inquisition—the tortuous policy of the Vatican—the pride, the intrigue, the cruelty, the fraud that characterize her operations—all these say, no !

I write not either in wrath or in malice ; and were I so disposed, I could say a great deal of the immorality and scepticism which I have witnessed, and which it is to be feared, exist to a fearful extent, where opposite principles and practices might be expected to prevail. I have known young men, in minor orders, say janitors, and even exorcists, to laugh at the idea of any miracles being performed subsequent to the time of the Apostles. I have known some still farther advanced, to be very unsettled in their creed, and others to be absolutely deistical. I have known some that privately condemned indulgences, and many that regarded celibacy with great dislike and aversion.

But it must be added that I have been acquainted with some clergymen of this class—that is, *minorites*, who were very exemplary young men, and who were sincerely and ardently devoted to their calling, and scrupulously performed all that was required of them. And among the priests themselves I have known some very amiable men—some very benevolent—and not a few whose walk and conversation seemed to be faultless, and who lived and

acted under the influence of a constant and powerful conviction, that if saved at all, it must be by *their own good works*.

My allusion to a particular class of clergymen, requires a little explanation. In the Church of Rome, there are no less than seven orders or degrees of ecclesiastics. These orders reach their culminating point in the priest; they are all concentrated in him. This, the reader will perceive, renders every priest a clergyman, although every clergyman is not a priest. These seven orders are divided into minor and sacred orders; the first comprising four, namely, janitor, lecturer, exorcist, and acolyth; the second comprising the other three, namely, sub-deacon, deacon, and priest. The latter three are sometimes called hierarchists: and the office of priest is the highest, for although there are canons, prebends, deans, archdeacons, vicars-general, bishops, archbishops, primates, &c., they are only dignitaries, or dignified priests. Indeed, the Pope himself—the chief officer of the church and the visible head of it—is but supreme pontiff, or chief priest.

The reception of the lowest order, that of janitor, constitutes the recipient a Romish clergyman. He is now invested with the *soutaine*, and the *tonsure*, and the *cincture*. That is, a bishop puts the *soutaine* upon him, fastens a broad belt round his waist, and

then with a scissors removes a little hair from the top of his head, as near the centre as possible, and of a circular form. This process destroys for ever his former lay character, and thus *equipped, clipped* and *girded*, he goes forth to do battle for Rome.

At this stage, the tonsure, or shorn spot on the top of the head, is very small, not exceeding in circumference that of a Canadian halfpenny. The obligations and vows, too, are but few and simple: but at every subsequent step, his progress is marked by an extension of "the tonsure," and an augmentation of the vows and engagements, so that by the time he becomes a priest, the whole top of his head is completely bared, and whatever amount of brains there may be inside of it, is taken possession of in the name of the church.

This is the way she creates her agents, and keeps up a constant supply of them; and by them, she perpetuates her influence, and extends and consolidates her power. But this is not all. In carrying out its designs, and accomplishing its ends, the papacy strengthens her regular and standing forces by the help of some valuable auxiliaries, such as nuns, monks, tertians, lay brothers, sodalists, &c., all of whom are very zealous, and in great repute among the common people.

The whole system is replete with ingenuity ; but if we judge of the source of that ingenuity, by its devices and its acts, it will be very difficult to ascribe it to either a very honourable motive, or a very pure origin. A tree is known by its fruits ; and the nature of a cause is explained by the effects that result from its operation. It is an elaborate piece of network, spread with great dexterity over the human mind ; and in its manifold and complicated meshes, thousands and millions of precious souls are entangled and held in bondage.

In the next chapter I shall introduce some extracts from " Kirwan's Impressions of Canada." They originally appeared in the " New York Observer," and were re-published in the " Toronto Christian Guardian," whence I have obtained them. The author is an Irishman, and was formerly a Roman Catholic, but is at present a very distinguished Protestant minister, and is pastor of a Presbyterian church in one of the cities of the United States. As " KIRWAN," he is well known, and has rendered himself polemically famous. He has contended with many champions of the Romish faith, and has worsted them all. Every one that has entered the lists against him has he vanquished, but none more signally or more completely than Archbishop Hughes of New York.



## CHAPTER XX.

REMARKS ON VARIOUS FORMS OF WORSHIP—EXTRACTS FROM  
KIRWAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA—OBSERVATIONS  
ON CHRISTIAN UNION, &c., &c.

THE Roman Catholics are very numerous where I now reside, and like every other part of the Province where that is the case, there is a great deal of outward demonstration. This consists chiefly of ringing of bells, processions, and such like. All this is unscriptural; but that is of little consequence; indeed the importance attached to these grotesque manifestations, and the frequent use that is made of them, look like a determination to oppose the inspired authority, which says, "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation," and to invalidate the divine testimony, which declares that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The Persians, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the Gymnosophists of India, and the Druids of Britain, all these have practised strange things, and performed ludicrous rites in the name of religion. It must be remembered, however, that these were idolatrous nations, and that their priests were jug-

glers. The worship of the sun, and the moon ; of fire, of serpents, of the druidical stone of destiny, and of such gross objects, harmonises with impure and absurd forms and ceremonies ; they are the essence of it ; but Christianity requires and suggests a different class of services. She claims our adoration not for Bel, or Nebo ; not for Vishnu, or Thor, or Woden ; but for the God of heaven ; the pure and holy God ; and says, " God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Jesus came to teach us the way of life and salvation, to establish the worship of the one true and living God, and to shew us in what that worship consists. And how far the church of Rome conforms to His requirements, or follows His teachings, may be learned from her missal ; seen in her service ; and inferred from her history.

In every country, and in every state of society, she is the same ; impervious alike to the tropics and the poles, to civilization and to barbarism. Submission to her supposed ecclesiastical authority induces either superstition or infidelity. This is notoriously the case in France, as every one who visits that country can bear witness ; and that the same order of things prevails in Canada, is patent to all. The *habitants*, generally, are an ignorant

and superstitious people, while the educated and upper classes are inclined to scepticism and infidelity. These facts are substantiated by evidences too numerous to be quoted, and too palpable to be gainsayed.

But on these subjects, as far as they relate to Romanism in Canada, I shall now let "Kirwan" have an opportunity to express his opinions in his own words; to tell us, in his own peculiar style, what he saw and what he felt. "*Veritatis simplex oratio est.*" The language of truth is simple:—

"Within a few weeks, I have made my first visit to Canada; and although but a brief and rapid one, it has been to me one of great interest. By the various ways of public travel, I have traversed its frontiers from Niagara to Quebec, stopping at the chief cities by the way; and I desire to spread out before the readers of the *Observer*, my impressions of the country and people. This I shall do in a few brief articles.

*My first impression is, I believe Canada destined to a great future.* Its population is rapidly on the increase. Its soil, especially that of Canada West, is productive. Its timber is excellent. Its rivers are large enough to convey the products of the interior to market. And the British portion of its people are industrious and frugal. Whilst the lower

province is cold, and subject to great alternations, having the summer of France, and the winter of Russia, the Upper Province is more genial. Because of the influence of the great lakes, and the smaller ones lying in the interior, the climate is genial, and the soil is, like that of Ohio and Michigan, exceedingly productive. And whilst the population is now about 2,000,000, scarcely an impression seems to be made on the vast virgin forests waving in every direction, and which show by their magnificent growth, the richness of the soil from which they spring. Canada alone, of England's possessions in North America, is able to sustain a population far greater than is that of all the British isles; and at no distant day the seat of a mighty kingdom, empire, or republic, may rise on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or on the shores of Lake Erie, or Lake Superior. In its youth it may need the fostering care of its mother; but in its manhood, mother and child may find it best that it should put away childish things, and set up for itself. Constant dependence tends not to the full development of children, or states. But apart from this, Canada is destined to a great future, and to a conspicuous part in the drama, of which the northern portion of our continent is to be the theatre."

*My next impression is that there is yet a great con-*

*flict in reserve for Canada.* There are there two distinct people, the French and the British. These are divided by origin, language, religion, customs, habits, and also by political preferences. Whilst they are mainly divided by the line which separates East from West Canada, they are frequently mixed together in the same communities, as at Montreal and Quebec, and their representatives meet in the same parliament. And although Canada West has 200,000 more population than Canada East, yet do they send an equal representation to Parliament. This is regarded as a great evil, as it is; and is a source of great agitation. The lower province will not yield the advantage, and the upper will not submit to the injustice; and to keep in with the Papists, and to keep in office, there are those from the Upper Province who can see nothing but wisdom and justice in the arrangement! This keeps popery in the ascendancy. Wherever we find original sin, there we will find dough-faced politicians. They are lovers of self and of place, and not lovers of their country.

These two classes but rarely agree in any thing. As to schools, they are the poles apart. So they are as to the church property question, and indeed as to every question that enters vitally into the upward march of the country. They stand in the same re-

lation to one another as do dead inactivity and progress—as do the Popish and Protestant clergy. And thus far the Popish party, if they have not clogged all the wheels of progress, have very materially impeded their movements. Nor is Canada to prosper as it is destined to do until these clogs are removed. What capitalists will invest their funds in Montreal as long as the priests have the seigniority of the island? Nor can these clogs be removed otherwise than by great conflict and convulsion. And for these the people are preparing. The Protestant spirit is rising. The Anglo Saxon race is rapidly multiplying, and will be soon ascendant. Intelligence is rapidly extending among the people. A party is rising in the east, calling itself “Young Canada,” in opposition to the priests, and whose natural affinity is with the liberals. And whilst nothing will be done violently, the people will demand that the laws shall be so changed as to place Papists and Protestants on the same level, as to place all churches on the same basis, and as to free all settlers there from those annoyances, whether from priests, religious houses or seigniors, which have hitherto induced emigrants going there to seek a home in the United States. The day of conflict on these subjects is fast hastening. The noise of its chariot wheels can be heard rolling in the distance; and there are many brave hearts there

joyfully anticipating its approach. The days of the priests are numbered in Canada. Their downfall is only a question of time ; and when it occurs the winter of the country will have passed, and its glorious summer season will have commenced. The voice of the turtle will be heard in the land.

*Popery has taken a very strong hold there, and has borne, and is bearing, its accustomed fruits.* Although the country was discovered in 1497, by Cabot, an Englishman, the French first took possession of it in 1525. They sent there many colonies, and the government granted large endowments to the bishops and priests of the Romish Church. The country was conquered by the British in 1759, and was formally ceded in 1763, by the Treaty of Paris, which treaty left the endowments of the Romish Church undisturbed. The lands, of which these endowments consisted, have, in process of time, become immensely valuable ; and are now yielding a large yearly revenue, which is expended in building churches, and sustaining the pomp and circumstance and ceremonies of the ritual. You see, in the Lower Province these churches, built of solid masonry, lifting their ample roofs amid the lowly cottages of every village, telling at once the extent to which Popery has obtained, and the wealth which is controlled by the priesthood. In Montreal there is a priestly

corporation of immense wealth ; their churches meet you in every direction ; and all this, apart from the squares of the city, which are owned by the various coloured nuns, whose houses meet you at all points. In the Upper Province also, Popery has obtained a strong hold. In the city of Toronto they have an immense cathedral and several churches, with a bishop and all the appliances for making priests and nuns.

And yet, with churches thus liberally endowed, and with priests and nuns swarming in every direction, the Canadian Papists are in a low state of civilization. They live in villages, and cultivate just enough of land to support them through the year. Beyond that, they have but little care. Those of them who can read, instead of being the rule, are the exception. A member of parliament told me of a petition sent recently to the lower house, with several hundred names appended, all of whom, save about a dozen, made ✕ his mark. The Bible is unknown among the French and Irish portion of them. And whilst a high civilization has obtained all around them, the people of the lower province are now what they were, (and perhaps a little more so,) when their fathers came from Normandy, three centuries ago. Their houses, their dress, their ploughs, their waggons, recal the years which pre-



ceded the reformation, from which have sprung the causes of our high civilization.

Before closing these brief articles, I have a few things to say as to the *Protestantism of Canada*.

Whilst in the Lower Province, the vast majority of the people are Papists, in the Upper, the great body of the people are Protestants. But yet in both Provinces the Protestant element is rapidly gaining on the Papal. I learn, from Census Tables before me, that whilst in the seven years from 1844 to 1851, the increase of Papists in Lower Canada was 30 per cent., that of the Church of Scotland was 85 per cent.,—of the Wesleyan Methodist 58 per cent.,—other Methodists 816 per cent.,—and Presbyterians 465 per cent., in the same time. From the same tables I learn that whilst in the nine years from 1842 to 1851, the increase of Papists in Upper Canada was 114 per cent., that of the Church of England was 73—the Church of Scotland 38—the Free Church and other Presbyterians, 572—the Episcopal Methodists, 82—other Methodists, 700—the Baptists, 131—the Lutherans, 123—and the Congregationalists, 53 per cent., in the same time ! This is a remarkable statement, and greatly encouraging as to the future of Canada. Whenever Bishop Hughes makes another oration on “The Decline of Protestantism and its Causes.” I would

recommend the above tables to his candid consideration. And that I may not be considered as falling into the same mistake as poor Bishop Spaulding, of Kentucky, *who endorses a book that was never written or printed*, I will state that the tables were printed by John Lovell, in Quebec, in 1853.

The Episcopal, or as it is called there, "the church of England," is decidedly the largest branch of the Protestant church. It has been patronized by the government, and has been amply supported, and furnished with all the appliances for its extension; and with it the officials of the government have been mainly connected. And whilst in 1853 it was less than a fourth of the Papal population, it is decidedly the largest of the Protestant churches. But I regretted to learn from all sources that its religious was far less than its political influence; and that it sided with the Romanists in order to prevent very many of the changes and reforms which the interests of Canada require. Whilst among its clergy and laity there are many noble Christians and Protestants, worthy descendants of the Cranmers and Riddleys, of the Leightons, the Newtons, and Scotts, and of our own Milner, yet high church dogmas, and the adorable nonsense of Puseyism rule in the body. Its sympathies are more with Trent than with Westminster—with Leo than

with Luther; and so far as it is high church and Puseyistic, its influence is adverse to all the high religious interests of the Province. Its bishops are as pompous and as mediæval as propriety will admit; and whilst they treat with neglect, and unchurch their Protestant brethren, they are ever willing to fraternize with the bishops and priests of Rome. Neither Canada nor the United States, nor the church of God, has anything to expect but evil from high church dogmas, and Puseyistic masses said in English. And in view of the fruit that they are bearing wherever they have taken root, it is only a wonder that they are not chased, with a whip of scorpions, from all the churches of the Reformation."

These impressions are continued much farther than we can follow them; and embody a great deal of information, acquired in a short time. They bear evidence of being hastily written, so that in point of style, and in arrangement, they are not equal to other emanations of the same pen.

The state and prospects of the dissenting bodies are discussed in a very frank and generous spirit, while some useful hints are thrown out, which, if adopted, would lead to very beneficial results.

Topics of a secular and political character, are also treated with due consideration; and although

we cannot endorse every sentiment which the author expresses, or be induced to think that all his anticipations or forebodings will be realized, we admit that his opinions are entitled to great respect, and that his conjectures should be made the subjects of our serious reflection.

The power of the Crown over Canada, is very nominal, consisting of little more than the appointment of Governor. The United States are certainly impressing their image upon us; and drawing us closer and closer to them every year; and to what this annual approximation may lead, I cannot determine; but should annexation be the result, I hope it will be preceded by the abolition of slavery, and an honest and practical exposition of the declaration of independence. Kirwan thinks that the North American Provinces will be united together, as a great republic; or that they may be incorporated with the United States. Well, perhaps they may; but should the latter ever take place, I trust that the repeal of the fugitive slave law, and the adjustment of the Nebraska-Kansas difficulties will precede it.

There are, it is true, other hindrances to such an amalgamation, but we need not advert to them, for in all likelihood, when the time shall arrive, and the maturity be attained, that will render the independence of these provinces desirable, if not neces-

sary ; in all likelihood they will form, not a part of the United States, but a distinct nation, having its own flag, and its own constitution. Let this separation take place when it may, it is certain to result from mutual and friendly arrangement ; and to be based upon such principles, as will cement the new state with Great Britain, by the remembrance of former ties, and the force of present relations.

A genuine union of hearts and affections is at once an attribute of religion, and a fruit of it. David contemplated it with great delight, when he said, "how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Our Lord knowing its value, how necessary it was to the efficiency and success of His Apostles, and to the authentication of their mission, prayed that it might dwell in them richly, and through them diffuse its influence over all the world. "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they all may be one in us ; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."

A great deal is said about union, and a large amount of very fine words is disbursed in her praise. But it is often painfully evident from the conduct of these talkers and panegyrists, that they don't know what real Christian union is ; don't know what is meant by "the unity of the spirit in the

bond of peace." "Knowledge is power," and "union is strength"; but pretension or pedantry is often mistaken for the one, and uniformity and coalition for the other.

This grace, in fact, has a great many imitators; and they resemble it in the same way that a picture resembles the reality, or that a counterfeit does the genuine coin of the realm. Assimilation, monotony, uniformity, fraternization, and alliance all try to palm themselves upon the world for union; but the frequent outbreaks and dissolutions that attend their progress unmask and expose them.

But Christian union exhibits the marks of her divine lineage, for she was born of God, and in answer to prayer. Her garment is a seamless one, and it is brighter than the noon-day sun. Concord, friendship, and harmony follow after her, and carry her train. Peace waves its olive branch over her head, love goes before her strewing the roses of Sharon in her path, and joy and gladness walk by her side playing upon harp and timbrel, and singing "thanks be to God,"

"For the love that makes all one."

Again, divisions, sections, or separate organizations, as they exist among evangelical Protestant churches, are not so great an evil as they are gene-

rally supposed to be ; nor are they so anti-Christian in their appearance as many imagine. They are not so much the result of difference and dissension, as they are of distinction and freedom of opinion. They result from the exercise of our religious charter ; they spring from the right of private interpretation, and the adoption of Chillingsworth's famous maxim, " the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants."

There may be uniformity where there is no spiritual life ; and there may be a great deal of that life pervading and dwelling in churches, externally differing from each other. Conformity has sometimes resulted from fear, and not unfrequently from selfishness ; while the spirit that animated the Puritans and the Nonconformists was an effect of their zeal and an evidence of their sincerity. There are many prismatic hues in the rainbow, but only one arch ; and there are many stars, differing from one another in glory, but only one firmament. In like manner there are many evangelical denominations, many even similarly designated, many Presbyterians, many Baptists, many Methodists ; but they are all branches in the same vine ; they are all one in Christ.

These observations have been induced by the manner, in which the author in question, deploras

the divisions, which he says prevail among Presbyterians and Wesleyans in Canada. I know but little of the former ; but touching the latter, I trust it will not be deemed presumptuous, if I say that I know something. "The Canada Conference," as has been already observed, numbers nearly thirty-eight thousand church members, and nearly five times that number of hearers ; and I believe, generally speaking, that between them and the other Methodist churches and congregations, there subsists a good deal of "brotherly kindness and charity." They are all striving for the faith and hope of the Gospel ; and though not striving together, they endeavour to maintain "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

My own opinion touching the influence of Romanism, and the power of the priests in Canada is, that both are on the decline. The decree is gone forth against them, and that decree, more immutable than the laws of the Medes and Persians, is sure to be accomplished. Their cup is full and running over ; and the iniquity of the system, and of those that administer it, is such, that God cannot any longer endure it. The fifth seal is opened, and the souls from under the altar are crying—"How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge."



I know that Popery is putting forth great exertions throughout the length and breadth of the Province, and that churches, monastic institutions, &c., are, in Montreal, erected in every available place; and I am also aware that it is spreading its sable wings in Kingston, in Toronto, and wheresoever it can, in Upper Canada. But all this does not either alter my opinion, or lessen my conviction. The Roman Church and the Celt are simultaneously declining in Canada. Their extinction is inevitable, and their death is sure and certain. Their grave is dug and their epitaph is written. Multiplied combinations of brick, and stone, and mortar, are not evidences of either numerical growth, or territorial extension. The policy of this church is regulated, not by statesmanship, but by commerce. She acts upon the principle that supply creates demand; and as the proprietors of fancy stores, dry good stores, millinery establishments, &c., arrange their windows, and try to make their places look as attractive as possible, in order to obtain custom, so does she furnish church accommodation, hoping thereby to obtain followers and proselytes.

I regard these circumstances, therefore, as the result of apprehension. The priests know that their system is waning; and lest the people should become aware of that fact, they endeavour, by these

architectural demonstrations, to produce a contrary impression. That cause must be in a wretched state that needs to be sustained by such pitiful shifts, and such contemptible expedients.

The mysterious handwriting, once traced upon the walls of the banqueting house in Babylon, is inscribed upon the walls and gates of Rome ; but as neither the voluptuous monarch, nor his debauched court, nor his drunken satraps, could understand the import of "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*," neither do the infatuated but doomed rulers of the mystic Babylon understand their position, or discern the signs of the times.

The Canadian Missionary Society—the Grand Ligne Mission—the Colporteurage—the Bible Society—and the preaching of Evangelical Protestants—all these are arrayed against it. Jesus himself marshals them and directs their operations ; they fight under his banner, and with his weapons. The fate of the beleaguered city is inevitable, and in due time the standard of "the Prince of Peace" will wave in triumph over its ruins. *Selah.*

## CHAPTER XXI.

ZEAL AND INGENUITY OF METHODISM—NEW ANGLICAN BISHOPS FOR CANADA—VOLUNTARY SYSTEM—STATE ENDOWMENTS—TIMID TRUSTEES—A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER—A CASE OF EXORCISM—A NEW SPECIES OF MIRACLE—BROTHER MOSES.

WE hear it frequently asserted that Methodism is very fruitful in the production of anarchy and division. Nothing can be farther from the truth. This assertion is often traceable to an ignorance of the real state of the case ; but it is sometimes uttered by those who are aware of its inaccuracy. Prejudice is not particularly enamoured of veracity ; and where sectarian jealousy prevails, neither candour, nor truth is much respected. Our body, it is true, has suffered deeply by agitation and strife ; but this has arisen, not from any defects in our ecclesiastical constitution, nor from any errors in our theological system, but from an insubordinate spirit on the one hand, and administrative imperfections on the other.

The zeal of Methodism is seen under a very favourable aspect in its missionary operations ; and its fiscal ingenuity and fruitfulness are developed in the ways and means it is constantly devising for

carrying on the work of God. The Almighty crowns its zeal with his blessing, that blessing renders it successful, and the success increases its pecuniary embarrassment. Its origin and progress shew that it is pre-eminently a child of Providence. It has always been, and still is an object of his special care. Those who are waiting until they shall have the pleasure to follow its *hearse*, will have to wait a long time.

Without parliamentary aid, or Government patronage, it has waxed strong and increased exceedingly. It has been, in this respect, left to shift for itself. Necessity has become to it the mother of invention—it has been enabled by ingenuity to make up for the want of means; and it has often obviated the inconveniences of poverty, by financial ability and tact.

The British Wesleyan Church and its affiliations raise annually, for missionary purposes alone, about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling, or six hundred thousand dollars. Nearly a quarter of a million sterling was raised as a centenary commemoration, and since that event, upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds have been collected together for educational purposes.

Methodism has created a host of auxiliaries such as Christianity never employed before; and by them

she has been enabled to extend her diversified operations, and to prosecute them with increasing vigour. Every one has heard of our breakfasts, tea meetings, bazaars, excursions, female associations, juvenile collectors, sewing societies, &c.; and many have been surprised at the pecuniary results of these modern expedients.

I can see no objection to the use of these secular agencies, provided they are employed in a suitable manner, and in all respects, as everything should be, that is connected with religion. Some will object to them, and so they will to public collections, and to the contributions in the classes, and in short to every form of giving. Others will object to gowns, to organs, and choirs, and carpeted aisles, as if they wished to establish the most striking contrast between the impoverished house of God, and their own sumptuously furnished dwellings.

The author has been often connected with these efforts in Nova Scotia, in New Brunswick, and in Canada; and has known Sabbath-school libraries to have been purchased, pulpit trimmings and fixings procured, parsonages furnished, churches repaired, and heavy trust debts liquidated, by the proceeds of such efforts. The voluntary system develops the suggestive and creative capabilities; and knocks at

the doors of our munificence and zeal, and obtains a prompt and an abundant entrance.

Many that formerly frowned on endeavours of this kind, and that appeared to be shocked at their secular character and tendency, have since adopted them. They are now quite common; nay, even fashionable among all denominations. The stately Episcopalian, the rigid Presbyterian, the unyielding Papist have all taken to these "ways and means" of raising the estimates, and have thereby proved that the voluntary system is no less fruitful in conception, than it is flexible in operation.

But I have witnessed stranger things than these. I have heard Sunday evening preaching denounced from an Episcopal pulpit, on more than one occasion. I have heard an Anglican bishop in one of our Colonial cathedrals declare that such a practice was both unseemly and vulgar, and I have heard the same prelate, in the same cathedral, preach on a Sunday evening himself; and not only preach himself, but also announce that there would be preaching there, and in all the city churches, every Sunday evening during winter. Sunday evening preaching is now as common among Episcopalians, as it is among the various bodies of Dissenters.

While on this subject, I may as well allude to another that is intimately connected with it. I

mean the government project of erecting two additional bishoprics in Canada. I am sorry that this measure is under discussion just now ; not that I have any objection that there should be *five* Anglican mitres in our Province, instead of *three* ; but because I am greatly afraid we will not get the *right men*. The ministry have too much to do, and are too much affected by outside influence to make a wise selection. What with augmenting their fleets, arranging for the Spanish contingency, rebuking Naples, comforting Denmark, encouraging Sardinia, taking care of Turkey, and fighting Russia ; with their hands thus filled, they have no time to think about who shall be the two new Canadian prelates.

Lord Palmerston is about as fit to make a proper selection as Omer Pasha is ; I don't know but Abdul Medjid himself is as good a judge of the qualifications of a Christian bishop, as his lordship is. It is not at all likely, therefore, that he will do any better than his predecessors have done ; and no one can say that in the article of evangelical bishops, either Canada, or any other of the North American provinces, has been much favoured. It is, therefore, almost presumption to say, I hope that when the "*cong   d'elire*" is issued it will be to elect men, in every way qualified as Protestant diocesans, to

sustain and promote the letter and spirit of "the Homilies," and thereby render themselves a blessing to this important section of Her Majesty's dominions.

The relative claims of the state endowment and the voluntary system, have been frequently and fully discussed. Men, alike gifted and disinterested, have been arrayed on each side of the question. Their opinions have evinced a great deal of learning and research; but they have been as opposite to each other as "the antipodes." Like the baptismal controversy, the Apostolical succession question, and some others that might be mentioned, it is a tree upon which the apples of discord have grown in great luxuriance.

The dispute has often ran high, and waxed furious; the peace of Sion has been repeatedly disturbed, and the placid streams which flow from "the river of life," has been frequently turned into waters of contention. Ephraim has vexed Judah, and Judah has vexed Ephraim; and after all the strife and debate, the question remains as undecided as ever.

For strictly religious purposes, perhaps the voluntary system is the best; it certainly accords best with the principles of the Gospel and the doctrines of "free grace." It will apply as a general rule,



and if its application be not forced beyond that line, it will work very well. This will recognise exceptions, and admit that in special cases there may be a departure from the principle without any violation of it. The introduction of the Gospel among the heathen, or the propagation of it in remote and impoverished parts of Christendom, and among fleets and armies, are projects which need the assistance of the state, and should receive that assistance.

Religion is the result of a divine conception—the execution of a divine plan. It is, in short, altogether too pure in its nature—too disinterested in its motive—too sublime in its object, to derive any advantage from connexion with the state. Christianity diffused itself throughout the Roman Empire without the aid of Cæsar. Jesus himself protested against any alliance of a political description, when he said “My kingdom is not of this world.” The Gospel can accomplish its mission without being too familiar with Machæival, or too dependant upon Croesus. The favours of Mammon are only gilded snares; and the honours of the world are unsuitable cognomens for the followers of Him, who was meek and lowly. State endowment will not accelerate our speed in pursuit of “the mark of the prize of our high calling,” nor will it help us much in our endeavours to ascend mount Pisgah.

There are a great many who will cheerfully go with our blessed Lord to the marriage in Cana, or to the Pharisee's house ; but when he turns his face to the paschal chamber, they follow him at a distance ; and when he repairs to Gethsemane, they forsake him altogether. Connexion with the state first enfeebled and polluted the church. The alliance compromised it. The distinctive and spiritual character which it should always have maintained was merged in its political relation ; and when it became an appurtenance of " the Crown," it ceased to be an exclusively religious institution.

On the claims of educational institutions to legislative aid there are also conflicting opinions. The writer has carefully considered them all ; and has been unable to discover any thing that relieves the Government from providing for the education of such portions of the people as cannot provide the means themselves. To afford religious instruction is the duty of the church, and where she can do it, she should also furnish secular education in connexion with religion ; but we maintain that it is imperative on the state to provide education for the destitute classes, and not to confine it to the diffusion of a mere elementary education, but where circumstances justified such a course, to make it liberal. This countenance should, however, in a

Protestant state, be regulated by strictly Protestant principles, and with an explicit recognition of the paramount authority of "the Holy Bible." Away with the cant that says "ignorance is the mother of devotion," that "pictures are the books of the unlearned," and "beads the arithmetic of the faithful." Such nonsense is too puerile for the nursery.

But let us introduce another topic. Shortly after it pleased God to honour me with a place in the Wesleyan ministry, I had to visit M——, where I had been studying for the priesthood, and where I was regarded by the people, as one that would soon fill that office. The Wesleyan minister then stationed there, is now sustaining a high position in the Canada Conference. He is a man of great decision of character; of great moral courage. As a matter of course, he invited me to preach, and I accepted the invitation. All this went on smoothly enough; but the trustees were not as intrepid as the preacher. They waited on him, and so lugubrious was the expression of their countenances, and so abortive their effort to conceal their fears, that he soon apprehended the nature of their business, and which was transacted in pretty much the following way:—

*Trustees.*—We have been informed that you have invited Mr. —— to preach on Sunday evening,

and we have come to know if such is the case. *Minister*.—Yes, it is all right; I have requested him to take my Sunday evening appointment, and he has kindly acceded to my request. I hope that we will have a good time, and that some precious souls will be converted *Trustees*.—But we are afraid there will be some disturbance; perhaps, said one of the officials, (a very grave looking brother) there will be a riot, and some of the windows may be broken. Now, the minister in question, has a peculiarly merry eye; and after the little orb had indulged its own humour, he laughed outright; and exclaimed, “let them break the windows; any thing for a change; we have been dozing and sleeping long enough, this may wake us up, and who knows but we may have a revival after it. Brother—— has been recommended by his district to the Conference, and windows here or there, he’ll preach, God willing, on Sunday evening.” Well, Sunday evening came—a large congregation attended—Brother —— preached—the Lord blest the words; and instead of riot and confusion, there was peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

A change is sometimes as necessary to the vigorous continuation of a narrative or a dissertation, as it is to the attraction and efficiency of religious ser-

vices ; and hence, we now adopt this expedient, confidently anticipating a successful issue.

The first object that claims our attention is a somewhat remarkable person, and may be introduced as

#### A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

I have known many who could talk fluently about metaphysics, and mental philosophy, and such abstruse sciences, but I never could understand them. Whether this is to be attributed to obtuseness of intellect, or to some kindred incapacity or not, I cannot say. All that I have ever heard or read on these subjects, has been to me as unintelligible, as a treatise on the quadrature of the circle, or a disquisition on the Greek particles could possibly be. My friend was an excellent man, and quite an original in his way. He had a happy art in getting through difficulties, so that what would have grieved most other men, made little or no impression on him. His station in life brought him into frequent contact with a great variety of persons. Many of these must have been very eccentric and unmanageable, for their conduct led him to adopt a theory exploded since the days of Galileo. He would have it that the world stood still, and that the rounditude, as he termed its revolutions, was all a fiction, and assigned as his reason for so preposterous an opinion,

the fact that the multitudes of crotchety persons, crack-brained persons, and erratic persons which are in the world, could never *stick on* if it moved round as rapidly as was supposed. Centrifugal and centripetal forces, gravitation, and all that, he disposed of in a most summary manner, by simply pronouncing the word "*bosh*."

Like most gentlemen, the subject of these remarks had two pockets in his coat ; but one of them had no bottom (metaphorically), and into that he was wont to put all his cares and troubles, so that he contrived to get clear of them almost as soon as he obtained them. Men differ in their estimation of most things, and why not of pockets. Our practical philosopher, as we have seen, set great value upon an imperfect pocket ; and I have heard of a renowned breeches maker in Ballyshannon, I think, who, whenever any of his customers found fault with the production of his mechanical skill, would silence all their objections by saying, "I assure you that I put the best pair of pockets into them breeches that I ever made."

#### A CASE OF EXORCISM DEFENDED.

My Biblical reading to-day has served to conjure up the recollections of the past. Memory is sometimes a resurrectionist, and then, as in the present instance, he exhumes incidents and occurrences

that had been long dead and buried. While reading the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, I was forcibly reminded of a sermon I heard in the Franciscan Friary, Church street, Dublin; the text was, "And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye."—Acts xix. 15. The gist of the discourse was to uphold and maintain demoniacal possession, and to prove that the church retained the exorcising power. None, he asserted, could expel or cast out evil spirits but the clergy of "the true Apostolic church of Rome," and that the office of exorcist was instituted for that express purpose. As an illustration, or rather confirmation, of this tenet, he alluded to a case that came under his own observation. It occurred in Italy; a few miles from Rome itself. The possessed was a peasant girl, about 18 years of age; and although she was perfectly illiterate, no sooner did the officiating priest commence his adjurations, than she replied to him "in pure classical Latin," and in a strain of "Ciceronian eloquence." She defied him; called him "a demonomist"; and accused him of being her slave and vassal. He then commenced the service usual in such cases, in the Greek language, and to which she responded in the same tongue, in a most wonderful manner, and with great indignation.

The preacher, Rev. Mr. ———, of the above Friary, let it be remembered, stated in his sermon during the holy season of Lent, that he personally saw all this. The writer knew him well, and greatly admired him. He was proverbially a man of probity and truth. He stated that about this time her body had become greatly swollen; that her neck was twice its usual size; that she foamed at the mouth; that her whole frame was convulsed in a frightful manner; and that it required the united strength of six men to hold her. They succeeded at last, continued our informant, in keeping her down, and while the exorcist had his foot upon her neck, and was commanding the unclean spirit to come out of her, “she vomited”; yes, said he, “vomited,” and what do you think she vomited, “a *brass button*, a *brass nail of a chair*, a *braid of human hair*, and *some chopped parsnips*.” He added, that she soon became composed, and went home with her friends; and accounted for this extraordinary emetic and the other circumstances, by stating that “a young man had charmed her by giving her the button, the nail, and the hair in some prepared parsnips, and that as soon as she received these the devil entered into her.”

This sermon, being one of a series delivered in Lent, excited a good deal of attention; and as it,



was delivered by a man of high character and position, it called forth many answers, one of which I well remember ; it was very tart and spicy, and was entitled, "*the devil turned preacher.*"

This reminds me of two other circumstances in which I was myself indirectly concerned, and both of them will serve to shew how simple plain facts may, by a little distortion and a little embellishment, be worked up into capital legends. I knew a young man in one of the Provincial Roman Catholic colleges in Ireland, who contrived during Lent to supply himself with eggs, contrary to the statutes in such case made and provided. It was on this wise : the students were allowed nothing but cocoa for breakfast, or rather collation, but J. W. always managed to have eggs *in his cocoa*. And one day, just after attending a lecture on miracles, by the Rev. Mr. F——k, he called two of his most intimate companions into his room, and when his cocoa-pot was brought and placed on the table, he took it up, looked at us very archly, laid it down again, waved his hand over the vessel, tapped it three times on the lid, saying, "chuck, chuck, chuck," then raised the lid, exhibited the eggs, and cried out, "a miracle ! a miracle !" This Thaumaturgus persisted until he was detected ; but, notwithstanding, he obtained his "exeat," went out to the United States

an acolythe, and was ordained a priest, I believe, in Philadelphia.

The other occurrence was as follows:—There lived in Montreal, some years ago, an old coloured man named Moses; a member of the Methodist Church, and very pious withal. Like many of his class, he was a man of warm passions, and very easily excited, as the congregation, that then assembled in Griffintown chapel, could testify. Well, the Rev. Mr. ———, then one of the Wesleyan Ministers in Montreal, in the course of his pastoral visitations, called on Brother Moses. After a little appropriate conversation, both repaired to a back room that communicated with the shop, in order to have prayer. The room had no window in it, and was consequently very dark; and in the darkest corner of this dark room, Moses had his bed. At this bed, the minister and he knelt down together, and while the former was pouring out his soul in fervent supplication, the sacred fire fell on both of them. Moses held in as long as he could, but it was no use; the fire burned within him so intensely that it must have vent, he shouted with all his might; when lo, a cat that had been lying on the bed, enjoying a comfortable nap, suddenly jumped up, and sprung out over their heads, and vanished away. Here then, in two simple prosaic facts, are

abundant material for two marvellous adventures ; in which the eggs and the cat might be rendered very important, and no less mysterious.

While on this subject it might be mentioned that many eminent Protestant divines of the last century believed in the fact of demoniacal possession ; and Mr. Wesley was of opinion that in some cases madness, and the worst form of epilepsy, might be traced to this source. Such instances of satanic influence and power were not uncommon in our Lord's time ; and for all we can aver to the contrary, they may not be so rare, even now, as we are disposed to believe. But, as one of old said, *Nec scire fas est omnia*. We are not permitted to know all things. Our knowledge is partial, our perceptions are dull, our vision is both limited and obscure, we cannot see afar off, we see through a glass darkly ; and only know in part, and prophesy in part ; but this we do know that

“ All power is to our Jesus given,  
O'er Earth's rebellious sons he reigns ;  
He mildly rules the hosts of Heaven,  
And holds the power of hell in chains.

## CHAPTER XXII.

CANADIAN HABITS &c.—REMARKS ON THE TEMPERANCE  
MOVEMENT IN CANADA—SOME ACCOUNT OF A TEM-  
PERANCE MEETING IN S ———A WORD OR TWO  
ABOUT SCHOOLS, &c.

HAVING but lately returned to Canada East, after an absence of more than ten years, I have not had much opportunity to consider the habits of the people, and cannot therefore say positively, whether they have improved or degenerated. In a social point of view the *habitans* appear to have made some progress; and some of the parishes and villages have increased in both wealth and population.

It has afforded me great pleasure to have been able to renew my former acquaintance with some old and valued friends in Montreal, in Odell Town, and in Quebec; and it refreshed my spirit to behold so many cleaving to the Lord, and labouring “to be found of him in peace, and without spot and blameless. I have had opportunities of assisting in religious services at all these places, and felt, as I have often done before, the hallowing influence and presence of God. Nor can I withhold the expression of my unfeigned thanks to my Heavenly Father,

for his goodness and mercy to us in the portion of his vineyard where I now labour. For although the influence, not merely of Methodism, but of vital religion generally, is injuriously affected by local circumstances, still, the Lord does not leave himself without witnesses. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." Even here, although the sphere of our operations is limited, God condescends to own and bless us; and were *all* who are ecclesiastically associated with us as hearty in the cause, and as spiritually minded as some are, "the parched ground would become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water."

Let it be remembered that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. That the Lord can save by few, as well as by many. That the power of a church lies, not in its numerical strength, nor in its civil relations, but in the force of truth, and in the influence of piety. It should always be borne in mind, that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the spirit of the Lord we are to prevail. And although we are a "little flock," we have the Chief Shepherd for our guide, and the green pastures and living waters of the Gospel for our sustenance and comfort.

I have had ample means to perceive, that tobacco

smoking and chewing are almost universal habits—particularly among the Franco-Canadians. With them the first seems to prevail, and might for want of a better term, be called *pipolatry*. Indeed, both practices are indulged in to an extent that renders them very offensive to those who eschew such abominations. At the station houses, on board the steamers, and even in the cars, in short, every where, it is nothing but smoke and chew; chew and smoke; something like the alternated bill of fare, so common in certain parts of the primitive district of Connemara—potatoes and salt twenty-one times a week; and salt and potatoes twenty-one times during the same period. On the railways the smoking is confined to the second class and baggage cars; but the masticating department, with all the filthy expectoration that attends it, has become so potent, that it is carried on every where. The quid is supreme.

In connexion with these remarks, a little might be said concerning the way in which the landing of passengers at Montreal, from some of the steamboats, is effected. The river police perform their part of the duty in a very creditable manner; but certainly, some of the railway and steam-boat officials are not entitled to the same commendation. Whether their having so much to do with puffing

and steaming occasions it or not, I am unable to say ; but of a truth, they seem to care so little about the passengers, that they leave them to get ashore the best way they can ; striving and contending with horses and oxen ; and that too, under such manifest disadvantages, with only half as many legs and no horns at all. It is really too bad ; it would be denounced in Loughrea.

Canada, as we have already observed, has grown rapidly within the last few years ; but if this may be affirmed of the Province, as a whole, with how much greater force will it apply to a certain district, in which all the Methodist preachers had but *one* umbrella among them ;—yes, but *one* umbrella, and even that was a cotton one. After all, there is nothing very wonderful in this, when we compare it with the privations that John Bradford, John Nelson, and many of the early Methodist preachers in England had to endure. But the hardships and duties of the Irish preachers, of the same period, were even more severe. They had to perform long and painful journeys—were frequently exposed to insults and personal violence ; but nothing could shake their constancy, or damp their ardour. “ In all things ” they approved themselves “ as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses ; ” and to their self-sacrificing

spirit and indomitable perseverance—to these, under God, are the Wesleyan churches of the United States, and of Canada, indebted for much of their present efficiency and prosperity.

It is to be regretted, however, that in the midst of all this social and general improvement, the temperance cause seems to languish—at least to advance very slowly. A good deal, it is true, has been done, but a great deal remains to be done. The Canada Temperance Society is not behind any other similar organization in either diligence or ability; but they have a Herculean work to perform. The drinking usages have been checked—seriously checked; but the spirit of the total abstinence movement will be satisfied with nothing less than their total abolition. This is the object of its hope, and the summit of its ambition.

The temperance societies are strictly connexional in the motives by which they are actuated—in the end they desire to accomplish—and in the means they employ. These distinctive features are “a three-fold cord” which binds them together in unity of purpose and of action. Hence simultaneous exertions are now on foot in several places, Canada included, to obtain a prohibitory law. The general opinion among temperance men is, that this stringent measure is absolutely necessary to the triumph of their



principles. The right of the Legislature to enact such a law, cannot be disputed. Such at least, is the opinion of many eminent jurists and senators. The character of this great moral enterprise entitled it to the highest consideration, nor can any Legislature overlook its claims, without compromising its own dignity.

Apart from the Bible and Missionary Societies, there is, perhaps, no association that has done so much to impress upon the present age, the beautiful lineaments of a great moral reformation. Its originators, and those who sustain and perpetuate it, deserve to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind. All who do good to others, or contribute in any degree to the amelioration of our race, or to the diminution of crime and misery are, *de jure, de facto*, in law, and in fact, the friends and benefactors of humanity, and will be gratefully remembered as such, when the names of their revilers are either execrated or forgotten.

Social improvement has been ever an object of hope, and the end to which both religion and philosophy have looked forward as the result of their labours. It glimmered through the darkness of heathenism, and was perceptible in the gloom of the middle ages. It flourished amidst the decline of literature; and lived when even liberty expired.

Philosophy speculated concerning it—poets and minstrels sung about it—the priestess of Delphi spoke of it from her “tripod,” and the sybils of Italy wrote about it on their mystic leaves.

This institution should be revered for its antiquity, and honoured for its benevolent design, and practical philanthropy. It was inaugurated 600 years before Christ, and to the credit of Mr. Wesley be it spoken, that he sought to incorporate its spirit with the devotional element, and did, as early as 1743, make the recognition of the true temperance principle, one of the standing rules of his societies. This rule is still retained, and it strictly prohibits “buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity.”

In the Eastern provinces, all the Wesleyan ministers, with very few exceptions, are members of one or other of the temperance organizations; and this statement will, I believe, present the true state of the case as far as the Canada Conference is concerned. And a very respectable and intelligent member of that body, the Rev. William Scott, of Odell Town, is connected with the temperance press; and fills a very influential and commanding position among temperance men, and temperance movements in Canada; and the writer was gratified to perceive that on a late occasion, some parti-

cular section of the great temperance family, honoured itself, by the handsome manner in which it signified its appreciation of his valuable services.

Tradition says that a few drops from Chosopis, the enchanted river of the Persians, was certain death to all on whom they fell ; and the Grecian mythologists declare, that Circe, a Sarmatian queen, had a charmed cup, and that all who drank out of it were turned into *swine*. These are but myths and fables ; but they have been exceeded by the facts. Greater evils have resulted from the use of alcoholic drinks, than ever fiction imagined, or poetry conceived. Of this, the evidences are such, that they appal us by their number, and overwhelm us by their conclusions. The jail, the lunatic asylum, the penal colony, and the gallows depose to the truth of this assertion. The criminal calendar of the whole civilized world, contains the records of what alcohol has said and done.

Let temperance men be firm without being dogmatic ; avoiding as much as possible, the dangerous maelstrom of politics. Let them be united as the heart of one man ; illustrating by their practice the great virtues of purity, fidelity, and love. While they are faithful they have nothing to fear ; and while they seek the guidance and blessing of God, they will never miss their providential way, but go

on prospering and to prosper. Be of good courage, friends, acquit yourselves like men; and never lay down your arms, until the huge Sebastopol, you have so long besieged, and so vigorously assaulted, is taken and razed to the ground.

The principles for which temperance men are contending, was, about thirty years ago, in imminent danger of perishing. Drinking usages and customs every where prevailed; and a brood of vices, robust and truculent, sprung from them, as the snakes did from the head of Medusa. These consisting, chiefly, of riot, debauchery, murder, &c., made war upon temperance, and endeavoured to destroy it. Alcohol was now as powerful over his miserable dupes, as ever the Grand Lama of Thibet was over his. Like the sanguinary ogres and giants we have read of, when we were children, he seemed to eat the flesh and drink the blood of his victims; but when he was gorged to the full, when his eyes stood out with fatness, and glared with savage delight; just then, while he was looking with malignant satisfaction upon the awful havoc he had made, he received a blow, a heavy and an unexpected blow, a blow that inflicted upon him a deadly wound, that will never be healed, and of which he will ultimately die.

Come then, friends of temperance, and look at this

monster; there he lies, foaming and raving with pain; struggling in the agonies of dissolution. His extremities are growing cold, his blood is putrified, his brain is swimming; and before long, some great revival in the temperance cause, will rise up; and as Perseus cut off the head of the Gorgon, and placed it in the shield of Minerva, so this revival will cut off the hideous head of alcohol, and place it in some temperance museum, to be a rarity, and a memorial forever.

We set out on the desultory road that is thus far traced in the preceding pages, stating that they, the said pages, would include certain "reminiscences," and as we are determined to the utmost of our ability, to fulfil this engagement, the reader shall now be furnished with another evidence of the conscientiousness, in this respect which he has, no doubt, already frequently discerned, and as frequently admired.

W—— R—— was one of the most devoted and talented of all the temperance lecturers which it has been my lot to hear in Canada. He and J. Johnson, Esq., of Saint John, New Brunswick, both, by the way, Methodist local preachers, are entitled to a high rank among those that are labouring to advance the interests of this cause. Their eminence, no doubt, may be put to the credit of their

Wesleyan training, and to the habits induced by their office, as religious teachers. Now, W—— R——, in one of his lecturing tours, carried with him four diagrams representing the human stomach under four aspects, exhibiting the various effects produced by drinking habits. In the course of his peripatetic labours, he visited S——, where he held several meetings, and laboured with his usual ability and success. On one occasion, a very special one, he went to a certain place accompanied by a minister residing in these parts, and, of course, bringing his stomachs along with him. In due time they arrived at their destination, a very large school house, and found it filled with people. The minister knew the *materials* upon which the lecturer had to operate, and therefore introduced him, and his *stomachs too*, with a positive flourish of trumpets. He commenced by stating the object they had in view, and how much the attainment of that object would delight them. “My friend, Mr. W— R—,” continued he, “is a local preacher—not an ordinary local preacher—(great attention)—not a common one, I assure you—he is a Montreal local preacher, (profound sensation), and he has come here from the Metropolis—aye, from the emporium of Canada; and he has brought his stomach with him, and four other stomachs besides, (great staring, expressive of

both doubt and wonder), and he will submit the four stomachs to our inspection ; he will let us examine them, and even handle them, provided we do it carefully. This, my dear friends will be equal to a lecture on *gastrology* ; and after that he will give us a lecture on temperance, and I have no doubt a great many of you will sign the pledge.”

The writer was present at this meeting, and shall never forget the way poor W— R— looked while his ministerial friend was delivering this facetious exordium. He really did not know what to make of it. Offended he could not be. The novelty of his position embarrassed him, but did not displease him ; and all was said in such a kind and good-natured manner, and was so well received by the audience, that it prepared the way for him, and rendered him even more than usually interesting and effective. He spoke with great liberty and very much to the purpose : some parts of his address were really eloquent ; and the whole was crowned by the felicitous manner in which he illustrated his arguments, enforced his reasons, and defended his positions. All which he did, not by deductions or syllogisms, not by anecdotes or denunciations, but by an adroit use of his four wonderful diagraphical stomachs.

The people were highly gratified ; many joined

the society ; one or two drunkards were reclaimed ; a highly favourable opinion was formed of the Montreal local preachers, and an amount of good was accomplished, the effects of which are still seen and felt in the C—— District, in the township of S——.

In the place where these reminiscences are written, the temperance institution does not exercise a great deal of influence. Though the town is small, and the business carried on principally in a couple of streets, there are about thirty places including hotels, in which spirituous liquors are sold. I am not able to say whether there is “a total abstinence society,” according to the old platform, here or not. There is a Division of “the Sons” here, and they meet regularly every week. It does not, indeed, include many members ; but if they are few, they are very consistent, and much respected. The author has seen them in procession on a couple of occasions, when their appearance was highly creditable to them ; and in the loyal demonstration got up to celebrate the success of “the allies” in the Crimea, they were neither the last nor the least in the pageant. This little band has lately received some accessions, by which their moral influence, no less than their numerical strength, has been somewhat increased.

But if temperance moves on rather slowly, educa-



tion advances at a rapid pace. Both Romanism and Episcopacy are just now actively employed in this department. Both are doing everything they can to maintain their position, and increase their influence. The former has two day-schools, held in large substantial buildings owned by the church. Both are well attended ; all the Canadian children of a suitable age being among the pupils. These institutions are respectively under the superintendence of the Brothers and Sisters of the Christian doctrine.

There is in connexion with the Episcopal church, a respectable and commodious academy, where about sixty boys receive such an education as is afforded by seminaries of this class ; also a French normal, or training school ; but touching the literary merits or other qualifications of these institutions, I am not able to speak positively, inasmuch as I am destitute of the requisite information. I am inclined to think, however, that they sustain a very fair character ; and some are of opinion that they would be more popular, if they were less denominational. I have heard this urged as an objection against them, but I cannot see much force in it. It is quite natural for each religious body to do what it can to have its own educational institutions, and so long as this agency is used in an honourable manner, in

the spirit of the Gospel, and with a due regard to the rights and feelings of others, I am ready to bid them God speed.

A singular fatality has attended nearly all our Colonial universities, and no wonder; for establishments, less adapted to the wants and circumstances of the country, could not well be. What could be more absurd than to erect in a new country, seats of learning, encumbered and fettered with the obsolete and impracticable statutes of Oxford and Cambridge. It was like putting Saul's armour on David. Large tracts of the public lands, and immense sums of the people's money have been lavished upon these institutions; but all to no purpose; and, as might be expected, they soon became effete, and died of premature old age. Monopolies, family compacts, and political tergiversation have been the bane of these fine possessions of the crown. These have been almost the only hindrances to a more rapid progress, and a fuller developement of their resources. Our poor universities were strangled by the pressure of their kindness and corruption. Every attempt at reform was resisted, until reform became incapable; a new creation became indispensably necessary. The old establishments, such as Toronto, Windsor, Fredericton, &c., have fallen under the crushing, the overwhelming weight of antiquated charters,

red tapism, religious tests, and ecclesiastical domination.

Genius is not like the peerage, or a commission in the army ; it cannot be obtained by patent, or procured by purchase. Mind is not like an heir-loom, or an estate, transmissible from generation to generation. It is an emanation from "the only true and wise God"; a beam of light from "the Father of lights, in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning ;" and when it is duly and properly cultivated, it asserts its own dignity, and tramples under foot all the senseless distinctions, and grotesque assumptions of both caste and creed.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING METHODISM—SOME REMARKS  
TOUCHING THE VALIDITY OF WESLEYAN ORDINATION,  
&c.—CONCLUSION.

THE far-seeing and sagacious policy of Rome, manifests itself just now in a very striking manner. The exodus in Ireland ; the rise of Know-nothingism in the United States ; the Anglican leanings of Louis Napoleon ; and the anti-papal bearing of Spain and Sardinia—all these make her look round and bestir herself ; and find out, if possible, some way of preparing for whatever emergencies may happen. The best thing she can think of at present is, an Austrian “ Concordat ;” and hence one has been just concluded between the Pope and the Austrian government. By this compact the imbecile and superstitious Emperor, Francis Joseph, prostrates himself and his nation at the feet of Pio Nono, while intolerance and bigotry lift up their heads as high as they did in the days of Ferdinand or the Rudolphi.

Methodism is said to be grasping and despotic, and with just as much propriety, and as little truth, as Christianity is said to be ambitious and erroneous.

If it be that arbitrary system which its enemies declare it is, I never either saw it, or felt it ; nor do I know any organization that more effectually guards the exercise of irresponsible and lawless power. The rights of the ministers and the rights of the people are well defined and mutually conserved. It is as far removed from bigotry as from tyranny ; for while it wages a truceless and unrelenting war against all forms of doctrinal and moral error, it is animated by that charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly." Its zeal is tempered with meekness ; and its weapons are not carnal, but spiritual.

The writer has met with some trials, or rather disappointments, arising out of the working of Methodism : but he has always endeavoured to bear them in a becoming manner, from a hope, that the general interests of the connexion might be advanced, by measures that subjected him to personal inconvenience. These results, it is true, have not always followed, owing chiefly, to a little too much management, and a rather defective admixture of the wisdom of the serpent, and the simplicity of the dove.

However, among the multitudes brought to God by the instrumentality of Methodism, there are few more deeply indebted to it than I am ; and now after many years experience, I can in all good con-

science, and in the fear of God, recommend it, as I do this day. An eminent father of the Latin church has said, "Christian is my name, and Catholic my surname"—and with equal candour, and no less pleasure, I now say, Christian is my name, and Wesleyan my surname. As a Wesleyan, I am the friend of all, and the enemy of none. God who knows my heart, knows that it bears neither malice, nor ill will to any human being. There is nothing in my heart contrary to love. I fain would, in the arms of faith and prayer embrace every Roman Catholic in the world. I testify against unscriptural errors and false systems, not against individuals; and in every man I recognise a brother for whom Jesus Christ died.

Many years have not elapsed since it was quite common to speak disparagingly of the attainments of Methodist ministers; but that reproach, if it ever was one, has been rolled away. There is no body of ministers that preach the gospel more extensively, or in more of the different languages and dialects of the earth than they do; and in nothing are they a whit behind any, except it be in *salaries* and *stipends*.

That system must have a good deal of vitality in it, which has in so short a space of time, produced in Great Britain alone, five commentators, and about

thirty authors of religious biography, theology, and sacred literature.

The annals of Methodism are adorned with a galaxy of great and good men. Coke, famous for missionary zeal—Benson, distinguished for theological search—Clarke, with his rich and varied scholarship—Watson, with his eloquence and philanthropy—Sutcliffe, with his sanctified genius and learning—and Ousely, with his apostolic faith and love;—but time would fail me, were I to speak of Treffry, and Cnbitt—Barrett and Edmonson—Newton and Drew—Bunting and Moore—Jackson and Lessy—and Tobias, and Powell, &c. &c.

I will not say “Thou art all fair my love; there is no spot in thee.” But I will say—“As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.”—*Canticles*.

The Sacred Scriptures furnish us with a kind of sylvan imagery, which may be employed to denote or represent the various evangelical denominations now subsisting in Christendom. Here we have the cedars of Lebanon, and the palm trees of Judah. The olive with its fatness, and the fig tree with its sweetness. The vine with its fruitfulness, and the oak with its strength and stature. The sycas-

more tree with its branches, and the fir tree where the stork builds her house. And the myrtle tree, and the box, and the pine tree. These are "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." These are the trees of the Lord, and they are full of sap; and the birds sing among the branches. They are all plants of renown, their roots are spread into all lands, and the hills and mountains are covered with their shadows. The angels gather the fruits of these trees in their proper season, and store them up in heaven until the marriage supper of the Lamb. *Then* they will be brought forth—and *then* the Lamb and the Bride, and they that are called and chosen will feed upon them—and *then* the celestial choirs will sing "Blessed are they that are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." May Methodism, so called, by the free grace of God, and by his holy spirit, in common with others, be a fruitful tree, fat and fair, and flourishing, always yielding abundantly towards the celebration of these divine nuptials.

When I joined the Methodist church, many predicted that I would soon repent of my error, and seek re-admission into the fold from which I strayed. For this purpose octaves and novenas were performed, and masses celebrated; but the historical fact has falsified the prediction. I can appeal to twenty-



five years and invoke their testimony to my steadfastness. Others, betraying their ignorance, declared that I "changed my religion, turned my coat," for the sake of "the loaves and fishes." This of course, every one will smile at, who is acquainted with the pecuniary regulations of Methodism. In my case, these same loaves and fishes have been small enough; a fact, which I can most abundantly prove, to the satisfaction of any one, that requires either evidence or information on so delicate a subject. "*Sic vos non vobis.*"

The writer might have been an editor, a barrister, or an Episcopal minister: but the Lord, the spirit, called him to the office and work of a Methodist preacher. And in that office, and at that work, has he been kept by the mighty power of God, even unto this day. Through good report and through evil report, he has been enabled to hold on his way, sometimes halting on his thigh; often faint, yet pursuing; but always retaining in his heart an unchangeable and undiminished love for Methodism as it is. May the Lord God of our fathers increase it a thousand fold; may it extend more and more, even "unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills."

There is one subject, a very grave one, on which I would like to make a few observations. It has

been so repeatedly discussed, that little need be said on the present occasion. I allude to the validity of Presbyterian Ordination. On this subject some have lately obtained new light; but whether they have, since the reception of this favour, exhibited any of the effects which might be expected from a new, or an increased illumination I am not able to decide.

I am thankful to God that on this point my mind has always been at rest. If, in order to secure the ecclesiastical status of her clergy, as successors of the apostle s; if, for this purpose, the church of England is willing to be regarded as a continuation of the Church of Rome, I have no objection. There is no accounting for taste; it is like genius, rather eccentric. But her claim to continuation or descent is not allowed. The Romish church denounces her as the chief heresiarch; declares that all her bishops, priests, and deacons are unauthorized teachers, mere laymen, who have obtruded themselves into the sacred office. And when it is remembered that all this is *ex Cathedra*, the anxiety evinced about lineage and pedigree, is as servile, as the repudiation of dissent is ridiculous and assuming.

We have among us the very best form of Presbyterian ordination, and cannot doubt of its validity and divine order, while we hear the Holy Apostle thus addressing the presbyters of the church of

Ephesus, "Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you *Episkopoi*—bishops. Presbyters are here called bishops, and the injunction which is given to feed the church of God, shews that they are pastors. Again, the same apostle directs Titus to "ordain presbyters in every city;" and adds, as a special reason for this direction, "for a bishop must be blameless."

Archbishop Cranmer acknowledges that it is very difficult to prove that bishops *jure divino*, ever had any lawful authority over presbyters; and adds, "the bishops and presbyters were not two things, but both one office at the beginning of Christ's religion." Origen, Ignatius, Polycarp, and several of the early fathers held the same views. And many eminent modern divines have decided that a bishop has authority over a presbyter, only in a conventional sense, and that he is merely a *primus inter pares*, a chief among equals.

These claims and assumptions cannot be sustained from the Scriptures; on the contrary, the Scriptural evidence and argument are against them; and the greatest theologians of all ages, have given it as their opinion, that all the ministers of Christ are equal in point of order. There is not, either in the Word of God, or in the history of any church whatever, any proof of a personal succession of valid

Episcopal ordinations. "The true Apostolical succession is the succession of the Apostles' faith and holy labours." In the language of the learned and excellent Dr. Adam Clarke: "He who appeals to what is termed the uninterrupted Apostolical succession, for his authority as a minister, had best sit down till he has made it out; and this will be by the next Greek Kalends." That is never.

I have studied this subject as closely as I was capable of doing; and not, I may be allowed to say, without some facilities for arriving at the truth. And my firm conviction is, that bishops and presbyters are one; that their is only *one* priest, even Jesus, who is a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec; and that the term "*hiereus*"—priest, is nowhere applied to Christian ministers in the New Testament.

I am satisfied, fully satisfied, of the validity of my ordination; and am in my inmost soul convinced that were His Grace of Canterbury, and His Holiness of Rome to lay their primatial and pontifical hands on my head, aye, and keep them there, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof, it would not add one iota to either my ability or authority to preach the Gospel, administer the sacraments, and do whatever is required of a Christian minister. I am, in some humble degree at least,

conscious of my unworthiness; but, notwithstanding, I consider myself to be, by virtue of my Wesleyan-Presbyterian ordination, to all intents and purposes, a Christian presbyter, *alias* a Christian bishop; and hence, this little volume might have been sent into the world under the dignified appellation of “the Autobiography of a Wesleyan Methodist Bishop, &c., &c.”

“Convert and send forth more  
Into Thy church abroad;  
And let them speak Thy word of power.  
As workers with their God,

“O let them spread Thy name;  
Their mission fully prove:  
Thy universal grace proclaim.  
Thy all redeeming love.”

THE END.

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Cooney, Robert, 1800-1870.  
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